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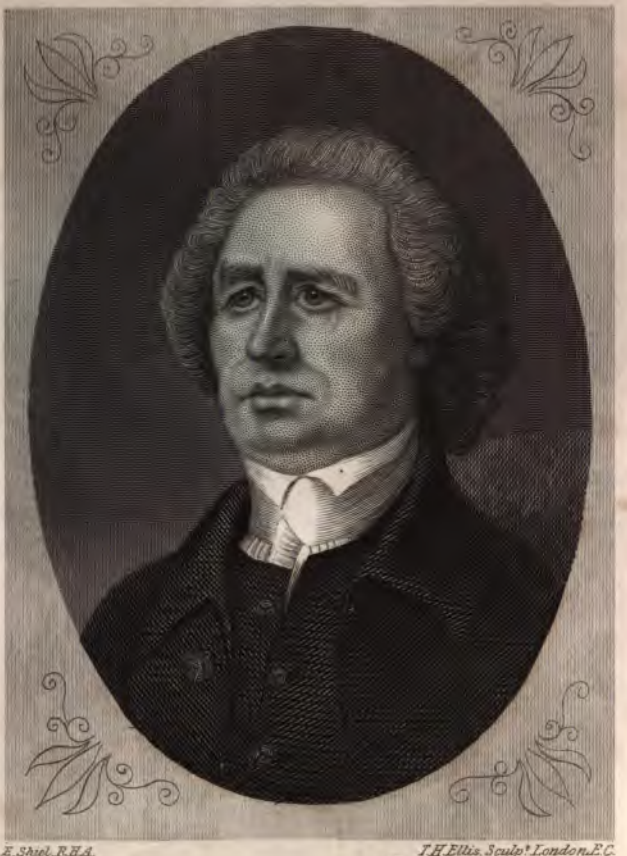

R. Shiel. R.H.A. J.H. Ellis. Sculp^t. London. E.C.

Dear Friend
yours
A. O Leary

ork - February 10 - 86

THE

[illegible] AND WRITINGS

OF THE

ARTHUR O'LEARY.

BY THE

REV. M. B. BUCKLEY,

[illegible]

"[illegible]"

—[illegible]

DUBLIN:
JAMES DUFFY, 15, WELLINGTON-QUAY;
AND
[illegible], LONDON.
1868.

Dear Friend
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A. O Leary
Feb. 10. 86

THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE

REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY.

BY THE

REV. M. B. BUCKLEY,

ROMAN CATHOLIC CURATE, SS. PETER AND PAUL'S, CORK.

'Homo sum,—Humani nihil a me alienum puto."
—TERENCE.

DUBLIN:
JAMES DUFFY, 15, WELLINGTON-QUAY;
AND
22, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.
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PREFACE.

It has passed into a proverb, that discord among her children has been the bane of Ireland from the beginning of her history. The Anglo-Saxon invaders, so far from curing the national disease, only intensified its virulence, by introducing, in their own persons, a new element of dissension. The breach was widened, first, by the difference of religion consequent on the Reformation; subsequently, by the establishment of English settlers in Ulster after its confiscation under James the First; and still further, by a fresh importation of the dominant race into Munster under Cromwell. But the chasm yawned to its utmost under Anne, when, by the Penal Laws, the whole population was divided into Protestants basking in the full sunshine of freedom and temporal prosperity; and Papists, as they were called, crouching under the lash of a Draconian code, and left merely to "vegetate and rot." Catholic Emancipation contracted the limits of separation, and soothed, in some measure, the bitterness of religious animosity; but Protestant Ascendancy still remains, and the ranks of Irishmen stand, as ever, serried against each other in hostile array. The Orangeman of the north and the Catholic of the south represent the extremes of national disunion and antipathy.

He who would throw oil on these troubled waters, blend

the discordant elements, and direct the mingled mind of the WHOLE PEOPLE to one grand scheme of national improvement, would attempt the noblest task of the patriot, achieve the proudest triumph of philanthropy, and fulfil the highest duty of a Christian. He who would only contribute to the attainment of such an end may lack the success, perhaps the genius, of a hero; but he surely deserves the laurels of a good and valiant soldier.

Such an attempt was made eighty years ago, or thereabouts, by one of Ireland's greatest men, but one whose efforts in her cause are amongst those least commemorated by Ireland's gratitude or love. It was made by one of the persecuted race; by a minister of the proscribed religion; by one who joined the ranks of the Irish priesthood in the hour of its darkest danger, when the words applied to the lawgivers of the fated land were, alas! too true:—

> "They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
> To sell the priest, and rob the sire;
> Their dogs were taught alike to run
> Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

That man was—Arthur O'Leary. His writings are stamped with a manliness of style and sentiment, a spirit of cosmopolitan benevolence, a depth of Christian feeling, a loyalty to constituted authority, a breadth of religious toleration, and a wholesome love of country, that should render them for ever sacred in the archives of the literature of Ireland. It is marvellous how his merits could have been hitherto so slightly appreciated, seeing that, by the ceaseless and powerful efforts of his pen, he really was the grand precursor of O'Connell in the mission of Catholic Emancipation. He did more than any Irishman ever did to remove the prejudices, and to dispel the ignorance on which those prejudices were founded, that had so long checked the repeal

of iniquitous and barbarous legislation, and kept asunder, on account of religion, a people whose common Christianity taught them that fraternal love was not merely an advantage, but a duty.

From the obscurity of his social position, his genius and virtue raised him to the highest ranks of popularity and favour. He was loved and sought after by the greatest men of his time, both in Ireland and England; by the most illustrious noblemen, including George, Prince of Wales; and by the still more exalted aristocracy of intellect, of whom Grattan, Curran, and Burke were not the least shining representatives. He enjoyed a pension from the crown for the services he had rendered his country; in this hard, up-hill struggle of life illustrating, by his success, the dictum of the Roman historian: "*Ipsa virtus pervincit, ne in ullo genere hominum inhonorata sit.*" (Liv. lib. x.)

The times in which he lived were strikingly analogous to the present. An American war had been just concluded then, as another has now. Ireland then looked to America for support in her difficulties—so does she look now. Disaffection prevailed amongst the people, the country was disturbed by Whiteboys; Ireland was never, perhaps, so discontented as she is at the present moment. Whiteboyism in 1786 was limited to a portion of the island; Fenianism in 1868 has spread itself through the length and breadth of the land.

To repress national folly displayed in fruitless insurrection, was one of O'Leary's grandest aims, and certainly one of his most successful achievements. If the reproduction of such portions of his writings as treat on this subject produce a similar result to-day; if, while painting in their true colours the grievances to which Ireland has been victimized for centuries, those writings succeed in demonstrating the only legitimate and effectual means of

securing national amelioration, and in inculcating patience and moderation under the lash of persecution—the transcriber will be amply requited for his pains. If they fail to do so, it will not be for want of sober truth, logical force, political sagacity, Christian feeling, and eloquent persuasion, for which they are distinguished.

Then, also, as now, the fundamental truths of Christianity were assailed—the divinity of Christ and the immortality of the soul. With the weapons of O'Leary, the ranks of modern sophists and sceptics may be routed, as he routed the infidel disciples of Voltaire in his day. The calumnies against Catholicity which he refuted, are needed to-day in the eternal interests of truth; the toleration which he preached may worthily find an echo after an interval of three generations, for generations quickly perish, but prejudices are slow to be extinguished.

Under the banners, then, of Truth, Peace, Religious Toleration, and Love of Country, we publish "The Life and Writings of the Reverend Arthur O'Leary," the gist of whose constant exhortation to mankind was that noble sentiment, so admirably expressed, and so cherished in the memories of the thousands of Irishmen to whom his name is familiar: "Let not religion, the sacred name of religion, which, even in the face of an enemy, discovers a brother, be any longer a wall of separation to keep us asunder."

While we thus, however, propose for admiration the writings of Arthur O'Leary, candour obliges us to confess that in them are found enunciated many sentiments of a *theological* nature, which, if they do not transgress the bounds of orthodoxy, are nevertheless characterized by a boldness of assertion and looseness of reasoning sufficient to awaken a feeling of nervous uneasiness in the mind of a Catholic reader. It would have been possible for us to

indicate the precise passages in which these inaccuracies are noticeable; but we fancied that a review of O'Leary's writings theologically considered, as it was not our scope, would have very little interest for the general reader. Besides, our apprehensions on this subject are excited not so much by any particular passages in the writings of O'Leary, as by their whole tone and tenor. Theological truth is, in the mind of a Roman Catholic, so unerring a line, that the slightest deflection at either side startles and affrights him.

Father O'Leary's faith was as unswerving as that of his renowned papal contemporary, Ganganelli; but, yet, his eager desire to mitigate the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen caused by religious bigotry, seduced him into unwarrantable theological concessions—forced him to make rash admissions—to indulge in a freedom of expression unwise as it was unnecessary—and thus expose himself unconsciously to the DANGER of heterodoxical teaching.

It may be said that by this vague criticism we mar the general effect of Father O'Leary's writings, inasmuch as the reader is not forewarned of the several points which we regard as hurtful to theological truth. We reply, that, according to our lights, nothing exactly contrary to faith in the strict sense is discernible in these writings, while their tone is such as to make us apprehend danger where danger is not broadly visible. There are many shades of opinion between what is called, in the language of the schools, "temerarious," and what "heretical." We merely wish to guard ourselves against being supposed as unqualifiedly adopting ALL Father O'Leary's views. These remarks we think fit to make at the instance of more than one good theological critic.

But of the general soundness of O'Leary's views there can be little doubt. No passage of his writings, as such,

has ever been condemned by ecclesiastical authority; while they breathe a magnanimity of sentiment, a high religious feeling, and a love of the human race, worthy of the most refined and exalted nature.

SS. Peter and Paul's Parish, Cork,
September 9th, 1868.

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LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY.

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His Birth—Anecdote of his Childhood—Denied Education at Home, he seeks it Abroad—Sketch of the Penal Laws, as background of the Picture—O'Leary at St. Maloe's—His Probity Tested and Triumphant—Returns to Cork—Builds the "Little Friary"—His Controversy with Blair.

ARTHUR O'LEARY was born in the year 1729, of obscure parents, at a place called Acres, a townland in the parish of Fanlobbus, near Dunmanway, in the county of Cork. It has been stated that his birth-place was Iveleary, a picturesque district in the western part of the county. But this is not so. The error may have arisen from the fact, that a considerable portion of his early life was spent amongst his friends and relatives in that parish. Iveleary (*Ibh-Laoghaire*), when interpreted, means the country or territory of the O'Learies, once a powerful Irish sept; and humble as was the birth of the subject of these memoirs, it is an uncontested fact that his ancestors were the veritable chieftains, who, in days of yore, gave laws and a name to this wild and romantic region.* Of the history of his childhood, document or tradition has scarcely preserved a trace; and

* "O'Laoghaire or O'Leary—chiefs of Hy-Laoghaire or Iveleary, possessed in ancient times the city of Ross-carbery and its environs; and, according to Smith and Windele, Iveleary or O'Leary's country lay between Macroom and Inchegeelah, where they had several

even if they had, we may easily imagine it would have very little interest for the reader; for what charm could possibly attach to the history of a peasant lad, roving wild among his native mountains, sequestered from all society, and forced, by the very exigency of his position, to aid in the unromantic offices of an humble farmer's household. O'Leary himself was wont, in convivial moments, to descant with playful humour on many scenes of his early boyhood; but amongst the records of such narrations, even if they existed, his biographer would search in vain for reliable information, for such was the exuberance of the friar's wit, and such the general brilliance of his conversation, that it was frequently impossible for his hearers to define the exact boundaries of fact and fiction—to distinguish the lineaments of truth amid the rich and various adornments of fancy.

One anecdote, however, has been preserved, which indicates in a striking manner the bent of his mind in childhood as well as in after years. A poor woman, living in a cabin on the road-side, eked out a wretched livelihood by huckstering small wares, such as bread, butter, tobacco, snuff, and other petty articles of merchandize. Owing to certain peculiarities of manner, probably because she was what is commonly described as "an old fret," she became a butt for all the boyish

castles, viz., Carrigafooka, Carriganeelah, Carrignacurra, Dundarirk, and Drumcurragh."—Note, *Annals of the Four Masters*, p. 177.

"The O'Learies are of the Ithian race, and despite all the wars and revolutions of which this family were the repeated victims, its lineal representative, the O'Leary, until lately, supported the antique style of profuse hospitality within the district of his fathers. The name is still frequent here amongst the peasantry, but a sod of the fee-simple property belongs not to one of the clan. The governor and company for making hollow sword-blades in England, long since disposed of that. Fame, however, has been more partial to individuals of this race, and Ireland claims amongst her most eminent worthies the name of the pious, the enlightened, and facetious Father Arthur O'Leary."—See *Bolsters' Magazine*, Cork, Art. "Gougane Barra," *vol. ii. No. 7.*

mirth of the neighbourhood, and young O'Leary was amongst the ringleaders in sports designed for her annoyance. On one occasion, after some transgression of rare enormity, the old lady complained of our young hero to his mother, who administered due correction for his fault. Arthur was determined to have his revenge, and his mode of gratifying that strong passion evinced his ingenuity of mind as well as his capacity for mischief. He gathered into an old cloth all the snails and worms he could find, one dewy evening; and just before the venerable dame had retired to rest, deposited his slimy burden inside her door. Devious and intricate was the silent wandering of the cabin-guests that night, and when morning dawned, great was the horror of the poor woman to discover herself and her house given over to a host of such loathsome intruders. The snails were everywhere—crawling over her bed-clothes, entangled in her hair, climbing up her three-legged stool, and tortuously twisting through her bread-rolls and butter-pats. Young O'Leary had his eye through a chink in the door, and exulted in the triumph of his vengeance. But he had nearly killed his poor victim. She screamed and roared with true womanly vigour, and at length went off in hysterics, the invariable culmination of feminine fright. She recovered, but with difficulty, from the shock, and lived in health to a great old age. But the heart of her young torturer had grown contrite, and he resolved, if it should ever be in his power, to compensate her for the injury he had inflicted. And faithfully he kept his resolution; for, from the first moment he came to possess money, until the day of the old beldam's death, he allowed her a pension of £5 a year, as a solace to the feelings he had so wantonly and cruelly wounded.*

* This anecdote I had from the Very Reverend Canon O'Brien, P.P., Bandon, a grand-nephew of Arthur O'Leary, who states that it has been a tradition *in his family* for the last hundred years. To Canon *O'Brien I am also indebted* for the truth as to O'Leary's birth-place.

One thing may be assumed as certain, namely, that the wild beauty of the region of his birth, and of the scenes of his early visitings, was not lost on a boy like O'Leary, but that his mind, "expanded by the genius of the spot, grew colossal," and that it is to his early association with spectacles of such surpassing grandeur, that we must, in some measure, attribute the loftiness of conception and splendour of imagery that mark the productions of his pen. Indeed, it would be impossible for a youth like him—for, if the boy be the father of the man, O'Leary was no ordinary boy—to gaze without profitable emotion on those scenes so familiar to modern tourists—to view, without a throb of poetic rapture, the sinuous Lee, expanding beneath the hills into a series of broad and placid lakes—or to behold unmoved the terrible majesty of Kemineigh, and the awe-inspiring loneliness of Gougane Barra.

But, alas! at the period of his birth, and long after, nature was the only tutoress of Irish Catholic youth; for a narrow-minded bigotry, fostered by long indulgence, and rendered furious because so persistently thwarted, guided the councils of our rulers, and culminated in an atrocity of hatred and persecution, unparalleled by any development of barbarism recorded in the darkest page of history.

The penal laws, which were in full force at the time of O'Leary's boyhood, rendered it impossible for him to receive any education whatever, except at the hands of a Protestant teacher; but as he aspired to the clerical profession, to a propagation rather than a renunciation of his religion, he was obliged to be content with such crumbs of learning as could be doled out by the hedge schoolmaster, or the itinerant priest, who plied their teaching craft with stealthy zeal, despite the rigor of the law. In the eighteenth year of his age, he pro-

ceeded to the Capuchin Convent of St. Maloe's, in Brittany, where he completed his education, took holy orders, and remained attached to the brotherhood of the convent until he was forty-two years old. We hear little of him during this long period of his life; but when we consider the vigor of mind, the deep and varied knowledge, the powerful style of writing, the caustic wit for which he was subsequently distinguished, we are surely justified in believing that those years were not passed in the indolence which bigoted writers attribute to the members of conventual institutions, but that they were rather spent in the pursuit of that learning, sacred and profane, the judicious employment of which won for him the admiration of all men, and the grateful recognition of the state; and that they were still more earnestly devoted to the perfection of that high moral character, and to the cultivation of those exalted virtues, for which he was no less remarkable, and without which all human learning is worthless in the sight of God.

Before proceeding further, it will be absolutely necessary, for a proper understanding of the part O'Leary played in public life, to take a retrospective glance at the state of Ireland as it was at the period of his birth, and as it continued to be to a period that reached far into his manhood.

It is needless here—for it is a tale, alas! too familiar—to recapitulate the cruelties with which successive English rulers visited the Celtic population of Ireland, from the period of the Conquest down to the reign of Henry VIII. The element of religious discord, which had been wanting for those four hundred years, was then infused into the cup, and intensified the bitterness of persecution on the one side, and rancorous hatred on the other. The Second Henry invaded the liberties of the people; the

Eighth Henry laid siege to their consciences: the Plantagenet would control the bodies; the Tudor would fetter the souls of his subjects. How savage and disastrous was the tyranny of the latter sovereign over this unhappy country, it is heartrending even to remember; how he rifled the monasteries of their sacred treasures, and turned their devoted tenants—the ministers of a nation's charity—naked on the world; how he put down the Lord's anointed from their consecrated thrones, and set up in their stead manufactured prelates of his own; how he sowed in the breasts of a long posterity the seeds of that hatred to his country and creed, which made the name of Sassenach the detested synonym of Protestant and Saxon. The depredations which Henry had confined to the sanctuary, his daughter Elizabeth —true to her instincts—extended to the broad acres, to the fruitful plains and smiling pasture-lands of the hated Irishry. The too faithful agents of her tyranny, indeed, laid the axe to the root; the unhappy Papists were exterminated with fire and sword, their dwellings razed to the ground, their lands laid waste and confiscated, until "the queen was assured," says Leland, "that he (Lord Leonard de Grey, one of the arch-tyrants of her reign) tyrannized with such barbarity, that little was left in Ireland for her majesty to reign over, but ashes and dead carcasses." Hundreds of thousands of acres were parcelled out amongst her minions, the first-fruits of an unhallowed spoliation, which was to be continued in subsequent reigns with hands more unsparing, and with hearts more seared against pity even than hers. The pedant James found time, in the midst of his metaphysical disquisitions, to evolve, in his relation to this country, the mean, selfish, narrow qualities of mind, characteristic, not only of himself, but of all the Stuarts. He forbade to the Catholics the practice of their religion, banished their priests, and committed other acts of injus-

tice and intolerance, which aggravate, in the souls of their posterity, the detestation his character would, on other grounds, have evoked. The confiscations and cruelties which James and Elizabeth had perpetrated, were like acts of mercy in comparison to the rapine and ruin wrought in the land by the Puritan Cromwell. Extirpation, wide and radical, was the policy of Oliver. To slay all the Irish, however desirable, would have been impossible; and he, therefore, passed the Act of Settlement, by which all the Papists in Ireland were obliged to take refuge in Connaught under penalty of death. Seven millions, eight hundred thousands of acres were thus set out to a motley crew of English adventurers, civil and military, nearly to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants of the island, many of whom, notwithstanding their innocence, lost their inheritance. A new colony of settlers, composed of all the various sects that then infested England,—Independents, Anabaptists, Seceders, Brownists, Socinians, Millenarians, and Dissenters of every kind, poured into Ireland, and were put "by law" into possession of the ancient inheritance of the inhabitants. Lord Macaulay informs us* that, "strange to say, under that iron rule, the conquered country began to wear an outward appearance of prosperity." That outward face of prosperity must have been very transient indeed, or, at least, it must have been confined to the English settlers; for, according to the same writer,† immediately before the Revolution, "the aboriginal peasantry were in an almost savage state. They never worked till they felt the sting of hunger. They were content with accommodation inferior to that which, in happier countries, is provided for domestic cattle. Already the potato—a root which can be cultivated with scarcely any art, industry, or capital, and which cannot

* *History of England*, vol. i. chap. i. † Ib. chap. vi.

be long stored—had become the food of the common people. From a people so fed, diligence and forethought were not to be expected. Even within a few miles of Dublin, the traveller, in a soil the richest and most verdant in all the world, saw with disgust the miserable burrows out of which squalid and half-naked barbarians stared wildly at him as he passed."

The accession of James II. resuscitated the last expiring hopes in the breasts of the Irish, and the toleration extended by him to all religions, won, from a people naturally grateful, the liveliest acknowledgment with which loyalty recognizes the beneficence of kings. In the year 1689 an act was passed by him repealing the Act of Settlement, and many despoiled and exiled Irish landowners returned to the homesteads and properties which they had looked upon as lost to them for ever. Hence, when James was forced, in the hour of adversity, to appeal to Irishmen for assistance in the attempt to recover his lost crown, the response which he received was the most practical and cordial a monarch could desire. Thousands eagerly flew to his standard, and the bloody conflicts of the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, attested the valor and fidelity with which the Irish upheld his cause. His disgraceful flight from the Boyne did not check the ardour of their loyalty; and when the contest was over, they obtained, by their dogged resistance to his enemies, as honorable a capitulation at Limerick, as has ever been recorded in the annals of warfare.

Never has it fallen to the lot of a historian to contemplate a picture of national misery and degradation like that to which the people of Ireland were reduced after this their final subjugation. With the stalwart soldiery who left for France, under Sarsfield, d'Usson, and Tessé, departed the bone and sinew of the land. *Those* who remained, no longer capable of resistance,

could only lie down, in all the impotence of despair, to be trampled on, like bruised reeds, at the caprice of their perfidious conquerors. The forfeitures of property which, under Cromwell and preceding despoilers, had been, one would think, sufficient to gratify the rapacity of the most unscrupulous, were, in the reign of William, multiplied to such an extent, that nineteen-twentieths of the kingdom changed hands from Catholic to Protestant. So entire an overthrow and change of landed possessions within so short a period of time, has not been witnessed from the beginning in any country in the world. In other countries suffering from a similar disaster, the original proprietors have been usually got rid of by death or expatriation, but this was impossible in Ireland, for the system of clanship prevailed there so extensively, that the lineal claimants to the confiscated property were always known, and there have been instances where, after a generation or two, such claimants transmitted by testamentary deed the memorial of their right to those estates which once belonged to their families. Hence it was that the inheritance of religion and property, transmitted from sire to son, caused the questions of both to be so intimately connected; hence it was that the Catholic religion became, as it were, "racy of the soil."

But the spoliation of land, however it might have derived a show of justification from the rebellious conduct of the proprietors, whose rebellion consisted only in upholding, with a too fatal loyalty, the cause of him whom they considered their king *de jure*, was a small grievance in comparison to the brutal, the diabolical scourge of the penal laws, passed against the unfortunate Irish in the reigns of William and Anne. Some historians endeavour to shield the former sovereign from the imputation of cruelty and perfidy implied in the enactment of those abominable statutes; but "how

is it possible," asks Sir Henry Parnell, "to defend William and his ministers from the charge of having acted with perfidy towards the Catholics? That they were guilty of violating the treaty (of Limerick) no one can deny. The excuse that has been made for William, that he was obliged to submit to the power of the anti-Catholic party, may easily be proved to be a pretext." Everything demonstrates William's want of faith; and soon after, we find his parliament passing acts to prevent Catholics from sitting in parliament—preventing them from educating their children at home or abroad—preventing them from being guardians to their own children or the children of others—preventing Catholic schoolmasters from teaching, and preventing Catholic priests from residing in Ireland.

The spirit of persecution in Ireland seemed, like the upas tree, at first of tender growth, to enjoy a precarious beginning of existence, until, strengthening with years, and fostered by skilful care, it gradually spread its roots through every inch of the social soil, and cast, by its umbrageous foliage—the growth of centuries—a deadly gloom, and chill, and infection, over the land. It reached its highest perfection in the reign of Anne, simply because it was not possible for human cunning or inhuman malice to develop its vitality any further. The details of the horrible code it would be sickening to recite; besides, they are familiar to us all. Suffice it to say, that the "ferocious" acts, as they were called by Edmund Burke, passed in the years 1703 and 1709, "to prevent the further growth of Popery," left no means untried to deprive the Catholics of Ireland of all the rights and privileges of subjects. There was in the details of these enactments a pettiness of particularization—a minute specification of crimes and punishments—which, but for their melancholy tenor, would

be sufficient to raise a smile on the face of the reader."*

This cruel legislation no doubt sprang in a great measure from a deeply-rooted hatred of the Irish race and of their religion, and a strong desire to confirm the titles of the new proprietors of forfeited estates; but while we deplore the wickedness that created such a code, it is some solace to think that the chief reason for its concoction in the reign of Queen Anne, had its foundation in the jealousy of her ministers, rather than in a positive desire to act in a spirit of oppression. This fact is well evolved in the following passage selected from the writings of Arthur O'Leary. "In addition to our losses," he says, "under the usurpation of Cromwell, and subsequent ones of the Revolution, our most invaluable privileges were swept away, at a political game of hazard, played by Whigs and Tories, under the last of the Stuarts, without the slightest provocation on our parts; for the laws framed in Queen Anne's reign against the Catholics of Ireland, are of so horrible a complexion that it was never the intention of those who devised them to have them enacted. *Their very cruelty was the only motive for inventing them.*

"Queen Anne, whose father had been a mendicant, supported by the generosity of a foreign king, was suspected of wishing that her brother, a Catholic prince, should succeed her. The party to whom her ministers were obnoxious, intended to draw on them the odium of

* "It is really shameful," observes Dr. Curry (*Hist. Review*, p. 530), "to see what mean, malicious, and frivolous complaints against Papists were received under the notions of grievances by that parliament. Thus, 'a petition of one Edward Sprag and others, in behalf of themselves and other Protestant porters in and about the city of Dublin, complaining that one Darby Ryan, a Papist, had employed porters of his own persuasion, having been received and read, was referred to the Committee of Grievances, that they should report thereon to the house.'"—*Com. Journ.* vol. ii. s. 699.

purposing to place the Pretender on the throne. With this view they framed a code of laws, authorizing the neighbour to plunder the neighbour—the brother to supplant the brother—and the profligate son to strip the father of his estate, and to make him tenant for life only, by taking an oath of abjuration, with a variety of penal clauses equally cruel and unjust. The very severity of laws clashing with those of God and Nature, gave them every room to believe that they would be opposed by the court party from principles of humanity and justice; and thus they flattered themselves with the success of an expedient calculated to expose their opponents to the hatred entertained at the time against those who were deemed the friends of the Pope and the Pretender. The shrewd courtiers, aware of the design of their antagonists, and either willing to sacrifice justice and humanity to their personal interests, or flattering themselves that the laws would be of short duration in the event of the success of their plan, unexpectedly gave into the measure, to remove the suspicion of their design. It was too late for the other party to recede; and thus, in time of profound peace, in violation of a solemn compact sanctioned by the laws of nations, the Catholics of Ireland, like balls in a tennis-court, struck with the rackets of both parties, were thrown over the walls of the constitution of their country, against the original intention of the state gamesters."

The penal laws, having for their object the utter extirpation of Catholicity in Ireland, seemed to aim at their end by three special means: first, by destroying the public profession and practice of the Catholic religion; secondly, by indoctrinating youth in principles antagonistic to Catholicity; and thirdly, by denying to Papists, as such, all civil rights. Thus, the clergy of the "Romish" religion were banished the kingdom, and

forbidden to return under the penalty of death—large rewards were offered for their discovery—so much for a bishop, so much for a secular, so much for a regular. Premiums were offered on their conversion to Protestantism—special penalties were exacted on the performance of their priestly functions. *Papists keeping schools were to be prosecuted as convicts*—all persons were obliged under a fine to attend Protestant service on Sundays—imprisonment for a year was the penalty annexed to a violation of the statute which obliged all Papists over eighteen years of age to disclose to two justices, empowered for the purpose, every particular which came to their knowledge respecting Popish priests, the celebration of Mass, and Popish schools—ten pounds reward were offered for the conviction of an usher to a Catholic teacher. No Papist could possess a horse worth five pounds—nor live in Galway or Limerick—nor hold any office, civil or military—nor inherit property—nor vote at elections—nor serve as grand jurors—nor be a barrister, or solicitor, or high or low constable, or gamekeeper, or watchman. Why go farther? "We have no instance," says Dr. Johnson, "in the ten persecutions, of anything so cruel as that inflicted on the Irish Catholics by the Protestants." Speaking of the penal code, "it was," says Burke, "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Nor was this code a dead letter; but it was enforced with every refinement of cruelty that fanaticism or national antipathy could suggest. What a state of society did such legislation entail! Bribes were offered for informers who would put the agents of the law on the track of its violaters, and thus was a temptation presented by the state for a disruption of

all the dearest and most sacred ties that bind humanity together. The son was offered a premium for treachery to his father—the guest was solicited to deliver up his host to the vengeance of the law—friendship was banished from society by the constant apprehension of treason—mutual confidence might prove fatal—childhood was nurtured in ignorance, and manhood grew vigorous in barbarism—in a word, Ireland had become the most wretched country on the face of the earth. Unsupportable as these grievances were, and unsettled as the state of society which they produced, the victims on whom they pressed dared not complain. Murmur was construed into the bodings of rebellion, and lurking treason was detected in the silence of despondency.

The sad consequences of unjust legislation were unhappily too visible throughout the land. So early as 1705, Sir Richard Cox, the anti-Irish author of the *Hibernia Anglicana*, states that "five out of six of the Irish are poor, insignificant slaves, fit for nothing but to hew wood and draw water." Swift was in the habit of saying that the Irish Papists were "altogether as inconsiderable as the women and children." Things continued thus, even up to the year 1779, when we find the following harrowing picture of the Irish peasantry, drawn by that most candid observer of Irish affairs, Arthur Young:—*

"A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order which a servant, labourer, or cottar dares to refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but an unlimited submission. Disrespect, or anything tending towards sauciness, he may punish with his cane or his horse-whip with the most perfect security—a poor man would have his bones broke if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence. Knocking down is spoken of in the

* Young's *Tour in Ireland*, vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

country in a manner that makes an Englishman stare. Landlords of consequence have assured me that many of their cottars would think themselves honoured by having their wives and daughters sent for to the bed of their master—a mark of slavery that proves the oppression under which such people must live. Nay, I have heard anecdotes of the lives of the people having been made free with without any apprehension of the justice of a jury. But let it not be imagined that this is common; *formerly it happened every day*, but the law gains ground. It must strike the most careless traveller to see whole strings of carts whipt into a ditch by a gentleman's footman, to make way for his carriage; if they are overturned or broken in pieces, no matter, it is taken in patience; were they to complain, they would, perhaps, be horsewhipped. The execution of the law lies very much in the hands of justices of the peace, many of whom are drawn from the most illiberal class in the kingdom. If a poor man lodges a complaint against a gentleman, or any animal that chooses to call himself a gentleman, and the justice issues out a summons for his appearance, it is a fixed affront, and he will infallibly be called out. Where MANNERS are in a conspiracy against LAW, to whom are the oppressed people to have recourse? It is a fact that a poor man, having a contest with a gentleman, must—but I am talking nonsense; they know their situation too well to think of it; they can have no defence but by means of protection from one gentleman against another, who, probably, protects his vassal as he would *the sheep he intends to eat.*"

The English House of Lords, in the year 1719, were so indignant, because, in the celebrated case of Sherlock and Annesley, a judgment given by them in favor of the respondent was reversed by the Irish peers, that they passed an act by which the Irish parliament

underwent a degrading humiliation. It was enacted and declared that the House of Lords of Ireland have not, nor of right ought to have, any jurisdiction to judge of, affirm, or reverse any judgment made in any court of the kingdom of Great Britain. The Irish parliament, though thus reduced to a "mere grovelling colony, regulated by the avarice or fears of a stranger,"* in which state it continued until the year 1782, yet abated nothing of its hatred and hostility to the "common enemy." Nay, all the previous atrocities of penal legislation were dwarfed into insignificance by a savage clause introduced by them into a bill in the year 1723, for the purpose of still more effectually preventing the further growth of Popery in Ireland. What that clause was, our pen refuses to describe; but, despite its barbarity, it was unanimously agreed to after a short debate, and was ordered to be laid before the Lord Lieutenant, with a prayer that he "would recommend it in the most effectual manner to his majesty." The Irish clergy, horrified at the anticipation of this bill passing into law, deputed the Right Reverend Doctor Lloyd, Bishop of Waterford, to wait on the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, and solicit his interference with the King of England on the subject. The relation between England and France at the time was so critical, that the government were only too anxious to conciliate the Duke. The bill accordingly was, at his remonstrance, doomed to the fate it deserved; it never obtained the royal assent.

This was the period when the clergy of Ireland underwent that ordeal of suffering, which justly entitles them to the fame of martyrs for the faith, and to the everlasting gratitude and admiration of the Irish race.

Hunted by human bloodhounds, they hid in caves

* Wyse's *History of the Catholic Association*, p. 28.

and dens, the victims of cold, and hunger, and fear, yet ever faithful to their sacred trust. With the prison, or exile, or the scaffold before their eyes, they celebrated the divine mysteries for their cowering flocks in the lonely mountain gorge, or in the wild sequestered glen; and were frequently dragged from the very altar, exposed, as their Master was, in their vestments, the types of His garments of humiliation, to the derision of a brutal soldiery, re-enacting the *Ecce Homo* scene in the last terrible drama of redemption, and then doomed, as He was, to the fatal sentence of the law.* Surely there was little temporal inducement then, as there ever has been little, to enter the ranks of the Irish priesthood.

Yet the old religion flourished, for young and brave men crossed the seas, and gathered the treasures of learning denied them at home. Undaunted by persecution, by the cell or the gibbet, they brought home from many a sacred continental shrine the diploma of apostlehood; they cast the fire of their faith upon the land, and it has not been extinguished.

Arthur O'Leary pursued his studies and entered the sacred order of the priesthood at St. Maloe's, where he remained for a period of twenty-four years. It is now impossible to pierce the veil that hides the history of his life during that period. One fact only has come to light. In the course of the so-called "seven years' war" between the French and English, many British prisoners were confined at St. Maloe's; and as by far the greater number of them were Irish and Catholic, the appointment of a chaplain became a matter of necessity. O'Leary was, with the approbation of his superiors, appointed to the chaplaincy of the prisons; and such were the zeal and humanity with which he discharged his sacred functions, that in after life, in his native

* See Plowden's *Hist. of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 72.

country, a handsome acknowledgment of gratitude was made to him by some officers of rank, who had been, on that occasion, the recipients of his charity and kindness. The mode in which that acknowledgment was made shall be recorded in its proper place. In his position of chaplain, O'Leary's integrity of character was put to a very severe test. The Prime Minister of the day, the Duc de Choiseul, a man not overburthened with conscientious scrupulosity, conceived the idea that, if proper influence were used, many of the Irish who were confined in French prisons, and who were traditionally partial to the interests of the Stuarts, some of whom were still in France, might be induced to join the French standard, and take up arms against England, their hereditary foe. O'Leary was solicited by the minister to undertake the work of persuasion, and no inconsiderable premium was offered for the success of his negotiations. But the humble chaplain manfully and indignantly spurned the proposal. "I thought it," says he, in his reply to Wesley, "a crime to engage the King of England's soldiers and sailors in the service of a Catholic monarch against the Protestant sovereign. I resisted the solicitations, and ran the risk of incurring the displeasure, of a minister of state, and losing my pension; and my conduct was approved of by the divines of a monastery to which I then belonged, who unanimously declared that in conscience I could not have acted otherwise." And on the same subject, in another part of his works,* he writes as follows. Vindicating his loyalty to the British crown, he says: "Nor was my loyalty the effect of imperious necessity or time-serving policy; for in France, where, in consequence of barbarous and Gothic laws, I was forced in

* Address to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the Parliament of Great Britain, &c. &c. June 30th, 1800.

my early days to seek for a small portion of the education which I was refused in the land of my fathers, where the youth of Europe had been instructed gratis in the time of Ireland's splendour—in France, where the Catholics of Ireland had seminaries and convents, with full admission to all the degrees and honours of her universities—I resisted every solicitation to enlist any of the subjects of these kingdoms in the French king's service, though I had then every opportunity of doing so, being appointed to superintend prisons and hospitals during the wars of fifty-seven, &c., until about the arrival of the then Duke of Bedford in Paris. It was my interest to recommend myself to the favor of the people in power, and consequently my interest to become a courtier rather than a moralist. St. Paul calls God to witness when he asserts the truth. I can do the same when I assert that conscience was the rule of my conduct; and whatever the uninformed may think of my creed, I would not perjure myself for all the crowns and sceptres on earth."

The office of chaplain ceased with the termination of the war, which took place in 1763, on the arrival of the Duke of Bedford in Paris; and we hear no more of O'Leary until his appearance in Cork, in the year 1771, when he was forty-two years old.

The first fact which we learn in connexion with Arthur O'Leary, after his settlement in Cork, is that he contributed to the erection of a church in that city, where the clergymen of his order might perform their professional duties for the benefit of the Catholic public. This church was remarkable for its dwarfish dimensions, its utter want of architectural grace, and its perfect seclusion from the public gaze. The priests and people of those days were only too glad to have any kind of decent edifice, where they could perform their devotions without exposure to the elements or

the more harassing vexations of the law. They were not very fastidious in the matter of church accommodation, much less church ornament; for any place was better than the tumble-down lofts and broken-roofed attics to which fear had driven them for the performance of public worship. The "Little Friary" of the Cork Capuchins was indeed a very rudimentary attempt at ecclesiastical building. It was not much bigger than a respectable barn, and but for the galleries might have passed for one. Yet it served its purpose; it had its day, and was not unknown to fame. For half a century it was celebrated far and near as "Father O'Leary's Chapel;" and for a subsequent generation it enjoyed, if not a better merited, at least a more wide-spread notoriety, as the church to which the world-renowned "Apostle of Temperance" was attached, and where, with that simple, natural, unembellished eloquence for which he was remarkable, he moved to tears and won to the love of God and the practice of virtue, the crowds who flocked to hear him. The Little Friary is associated with the earliest recollections of our boyhood—its deep-toned importunate bell worthy of a cathedral spire, still rings in our ears,—we have still in our mind's eye the thronging crowds, in Sabbath costume, pouring down the narrow lanes that lead to the humble temple—we take our place in one of the galleries, from which we might almost shake hands with the occupants of the one opposite—the little organ, from an elevated loft, where it is scarcely seen through a wooden railing, sends forth its mellow music, while a band of vigorous choristers sing in concert; and when the chanting ceases in the intervals of Mass, and the multitude are rapt in the solemn silence of worship, there is about the whole scene a quiet homeliness, a close mingling of aspirations, that suggests the idea of a family group assembled in domestic prayer, rather than a congrega-

tion kneeling before a public altar. And then the "Apostle," with that noble face and stately form which were so peculiarly his own, ascends the pulpit, while the hundreds pack themselves closely around it, every eye fixed on the white-robed minister of the Gospel, every heart receiving into its profoundest depths the words of reproach and correction, the words of encouragement and hope, the words of peace and comfort that flow from his lips with an earnestness and fervour bidding defiance to all the rules of rhetoricians, but effecting more than the most studied severity of rhetorical art could accomplish for purposes of persuasion. Years since then have rolled away—many and chequered; and many a loved actor has passed from the stage of public life; the Little Friary, too, is no more; it has become a carpenter's workshop, and the clatter of the hammer and the grating of the saw are now the sounds most frequently heard within those walls, which once echoed to the thunders of O'Leary, and the impassioned eloquence of Mathew.

The Little Friary, little known in the dawn of its existence, soon burst from its obscurity by the magic of O'Leary's name. His sermons became the topic of the day, and attracted listeners of every religious denomination. Controversial discourses were much in vogue in those days, and O'Leary was a controversialist of the first order. But his mind was cast in an ample mould; and arrogance, and self-sufficiency, and blind bigotry, the traditional stumbling-blocks of controversialists, were no features of his character. He argued honestly and unsophistically, with good temper, a kindness of nature, and a broad spirit of toleration—qualities which, if they did not always bring conviction to the minds of his opponents, at least conciliated their good-will, and won their unaffected admiration. The penal code was yet unrepealed, and this public, though very pardonable

violation of the law on the part of the worthy friar, no longer a secret to the authorities, could have been punished with all legal severity; but such was the respectability of his character, and such the esteem in which he was held by men of all classes of the community, that he was permitted, without molestation, to proceed in the discharge of his clerical functions. The dawn of more enlightened times was gradually opening on Ireland—the futility of religious persecution was at length becoming apparent; and candid observers were forced to confess, that men like O'Leary, however strongly they might smell of the Pope, while advocating principles of pure religion, concord amongst themselves, peace to all men, and loyalty to the constitution, effected more good by their teachings than could possibly be obtained by their ostracism from society. A trifling occasion soon gave rise to a series of publications, by which Father Arthur O'Leary established his fame as a powerful advocate in the sacred cause of religion and Christian peace, and which enabled his fellow-citizens to appreciate, at their just value, the virtues and abilities of the humble follower of St. Francis.

A Scotch physician, named Blair, had been for some years residing in Cork, and by his talents, industry, and shrewdness had accumulated a handsome fortune, and attracted a good share of public attention and respect. The most striking memorial of his importance that remains to us of the present day, is the remarkable and eccentric structure called "Blair's Castle," built by him, which tops the hill at Sunday's Well, one of the prettiest and most picturesque environs of the city. It would have been well for Blair, and the victims of his wrongheadedness, if he had been mindful of the *ne sutor ultra crepidam* of Horace, and devoted more of his time to the study of Galen than of Voltaire. But the philosophy of Ferney had become

the fashion of the day, like periwigs and ruffles; and few scholars deemed themselves thoroughly equipped in literary costume, unless their conversation and writings were turned according to the most approved mode of the prevailing scepticism. The Scotch physician appeared upon the scene as the champion of religious free-thinking. He produced a pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on Nature and Religion," in which, under the pretext of vindicating the conduct of Servetus in his controversy with Calvin, he attacked several articles of the Christian creed, with impudent boldness of assertion, a cunning insinuation of infidel principles, and a tissue of the grossest blasphemy. The work was, unhappily, recommended by its singular ability, great attractiveness, and not a little comicality. Readers can be always found who will peruse with delight works which, by diminishing the apprehensions of divine judgment, smoothen the pathway to pleasure. The fool saith in his heart there is no God, and he grasps with eagerness at straws that show the current of such comfortable unbelief. So it was with the pamphlet of Blair. It had a wide circulation and a disastrous influence. The middle classes devoured it; the young and gay cits of the day saw in it a confirmation by argument of the pet theories of their theology; while old sinners sneered a more satirical sneer of guilty self-complacency, and shrugged their shoulders with a shrug more than usually sceptic. Cork was not then the Athens of Ireland. There were in the "beautiful citie" little literary ability, and a good deal of religious indifference. Blair's book stood long without a refutation. A scurrilous rhymster, said to be a clergyman of the Established Church, rushed at it with the comic valour of Quixote, but could not pierce the rhinoceros cuticle of the pamphleteer. A minister of an Anabaptist congregation undertook the task, but his

production was even more sceptical than that which he pretended to answer.

Meanwhile, O'Leary's friends were urging him to come forward in the cause of religion, and by the vigor of his reasoning, and the depth of his knowledge, to expose the wretched sophistry that was working so much mischief in their midst. But as, in the state of the laws already described, a Catholic clergyman was only tolerated rather than warranted to live in the country, he deemed it injudicious to make so public a manifestation of his presence, at least without receiving some assurance that his doing so would not involve him in any personal danger. To put this point beyond dispute, he waited on the Protestant bishop of the diocese, the Right Reverend Doctor Mann, and solicited his lordship's permission to enter the lists with the obnoxious vindicator of Servetus. The interview of the two ecclesiastics is described as memorable. O'Leary, with his tall, awkward, coarse figure, his graceless attire, but exhaustless store of wit, and unremitting vivacity of fancy—the bishop, a blunt, homely man, with the humility of a curate, and the *bonhommie* of a philanthropist—both, apparently, surprised, that men who agreed on so much, could differ on anything. The permission solicited by O'Leary was cordially granted; and a few weeks after appeared the first of a series of letters, the productions of his pen, by which it was universally acknowledged, the blundering sophistry of Blair was unmasked, his phantasies dispelled, his atheism exposed; while the wit, and logic, and literary merit of O'Leary, as well as his broad, honest spirit of toleration, commended him to the esteem, admiration, and gratitude of the citizens of Cork, and the general reading public of Ireland.

The first letter opens with the following magnificent exordium:—

"Sir,—Your long expected performance has at length made its appearance. If the work tended to promote the happiness of society; to animate our hopes; to subdue our passions; to instruct man in the happy science of purifying the polluted recesses of a vitiated heart; to confirm him in his exalted notion of the dignity of his nature, and thereby to inspire him with sentiments averse to whatever may debase the excellence of his origin, the public would be indebted to you; your name would be recorded amongst the asserters of morality and religion; and I myself, though brought up in a different persuasion from yours, would be the first to offer my incense at the shrine of merit. But the tendency of your performance is to deny the divinity of Christ and the immortality of the soul. In denying the first, you sap the foundations of religion; you cut off at one blow the merit of our faith, the comfort of our hope, and the motives of our charity. In denying the immortality of the soul, you degrade human nature, and confound man with the vile and perishable insect. In denying both, you overturn the whole system of religion, whether natural or revealed; and in denying religion, you deprive the poor of the only comfort which supports them under their distresses and afflictions; you wrest from the hands of the powerful and rich the only bridle to their injustices and passions, and pluck from the hearts of the guilty the greatest check to their crimes—I mean this remorse of conscience, which can never be the result of a handful of organized matter; this interior monitor, which makes us blush in the morning at the disorders of the foregoing night; which erects in the breast of the tyrant a tribunal superior to his power; and whose importunate voice upbraids a Cain in the wilderness with the murder of his brother, and a Nero in his palace with that of his mother. Such are the consequences

naturally resulting from the principles laid down in your writings."

He deplores the folly of him who "works himself into a conviction that his soul is no more than a subtile vapour, which, in death, is to be breathed out into the air, to mix confusedly with its kindred element, and there to perish;" and asserts that the upholder of so monstrous a creed "would do well to conceal his horrid belief with more secrecy than the Druids concealed their mysteries." "In doing otherwise," he continues, "the infidel only brings disgrace on himself; for the notion of religion is so deeply impressed on our minds, that the bold champions who would fain destroy it, are considered by the generality of mankind as public pests, spreading disorder and mortality wherever they appear; and in our feelings we discover the delusions of cheating philosophy, which can never introduce a religion more pure than that of the Christian, nor confer a more glorious privilege on man than that of an immortal soul. In a word, if it be a crime to have no religion, it is a folly to boast of the want of it."

Some notion may be formed of Blair's style of reasoning from the fact, that he regards the whole narration in Genesis of man's creation, situation, and fall, as purely allegorical. Thus writes the doctor:—"'God planted a garden eastward in Eden,' says the inspired writer. What is called a garden I take to be the human mind. By the river which watered the garden, and afterwards divided into four branches, is meant innocence, divided into the four cardinal virtues."

"A warm fancy," writes O'Leary, "in a paroxysm of zeal, may indulge its boundless excursions in the path of allegory, when obscure passages and mystical expressions open a field for interpretations and allusions. Mead, Whiston, Wesley, and the Doctor himself, may discover the Pope in the beast with ten horns, and

Rome in the great city built on seven hills. The Jewish rabbins, after obtaining permission from the Prince of Orange to build a synagogue, applied to their benefactor this famous passage of Isaiah: 'On that day seven women will take hold of one man,' alluding to the Seven United Provinces that had elected him stadtholder; and I myself, if I were in humour, could, in a long-winded discourse, enlarge upon the seven sacraments, or the three theological and four cardinal virtues, and compare them to the seven golden candlesticks mentioned in the Revelations of St. John. But, in an historical narration, giving an account of the origin of the world, of a garden planted with trees, watered with four rivers, with their names, the countries through which they flow, the precious stones, mines, and minerals to be found in those countries, &c., the introduction of an allegory is the subversion of reason."

But human vanity betrays its victim into the most absurd excesses of unreason. "We would fain," he concludes, "sound the unfathomable ocean of the Christian religion, and arraign its mysteries at the tribunal of a glimmering reason—while the small atom that swims on the surface baffles our severest scrutiny."

Those who doubt the inspiration of Moses, and the original perfection of human nature, he thus confutes:—

"Examine the character of Moses, and confess your folly. Besides his divine mission, in what historian does truth shine more conspicuous? He relates his personal defects, as well as the extraordinary powers with which the Lord invested him; deduces a long chain of patriarchs from the first man down to his days; traces a genealogy in which every chief is distinguished by his peculiar character. In quitting Egypt, the nursery of fiction, did it comport with the dignity of the legislator, and commander of a chosen people, to write romances? In the space of five hundred years, from

Noah's death to Moses' time, could the fall of man, and his expulsion from paradise, be forgotten? And as he had enemies, would they not have charged him with imposture? Or was he the only person amongst the Jews who was instructed by his father? In a word, it was out of his power to deceive the Jews; much less was it his inclination or interest. All, then, is coherent in Moses; and to his genuine narrative we are indebted for the knowledge of ourselves, for without the aid of revelation man would ever be an inexplicable mystery.

"In believing my descent from a father created in a state of perfection, from whence he fell—a father on whose obedience or disobedience my happiness or misery depended—I can account for the corruption of my nature, and all the train of evils which have descended to Adam's children. Without this clue to direct me, I must be for ever entangled in a labyrinth of perplexities. Let philosophy glory in levelling man with the brute, and say that there never was any difference in his state—that he was always the same, destined to gratify his appetites and to die—I am really persuaded that I must renounce common sense, if I believe that man is now the same that he was when he came from his Maker's hands. The opposition between our passions and reason is too palpable to believe that we were created in such an excess of contradictions. Reason dictates to be temperate, just, and equitable; to deal with others as I would fain be dealt by; not to infringe the order of society; to pity and relieve the afflicted. My passions, those tyrants so cruel, prompt me to raise myself on the ruin of others; to tread in the criminal paths of flowery pleasures; and to sacrifice my enemy to my resentment. If God, then, be the author of reason, and it be granted to man to regulate and curb his inclinations, misery and corruption were not our primitive state.

"Philosophers, in a strain of irony, may deride our Bible and Catechism, and laugh at our folly for believing that an apple could entail such miseries on mortals; but let them seriously consider the multitude and greatness of the evils that oppress us; and how full of vanity, of illusions, of sufferings, are the first years of our lives; when we are grown up, how we are seduced by error, weakened by pain, inflamed by lust, cast down by sorrow, elated with pride—and ask themselves whether the cause of those dreadful evils be the injustice of God or the original sin of man.

"The evidence of those miseries forced the pagan philosophers to say that we were born only to suffer the punishments we had deserved for crimes committed in a life before this. They, doubtless, were deceived as to the origin and cause of our miseries; but still some glimmering of reason did not permit them to consider those calamities as the natural state of man. But religion reforms the error, and points out that this heavy yoke, which the sons of Adam are forced to bear from the time their bodies are taken from their mother's womb, to the day they return to the womb of their common mother, the earth, would not have been laid upon them if they had not deserved it by the guilt they contract from their origin.

The province of reason in religion is well defined. "Is man to be debarred the use of his reason, or has he anything to dread for not believing mysteries he cannot comprehend? Make full use of your reason, not with a design to fall into scepticism, but with a sincere desire to come at the knowledge of the truth. Reason is never better employed than in discovering the will of its Author; and when once we discover that it is His will we should believe, reason itself suggests that it is our duty to submit, otherwise we are guilty of rebellion against the first of

sovereigns, who has full power to punish the disobedience of His creatures."

"This important inquiry," he continues, "should be attended with a pure heart and fervent prayer, however a philosopher may laugh at the hint. It was after a fervent prayer Solomon received his wisdom; after a fervent prayer, Cornelius the centurion obtained the privilege of becoming the first convert from amongst the Gentiles. Even the heathen Democritus, who figured so much amongst the *literati* of his time, constantly prayed of the gods to send him good images. Religion would not seem to be so absurd, the number of free-thinkers would not be so great, if we made it our business to purify the heart, and earnestly beg of the Divinity to enlighten our understanding. For the passions of the heart, and too much confidence in ourselves, pave the way for the errors of the mind. Solomon became dissolute and voluptuous before he fell into idolatry. We ever and always lose our innocence before we laugh at our catechism."

It would be superfluous labour to follow O'Leary through his proofs of the divinity of Christ. This book, we trust, shall fall into the hands of few who deny that great truth. Those who want arguments on the subject, can find an abundance of them in works professedly theological. From the minuteness with which he enters into the question, it would appear that the reading public of his day had not much access to popular theological essays. The scholastic style of his argumentation has too much stiffness for our more modern taste; whereas the work, no doubt, was admirably suited for the time in which it was written, when books were few, and he was deemed the lion of conversation who had best studied the publication of the hour, and could best retail at the club or social board the subject of debate, and the arguments employed. The

following passage, however, commands our admiration :—

"All other figures or allegories are explained in some part of Scripture, or wrapped up in mysterious clouds, to be dispelled by the brightness of eternal day, after exercising our belief; but, with regard to the divinity of Christ, if it be a figure, it is a metaphor, continued through a long chain of prophecies and oracles, without the least explication to unfold its mysterious sense, repeated almost in every page of the New Testament, and sealed with the blood of Christ, His apostles and martyrs. When He appeared on earth, to convert the Jews and Gentiles, and destroy idolatry, which blindfolded mankind, could He have taken more opposite steps to His mission than to raise the dead, and change the course of nature in proof of a doctrine insinuating His divinity, if He had no real claim to the title? At a time when the credulous multitude were apt to enrol extraordinary men in the number of their gods; when they worshipped the earth that nourished them—the air that refreshed them—the sun that enlightened them—the moon that directed their steps in the obscurity of night—the fire that warmed them—the heroes that cleared the woods and forests of lions and serpents that annoyed them—the conquerors who delivered them from their enemies—the wise and generous princes who rendered their subjects happy, and the memory of their reign immortal; at a time when altars were raised at Athens to the Unknown God—when the priests of Salamis raised the sacrificial knife to offer victims in honour of Paul, whom they took for Mercury, on account of his eloquence and the novelty of his doctrine; and in honour of Barnabas, whom they revered as Jupiter, on account of his venerable aspect—and when the sortileges of Simon the magician procured him the honour of a temple at Rome, and the appel-

lation of the 'Great God'—at such a critical period, when gratitude deified benefactors, and extraordinary powers laid the foundation of temples, and swelled the catalogue of false gods, it was a dangerous and ill-timed doctrine to preach that He was equal to God; that He was the Son of God; that eternal life consisted in the knowledge of Himself and of His Father; to command His followers to lay down their lives sooner than deny Him; and to confirm the doctrine by silencing the winds that subsided at His nod; by calming the stormy seas; changing the nature of the elements; restoring sight to the blind, and the use of their limbs to the lame; forcing death to surrender his spoils, and all nature to acknowledge His power and empire. Shall a Paul and Barnabas tear their garments in being taken for something more than mortal man; and shall Jesus Christ, if He be not God, in a calm and deliberate manner rob the Creator of all things of His glory, and the worship due to Him, in affirming that Himself and the God of heaven are one—in applauding the faith of the apostle, who said he was the Son of the living God, and in not checking the disciple who, after thrusting his hand into His side, exclaimed, 'My Lord and my God'?"

Blair had the audacity to deny the immortality of the human soul. "I conclude," he says, "that the soul dies with the body—it is an opinion conformable to reason, observation, and the doctrine taught by Jesus Christ and His apostles." Whatever arguments he might have drawn from observation, as O'Leary remarks, he should have passed over the authority of Christ and His apostles, authorities never adduced before in support of a doctrine which, in every page, they condemn. "Or, at least," he adds, "you should have first a Bible of your own, and forced it on the world, as handed to you by the angel Gabriel." The functions, passions, and powers of the soul, clearly indicate that "it is something more

than a little subtilized mud." Matter could never produce the effects of that interior principle, whose presence we all acknowledge: matter, with all its mutations, and refinements, discloses no quality compatible with those manifestations of an inward agent; in it we perceive nothing but extension, divisibility, figure, and motion; "it cannot reveal the sacred mysteries of faith—the holy rules of equity—the ideas of piety, order, and justice." "To spin out the subject in metaphysical arguments, were loss of time. Suffice it to say, that we would contradict our reason, and belie our hearts, in supposing that the troubles, agitations, and importunate remorses we feel after the commission of some horrid crime, the secret reproaches of a guilty conscience, and such interior punishments that tread on the heels of guilt, were no more than an assemblage of little atoms with rough surfaces—in supposing that patience and resignation in our afflictions, from an expectation of immortality and the spiritual joys of future bliss, the distant reward of our trials, are the result of smooth atoms gliding through the brain; or that the horrors which haunt the guilty, proceed from the same cause which produces a pain in the head, back, or stomach.

"Further, under the dispensation of a just and powerful God, crimes must be punished, and virtue rewarded. What notion can we form of a God, who makes no distinction between the wretch who strangles his father in order to take possession of his estate, and the just man who is disposed to prefer death to iniquity from an apprehension of offending his Maker.

"Yet, the world has seen the greatest sinners elated with prosperity; arrayed with crimes as with a raiment of glory; swimming in an ocean of pleasures, which the fountains of extortion and injustice supply; strangers to those miseries which, in this world, seem to be the inheritance of the righteous. How many illustrious

culprits, whose power and credit silence the authority of the laws; whilst the innocent victim is suspended on a tree, upon the deposition of a perjurer, or from the corruption of a judge! The world has seen a Herod on the throne after murdering the Innocents, and a John the Baptist beheaded in prison for exclaiming against incest; a Nero swaying the sceptre of the world after ripping open his mother's womb, and a Paul bound with chains for preaching justice, judgment, and charity.

"Virtue, then, being oppressed in this life, and vice unpunished, the silence of a just and all-powerful God points out a future state, where justice shall resume her rights, and reward each according to his works. And if divine justice points out a future state, the soul must survive the body."

Once that a man starts a new theory, he is bound to support it by legitimate argument. Should the theory be conformable to truth, the whole process of evolution is natural and pleasing; but should it be otherwise, the shifts of the propounder are unnatural and ludicrous in the highest degree. Blair, either apprehensive that his denial of the soul's immortality would bring down on him the indignation of the public, or loth to part for ever with himself at the hour of death, started a very strange theory indeed—that "God will change our bodies into spirits at the last day, when the world will perish for want of vegetable food, on account of the mould of the earth being wasted into the sea, so that nothing will remain but the bare rocks." Nervous about the success of this new doctrine, he apologized for it by saying that he regarded it as the best confutation of that "fond and absurd opinion, purgatory." O'Leary, for his part, was unwilling to "blend with the general defence of Christianity, any particular controverted point between Christians;" he knew full well that "the Scripture says if the tree fall to the north or

to the south, there it shall lie," though he did not undertake to interpret that passage in any fixed sense. Whatever wrangles divines may have about a text of Scripture, they should not indulge their warmth to such a degree as not to listen to cool reason. It is not contrary to religion or reason to believe that alms and prayers for our deceased friends can do them no harm. In the very uncertainty of alms and prayers being useful to the dead, they are not useless to those who offer them from a principle of charity; for a good intention gives merit to an action which in itself is harmless and inoffensive. Sir Isaac Newton may describe the course of the heavenly bodies which swim in the planetary region, our mariners may sail round the world, and our divines, in a paroxysm of zeal against Popery, may be wafted down the stream of allegory in explaining the preacher's tree that falleth to the north or to the south; I shall never acknowledge them so well versed in the geography of the other world, as to be able to persuade me that there are only two places in it, until they remain there for some time, and after making their observations and remarks, return with a well-authenticated map of that 'unknown country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.'"

The doctrines, indeed, put forward by Blair, are so silly as to excite our wonder that any man with pretensions to sanity could have ventilated them in a Christian community. Thus, he held that the soul of the brute was of the very same nature with the soul of man—God, who was all-powerful, being able to impart to the latter, though material, the power of thought, which He did, thus imparting to the human soul a higher degree of perfection than that attained by the souls of beasts. He concludes that both souls, human and brutal, being of the same nature, perish alike. He is so confident of the truth of this *doctrine*, that he affirms "Solomon and

Sir Isaac Newton to be no more than the production of what their fathers ate," and deplores our blindness for having been deceived by the schoolmen, whose cunning first introduced this notion of immortality.

"We shall not dwell long," writes O'Leary, in a strain of quiet humour, "upon the nature of Solomon and Sir Isaac's souls, which certainly must have been made of the most refined and sublimated particles of matter. Old Scriblerus seems to have entertained the same notion with the Doctor, for he would not permit his child Martinus' nurse to eat any roast beef or heavy aliments, lest his son should become too dull and heavy. Hence his choice of Attic and Roman dishes, in order that their juices should impregnate his son with the valor and elegance of the ancients. The Doctor would oblige us if he informed the public of the quantity and quality of food used by King David. We should soon have numbers of Solomons—manifold would be the advantages accruing to society from such a discovery. Instead of losing most of our time in colleges, the outlines of the plan of education suitable to the clergyman, the statesman, the lawyer, could be sketched in the kitchen, and completed at table. The beau and belle should feed on butterflies; calfsfoot jellies would qualify the courtier, and *petit maitre* for making a flexible and graceful bow. I believe that the harshness and acrimony of religious disputes, controversial writings, and anniversary sermons, proceed from the great quantity of black pudding and mustard which our polemical divines eat at their breakfasts. And if we knew the spoon-meat with which the Doctor was fed, we should know the olio requisite to make a philosopher who unravels the secrets of nature and religion."

"As to the brutes," he continues, further on, "who have become of late the subjects of philosophical panegyric, that raises them to an equality with man,

we like them for the service or diversion they afford us; but less virtuous than our philosophers, we have not the humility to wish to be on a level with them. Pity our pride and ignorance, great oracles, who revile the Christians, and extol the cunning of the fox, the imitative powers of the ape, the architecture of the beaver, and the provident foresight of the ant.

"Since you believe them to be of the same nature with yourselves, why do you not arraign the cruelty of the magistrates, under whose eyes so many murders are daily committed on your brethren? For, if man and the brute be of the same nature, why should beasts be killed with impunity, whilst the assassin is doomed to the gibbet? The questions may seem childish; yet your refined philosophy is humbly requested to give a solid answer. Your catechism can illustrate the subject." He then proceeds to give what he calls "The Free-thinker's Catechism, faithfully collected from some of the most celebrated Free-thinkers of this age, viz.:—Who made man? Nothing. How did he come into the world? He sprung out of the earth spontaneously, as a mushroom.* The souls of men and brutes—are they of the same nature? Yes.† What difference, then, is there between man and the brute? Man is a more multiplied animal, with hands and flexible fingers; the paws and feet of other animals are covered at the extremities with a horny substance, or terminate in claws or talons.‡ Our superiority over the brute creation, in arts, sciences, modesty, civilization, is, then, owing to our hands and fingers, not to any innate principle of reason? Doubtless. But the apes, whose paws are much like ours, why have they not made some progress? Apes live on fruits; and being, like children, in

* Voltaire, *On the Population of America.*

† Servetus, of Cork.

‡ Helvetius, *Livre de l'Esprit*, p. 233.

perpetual motion, they are not susceptible of that *ennui* or wearisomeness to which we are liable.* Is there any virtue in worshipping God, in loving our father, in serving our country, or in relieving the distressed? No. In what light, then, are we to consider virtue? Cry out with Brutus: 'O vertu, tu n'es qu'un vain nom.'—Virtue, thou art but an empty sound.† Lo! the refined system introduced by these great oracles of human wisdom! If the cannibals, who eat their aged parents, ever learn to read, they will find their justification in your Catechism." O'Leary, pursuing his adversary through every sophistry, concludes with a paragraph worthy of a Chrysostom:—

"When, to deny propitiatory sacrifices, you say that 'God cannot be bribed or flattered,' I agree with you: but you would not control His power, nor contest His authority, to impose laws and obligations on creatures; to annex to the observance and infraction of these laws rewards and punishments; to require their submission by visible symbols in the victim stretched and bound on the altar, to remind them of the chains of sin, and of their state under their Creator's hand, who each instant can deprive them of their lives; in the sable smoke rolling from the blazing holocaust, to make them perceive a ray of hope, directing their eyes to a distant Victim, the effusion of whose blood was to quench, one day, more active flames, and to change this scene of carnage and misery into means of expiation, not, indeed, by the virtue and efficacy of the sacrifices in themselves, but inasmuch as they typified the immolation of 'the Lamb that is slain from the foundation of the world,' in the observance of whose law, and in the love and knowledge of whose person, consists eternal life. Age,

* Helvetius, *Livre de l'Esprit*, p. 3.
† Ibid. p. 397.

a variety of accidents, and the uncertainty of the hour of death, press our return to a merciful Redeemer. It is too late to dispute with Jesus Christ His divinity, or with the soul its immortality, when the spirit is arraigned at the awful tribunal of the Judge of the living and the dead."

Father O'Leary's triumph over his adversary, on this occasion, was admitted on all hands. Blair did not attempt to reply; and his death, which occurred soon after, was commonly attributed to the chagrin caused by his discomfiture.

CHAPTER II.

Father O'Leary's celebrated Essay, "Loyalty Asserted."—Continued Sketch of the Penal Laws—The Test Oath—The Opposition it met with—Its Defence by O'Leary—Extracts from the Essay.

O'LEARY, once before the public as an author, began to acquire that confidence which is generated by literary success, and to perceive how beneficially his efforts might be employed through the press for the good of religion, and the promotion of temporal happiness and prosperity amongst his fellow-countrymen. His next essay, published in the year 1777, was entitled, "Loyalty Asserted; or, the test oath vindicated and proved by the principles of the canon and civil laws, and the authority of the most eminent writers; with an inquiry into the Pope's deposing power and the groundless claims of the Stuarts: in a letter to a Protestant gentleman." That the reader may understand the circumstances which called forth this pamphlet, and appreciate its utility and importance at the time of publication, it will be necessary to resume, at the point where we left off, the consideration of the condition of the Catholics of Ireland in relation to the laws, and to trace the slow degrees by which they rose, from a state of political non-existence, into the enjoyment of the long-denied blessings of loyal and inoffensive subjects.

It was not in human nature that the penal laws should have been administered with severity, without inducing many to abandon those religious professions which exposed them to so many temporal privations. Accordingly, while the vast majority of the people adhered to the faith of their fathers, despite the terrors of persecu-

tion, we find instances of many who yielded to the allurements held out for conversion, and simulated a belief in the doctrines of the established religion. Defections of this kind took place almost exclusively amongst the Catholic nobility; and yet it is worthy of remark, that several of them who adopted the external practices of Protestant worship, privately retained Catholic priests in their mansions, who performed the office of chaplains to their families, and, in the security of disguise, instructed their children in the dogmas of the national faith. To such an extent was this system carried out, that it, at length, attracted the attention of the Primate Boulter, who was not slow in providing for it a remedy in the shape of a fresh penal enactment. This dignitary, an Englishman by birth and education, had been appointed Archbishop of Armagh, and was sent over here to manage "the English interest," as it was called, that is, to make everything in Ireland subserve the interests of England. So important a functionary was he, that, during the twenty years he held his see, the Viceroy was only second to him in all matters of administration; nothing was done without the advice and sanction of the Primate. And well did he "manage" the English interest. If *divide et impera* was not his motto, it was his practice. In one of his despatches to the English Government, he declares that the general dislike to Wood's halfpence would have a most unhappy effect on the nation, by *uniting* it!—by bringing on intimacies between Papists and Jacobites on the one hand, and Whigs on the other, who, before, had cherished towards each other no feelings of friendship or good-will. Intent on the success of his proselytising schemes, he prepared the heads of a bill purporting to subject to the penalties of the penal code, all converts who should be convicted of bringing up their children Papists. The measure passed without opposition, while

both Houses of Parliament presented a vote of thanks to his Majesty, "for having returned the bill as a happiness peculiar to that session." Hitherto Catholics had had the privilege of voting at elections, on taking the oaths of allegiance and abjuration, but, in the year 1727, a bill was brought into the Irish Parliament which deprived them of this last vestige of constitutional rights. It was entitled "A bill for further regulating the election of members of Parliament," and was brought forward at the suggestion of Primate Boulter, to defeat the expectations of converts who did not scruple to take the oaths notwithstanding their internal adhesion to the cause of Catholicity. The motion was brought forward as if it were nothing new, but intended for a still more stringent enforcement of a statute already existing. Insidiously, however, without notice, without debate or cause assigned, the anti-Papistical clause was introduced and passed into law: "that no Papist, though not convict, should be entitled to vote at the election of any member to serve in Parliament, or of any magistrate for any city or town corporate." The Primate next busied himself in the establishment of the Protestant Charter Schools, those well-known seats of proselytism, those nurseries of bigotry and vice, the object of which their most reverend founder made, indeed, no effort to conceal. "The great number of Papists in this kingdom," he writes to the Bishop of London, "and the obstinacy with which they adhere to their own religion, occasions our trying what may be done with their children to bring them over to our church." And, further on, he continues: "I can assure you the Papists are here so numerous, that it highly concerns us in point of interest, as well as out of concern for the salvation of these poor creatures, who are our fellow-subjects, to try all possible means to bring them and theirs over to the knowledge of the true religion. And one of the most likely

methods we can think of is, if possible, instructing and converting the young generations; for, instead of converting those who are adult, we are daily losing several of our meaner people, who go off to Popery." *

On the accession of George II. to the throne, the Catholics of Ireland deemed it prudent to present to his Majesty an address expressive of their loyalty, with a hope that some favourable change of legislation might take place in their regard. This act of homage they had been accused of wilfully omitting towards Queen Anne, on a similar occasion; and to its neglect had been, by some, ascribed the severe enactment of the penal laws. On the death of Anne, they resolved to mend their error by presenting an address to her successor; but it so happened that, at that precise time, the attempt of the Pretender, in which he had been abetted by many in Scotland and England, called forth so violent a clamour against all the Catholics of the kingdom—though it was afterwards proved and admitted that not even one Irishman had taken part in the rebellion—that they deemed it more advisable to abstain from expressions of congratulation to his Majesty, which were sure to be repelled with scorn and indignation. When George II., however, ascended the throne, it appeared to them that a favourable opportunity had, at length, arrived for a display of their loyalty and attachment to the crown. An address to the King was accordingly prepared. It was presented with all respect to the Lords Justices, at the Castle of Dublin, by Lord Delvin and other distinguished personages; but so little notice was taken of it, that it has never been ascertained whether it was transmitted to the King, or whether even an answer was returned that it should be so transmitted.

* Boulter's *Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 10, 11, 12.

In the seventh year of George's reign, an application was made to his Majesty, begging of him to procure the reversion of certain outlawries, by which, in the year 1641, the properties of many Catholics had been sequestrated, and they and their posterity had been reduced to a condition of absolute poverty. The Irish Commons, trembling for the success of this just demand, petitioned the King against it, representing how detrimental such a measure would prove to his Majesty's "right and title to the crown," as well as "to the Protestant interest of the kingdom;" and so well did their petition fare, that his gracious Majesty, in reply, assured his faithful Commons that "he would for the future discourage all such applications and attempts." But the faithful Commons, determined that no means should thereafter exist by which such applications or attempts could be renewed, brought in a bill for disqualifying Catholics from practising as solicitors, thus shutting up the only avenue by which, in course of law, the outlawed and dispossessed could seek the restitution of their rights. In order to thwart the progress of this bill, a collection was set on foot amongst the Catholics through the country, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of legal opposition; but here again their enemies were at work to defeat their claims to constitutional protection. A parish priest, named Hennessy, from some part of the province of Munster, gave information to the Government that the collection which was being made, though ostensibly got up for the object set forth, was really intended to support the cause of the Pretender, and thus to bring about the re-establishment of Popery in the kingdom. Hennessy had been suspended by his bishop, doubtless not without cause; but neither his flagitious character, nor the evident spirit of revenge that prompted the lie, could or would dispel from the minds of the Commons the apprehension that the charge

was well founded. They seized the papers of those who had made the collection, and subjected them to the inspection of a committee; and although several weeks were spent in investigating the case, and although the whole sum collected did not exceed five pounds, yet the committee considered it prudent to present an address to the Lord Lieutenant, declaring that *great sums* had been collected amongst the Popish inhabitants, by their clergy; that the Protestant interest was in danger, and "the present happy establishment;" and that it was essentially necessary, for the peace of the kingdom, that the laws against Popery should be strictly enforced. The pliant Viceroy heard the appeal: he issued a proclamation in accordance with the views of the petitioners: and the laws against Popery were very strictly enforced indeed.

These constantly recurring complaints about Papists, and the ever-reviving vigor of the laws administered against them, kept up in the breasts of the Protestants an intense hatred for their unfortunate fellow-countrymen, which was still further inflamed by publications, and even sermons, in which Popery was represented as synonymous with murder and massacre, and an utter disregard of the dictates of natural religion. All the atrocities ascribed to Catholics in rebellions long passed and almost forgotten, were raked up and described with every artifice of rhetoric, in language exaggerated, virulent, and lying until many well-meaning readers and hearers began to believe that what every one said must be true, and that those Papists were in truth the unscrupulous monsters they were represented to be. Several fresh means were suggested for the extirpation of the obnoxious religion, of which the most summary and effective was that thrown out by a noble privy counsellor. In the year 1743, on the apprehended invasion of England by the French under Mareschal Saxe,

this functionary openly declared in council, "that as the Papists had begun the massacre on them, about a hundred years before, so he thought it both reasonable and lawful on their part to prevent them at that dangerous juncture, by first falling on them." Had this project of universal bloodshed been carried out, it must be admitted, even by the most ardent admirers of Catholicity, that the religion would be extinguished in this country beyond the hope of revival. The proposal, however, so palatable to the sanguinary privy-counsellor, was too highly spiced for his colegislators, and was accordingly rejected. It, nevertheless, met with approval amongst many dissenters in the North, where had been sown for some time the seeds that afterwards budded into Orangeism; and a conspiracy was actually formed in Lurgan for the object of rising on a given night, and murdering in their beds all the Papists that could be disposed of between sunset and dawn. This atrocious design was made known by sworn information to a magistrate, a Rev. Mr. Ford, who had great difficulty in preventing it from coming to an issue; but we do not hear that a single conspirator was ever brought to justice before his or any other tribunal.*

Thus, ground down by an ever-vigilant government and a crushing code of laws, the Catholics of Ireland bent in patience to the blow, and sought, in the secret exercise of their religious devotions, the only vestige of happiness which it was possible for them to preserve. Their priests were chased like wolves; a price was set upon their heads: they sought the refuge of the rock and cave, and dark, back room; but to those retreats their flocks followed them, and received at their hands the sacraments of the Church and the consolations of

* Vide Curry's *State of Ireland*, p. 259.

religion. We shall not dwell upon this painful subject. It is sufficient to say that the laws were strained to their utmost rigor to crush the clergy and the people, for remaining steadfast to the faith of their fathers, until, at length, a casual circumstance opened the eyes of the Government to the utter futility of their pains and penalties, and brought about a relaxation of the laws, which it was vain as it was iniquitous any longer to postpone. A priest, named John Fitzgerald, of the diocese of Meath, was celebrating mass in a house situate in Cook-street, Dublin. Just as the sacrifice was about to be concluded, and before he had time to give the blessing, the floor gave way, and he, and nine of his congregation, were crushed to death in the ruins, while many more were seriously or mortally wounded. A feeling of self-reproach seemed, for the first time, to be awakened in the breast of the Government, by this appalling accident, and the laws against the persecuted Papists began to be administered with a lenity acceptable as it was unprecedented. On the 17th of March, 1744, the chapels of Dublin were freely thrown open for Catholic worship; and soon after, by an order of the Viceroy, the bland and conciliatory Earl of Chesterfield, a similar indulgence was extended to the whole kingdom. But the policy of Chesterfield was marked by the astuteness that distinguished his private character —it was specious, but selfish—it was attractive, but hollow—it had nothing of gold but the glitter. While extending to all the Catholics of the kingdom the privilege of free worship, he established through the country a system of espionage, by which their designs for political combination should be detected and frustrated; while, at the same time, he employed pamphleteers to disseminate amongst the public the views which appeared to him most conducive to the sustainment of that splendid *principle*, for which so much legislation

had been created, namely, the "Protestant interest" of the kingdom. The people of this country, ever ready to acknowledge kindness in their governors, willingly responded to the appeal of the noble earl for military assistance to suppress the rebellion in Scotland. He was enabled to send four battalions to the assistance of the Duke of Cumberland: but the victory of Culloden crushed the insurrection, and extinguished the last hopes of the Stuarts; all apprehension of future danger from Popery, whether in Scotland or Ireland, was set at rest for ever. In the latter country there was no longer need for a policy of conciliation, and, accordingly, the polished Chesterfield was ordered home, while the administration of affairs was entrusted to Archbishop Hoadley, Lord Chancellor Newport, and Mr. Boyle, as Chief Justices.

The lenity displayed by the Government in the execution of the penal laws, was confined to the practice of Catholic worship; but in the matter of Catholic property, these laws were carried out with the most stringent severity. Great numbers of "Papists," seeing that it was impossible to reap the benefits of their industry or talents at home, or to invest their money in the purchase of houses or lands, fled the country; while the supporters of the Protestant interest regarded their departure in the light of a national blessing, as one might regard the extinction of noxious vermin in an infested district. But, to the more prudent politicians of the day, it was too apparent that the ruin of the country would be the result of a dwindling population and commercial inactivity; and some plan was, therefore, necessary to be devised, by which such disastrous consequences might be averted from Ireland. The double want appeared to be most happily supplied by the vast number of Jews, who then swarmed through Europe, and who, houseless and friendless, only looked for some

place of refuge where they might sow, in the fertile soil of trade, the boundless wealth at their disposal. A bill for naturalizing persons professing the Jewish religion, passed through the Irish House of Commons, and was presented to the Lord Lieutenant for transmission to the English Parliament. It miscarried, however, somehow; and England was thus saved from another disgrace in her maladministration of this country. "How aptly, indeed," writes Curry,* "might the promoters of this hopeful bill, for strengthening the 'Protestant interest' in Ireland, have exclaimed in the words of the poet:—

'Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.'"

After the death of Queen Anne, a class of men started up in Ireland, who, by an earnest vindication of Irish rights, won for themselves the flattering designation of "patriots." Embracing no political section, neither Whigs nor Tories, they ran in direct opposition to both. The leader of this new phalanx on the arena of public life, was Dr. Jonathan Swift, the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's. He, by his writings, averted many evils from this country, and is so far entitled to the gratitude of Irishmen; yet neither he, nor those who followed in his patriotic footsteps, ever considered the native population worthy of their mediation with the ruling powers. With the lower orders of the people they had nothing in common—they were for the most part aliens in birth, in language, and religion—their efforts were employed in favor of the Protestant section of the community, or the well-to-do Catholics; but for the aboriginal population they had a supreme contempt, and an absolute disregard.† "The Protestant

* *State of Ireland*, chap. xii.

† "I may observe," says Lord Macaulay, "that, to the best of my belief, Swift never, in anything that he wrote, used the word Irishman to denote a person of Anglo-Saxon race born in Ireland. He no more

masters of Ireland,"* writes Lord Macaulay, "while ostentatiously professing the political doctrines of Locke and Sidney, held that a people who spoke the Celtic tongue and heard Mass could have no concern in those doctrines. Molyneux questioned the supremacy of the English Legislature. Swift assailed, with the keenest ridicule and invective, every part of the system of government. Lucas disquieted the administration of Lord Harrington. Boyle overthrew the administration of the Duke of Dorset. But neither Molyneux nor Swift, neither Lucas nor Boyle, ever thought of appealing to the native population. They would as soon have thought of appealing to the swine." Very different were the patriotic sentiments and conduct of that distinguished trio, who, in the reign of George II., exerted themselves, despite an overwhelming and dispiriting opposition, to promote the interests of their fellow-countrymen, and not without a success which was the precursor of many subsequent blessings of disenthralment. I allude to Dr. John Curry, author of the "Historical and Critical Review of the Civil Wars in Ireland;" Charles O'Connor of Belanagar, the eminent Irish antiquary; and Mr. Wyse, a Catholic gentleman of Waterford. These truly patriotic men, distinguished not only for their love of country, but for talents of the first order, as well as a spirit of indomitable courage and perseverance, gradually formed the nucleus of an association for the promotion of Catholic interests in Ireland. They held their meetings at the Globe tavern, Essex-street—meetings at first and for a long time remarkable only for the smallness of their numbers, and the unimportance of their proceedings. They appealed by

considered himself as an Irishman than an Englishman born at Calcutta considers himself a Hindoo."—*Hist. of England*, vol. vi. p. 119, note.

* Ibid.

circular to the nobility for aristocratic names to swell the catalogue of their members; but the Catholic nobility preferred the contentment of repose to the turmoil of agitation, and turned a deaf ear to the circular. The little corps of patriots next sought the support and adhesion of the clergy; but the clergy had the terrible history of the past before their eyes, and courted the privacy which they deemed still necessary until the dawning of a brighter day. It only remained for them to try the commercial men, principally of the metropolis. These displayed no tardiness, but answered at once to the call. For some years previous, the Catholic merchants of Dublin had risen, by slow degrees, to great opulence and considerable social importance. Prevented by the laws from investing their money in landed property, they had amassed wealth in the silent progress of commercial speculation, and had thus acquired immense influence in the State. Confiding in their support, the "patriots" went, like men, to their work.

In September, 1757, John Russell, Duke of Bedford, became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His Grace was a Whig, and the Whigs had been hitherto the worst enemies of Ireland. He has been described as a man "personally possessed of much quickness of parts, real goodness of disposition, great warmth and great facility of temper, which rendered him accessible to some who were totally unworthy of his confidence."* It was not at all encouraging to the Catholic patriots of the day to learn that the Lords, in their first address to the Duke, assured his Grace "that his Majesty's loyal subjects of Ireland had long wished to see the government of the kingdom delegated to the heir and descendant of the great person (Lord Russell), who paved the way for the late glorious revolution." And there were in the coun-

* Hardy's *Life of Charlemont*, 4to, p. 54.

try many besides the Lords who congratulated themselves on the accession to power of a nobleman, who, they hoped, would prove true to the anti-Catholic instincts which, at the instigation of Lord Shaftesbury, had manifested themselves so signally in the conduct of his great progenitor. The Catholic party, however, were determined, despite these unpromising antecedents of his Grace, to present him with a dutiful address, in the hope that their loyal professions might receive at length some token of royal recognition. The address was prepared by Charles O'Connor, and received four hundred signatures, chiefly those of Catholic merchants. Many who remembered the failure of a similar attempt on the accession of the King, did not take the trouble to sign the document—the nobility and clergy, as we have seen, refused to have any connexion with it. So degraded was the position of the Catholics at the time, that they dared not present the address in person, but consigned it to the charge of Mr. Ponsonby, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, with a request that he would present it to the Viceroy. A long time elapsed before an answer was received; and those who had withheld their signatures, began to congratulate themselves on their superior sagacity and prudence. At length, however, the address appeared in the *Gazette*, with a gracious reply, in which the Catholics were told that the zeal and attachment which they professed could never be more seasonably manifested than in the present conjuncture; and that as long as they conducted themselves with duty and affection, they could not fail to receive his Majesty's protection. Great was the surprise of all parties at the tone of his reply, and no words could describe the joy it infused into the breasts of the Catholics, who now heard words of kindness addressed to them by the representatives of English power, for the first time since James the Second lost his throne. The

conjuncture alluded to by his Grace, had reference to certain riotous proceedings which had just taken place, in consequence of an apprehension which existed at the time, that a legislative union was then contemplated between this country and England, and that the efforts to promote it had received his Grace's sanction and co-operation. These tumults, though really caused by Protestant mobs, were falsely ascribed to the Catholics; and to this imputation some speciousness was given by the fact, that war was then being waged between England and France; for, on such occasions, the loyalty of the "Papists" was more than usually suspected. The Duke, however, was not to be so easily hoodwinked; and to testify publicly his unbelief in the charges preferred against the Catholics, he caused the Speaker to read from his chair, before the assembled Commons, that portion of his reply to their address, in which he assured them of his full approbation of their past conduct, and of his future favor and protection.

Encouraged by this success, the Catholics of Ireland poured in addresses from all quarters, expressive of their loyalty; but it is much to be regretted that, in their deprecation of any collusion with France for purposes of rebellion, they suffered themselves to be betrayed into an ungrateful depreciation of the French people, so base and hypocritical, as to disgust the leading patriots, and to show, at the same time, to what a depth of degradation, and to what a forgetfulness of every honorable feeling, the persecutions of the past had reduced the public mind.

George the Third ascended the throne in 1760, and had the good taste and political tact to employ, in his opening address to the Commons, expressions calculated to infuse hope and confidence into the breasts of the people of Ireland. He declared himself "the friend of religious toleration, and the guardian of the civil and

religious rights of his subjects." The Committee of the Catholic body thought this a most favorable opportunity for offering to his Majesty an assurance of their loyalty, and of begging at his hands a mild administration of the laws. An address was accordingly prepared, and six hundred names were attached to it. But, unhappily, divisions, the perennial source of national calamities in this country, thwarted the councils of the Catholics, and well-nigh prevented this timely and proper manifestation of popular feeling to the King. The clergy and nobility met at Trim, and prepared a separate address, having declined to co-operate with the Catholic Committee. The latter, to make matters smooth, ventured to lay before the throne a "remonstrance"—a statement of their grievances; and this altered aspect of the intended address, won over many adherents from the dissentient party. Divisions, however, again set in, led on by Lord Trimbleston, a man of haughty manners and violent temper, who left the council in a fit of ill-humour, and was followed by many. Lord Taaffe, however, a Catholic nobleman of considerable influence, remained firm, and gave great weight to the views of the Committee. The address was at length re-modelled to the satisfaction of all parties, and presented in due course. It was subsequently inserted in the London *Gazette*, and, no doubt, had great influence on the growing lenity of the laws.

The next concession we hear of made in favor of the Catholics of Ireland, was that granted, in the year 1771, during the viceroyalty of Lord Townshend. Parliament passed an act to enable a Catholic to take a long lease of fifty acres of bog, to which, if the bog was too deep for a foundation, half an acre of arable land might be added for a house; but this holding should not be within a mile of any city or town, and if half the bog were not reclaimed in twenty-one years,

the lease was forfeited. By what slow degrees the persecuted "Papists" were permitted to rise from the depths of misery! And as if the donor of every cheering draught grudged it to the thirsting victim of oppression, and took care to dash it with a sprinkling of vinegar and gall, the Lord Lieutenant had £10 a year added to the pension of £30 already offered to "any Popish priest converted to the Protestant religion." These seducing infusions into the chalice of temptation, were called by the wits of the day "Townshend's golden drops."

Three years passed away, and no step was taken by the legislature for the promotion of Catholic interests in this country; until at length, in the year 1774, an act was passed by which Catholics were *permitted* to certify their allegiance to the King. How this happy consummation was effected it now becomes our duty to relate.

One of the most distinguished noblemen that figured at this period in the history of Ireland, was Frederick, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. Descended from a family remarkable as well for talent as for eccentricity, while inheriting a large share of intellectual endowments, he seemed to have become the sole repository of all the singularities of his ancestors. Magnificence in all things was his own peculiar foible. "In one thing," writes the biographer of Charlemont,* "he was not unlike Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. 'Everything by starts and nothing long.' Generous, but uncertain; splendid, but fantastical; an admirer of the fine arts, without any just selection; engaging, often licentious in conversation; extremely polite, extremely violent;—it is indubitably true, that, amidst all his erratic course, his bounty was often directed to the most proper and deserving objects. His dis-

* Hardy's *Life of Charlemont*, 4to, p. 262.

tribution of church livings, chiefly amongst the elder and respectable clergy in his own diocese, must always be mentioned with that warm approbation which it is entitled to. It is said (how truly I know not) that he applied for the bishopric of Durham, afterwards for the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland; was refused both, and, *hinc illæ lacrymæ,* hence his opposition. Spending most of his time in Italy, he scarcely ever attended Parliament;" but when he did, it was in no ordinary style—" his progress from his diocese to the metropolis, and his entrance into it, were perfectly correspondent with the rest of his conduct. Through every town on the road he seemed to court, and was received with, all warlike honors; and I remember seeing him pass by the Parliament House in Dublin (Lords and Commons were then both sitting), escorted by a body of dragoons, full of spirits and talk, apparently enjoying the eager gaze of the surrounding multitude, and displaying altogether the self-complacency of the favorite marshal of France on his way to Versailles, rather than the grave deportment of a prelate of the Church of England." This splendid and right reverend nobleman, on one occasion, while travelling through France, paid a visit to the Irish College of Toulouse; and with urbanity and condescension, which were, no doubt, characteristic, accepted an invitation to dine with the professors. In the course of the evening, the conversation naturally turned on the condition of Ireland, when the prelate deplored the necessity under which Irishmen labored of seeking in a foreign land that education so cruelly denied them at home; " still he could not see," he added, " why they refused to their native sovereign that allegiance and fidelity which distinguished their conduct towards the continental monarchs in whose dominions the Irish colleges were situated. For his part, he wished the Catholics to enjoy freedom of

conscience; but until they were found to renounce the opinions generally entertained by them—opinions which militated against the lives of those whom they termed heretics, the safety of the throne, and the obligations of an oath—he could not so far forget what he owed to the peace and security of the country, as to show them any countenance there." It is needless to say that the hosts of the noble Earl repudiated in the strongest language the sentiments attributed to them in this sweeping censure; they assured him that the lives of "those whom they termed heretics," were as sacred in their eyes as those of their most ardent coreligionists; that there was nothing in their religious professions calculated to weaken the bond of allegiance and fidelity to the throne; and finally, that they regarded with the most solemn reverence the awful obligations of an oath. The prelate was surprised and gratified beyond measure, on finding how unfounded were his prejudices, and promised to use his influence for a relaxation of laws which were based on so groundless an assumption. Accordingly, on his return to Ireland, he put himself into communication with some of the leading members of the administration, and endeavoured to make them sharers of his altered feelings on this important subject. The representatives of the Catholic Committee regarded this as a most favorable juncture for the development of their patriotic attempts. Messrs. Curry, O'Connor, Wyse, and M'Dermot having consulted with the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, drew up a form of an oath, which they expressed their willingness and anxiety to take, as an evidence of their loyalty to the throne, and their undivided temporal allegiance to the King. Leave was at length granted, in the House of Commons, on the 5th of March, 1774, to bring in the heads of a bill "to enable his Majesty's subjects, of whatever persuasion, to testify their allegiance to him;" and it was

at the same time resolved, "that Mr. Robert French and Sir Lucius O'Brien do prepare the same."

These gentlemen, on the 15th of March, reported the heads of a bill agreeably to the leave given; and it received the royal assent on the 2nd of June following. The oath, as given in the act of parliament, is as follows:—

"I, A. B., do take Almighty God and His only Son Jesus Christ, my Redeemer, to witness, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to our most gracious sovereign lord George the Third, and him will defend to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever that shall be made against his person, crown, and dignity; and I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to his Majesty and his heirs all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which may be formed against him or them; and I do faithfully promise to maintain, support, and defend, to the utmost of my power, the succession of the crown in his Majesty's family, against any person or persons whatever; hereby utterly renouncing and abjuring any obedience or allegiance unto the person taking upon himself the style and title of the Prince of Wales in the lifetime of his father, and who, since his death, is said to have assumed the style and title of King of Great Britain and Ireland, by the name of Charles the Third, and to any other person claiming or pretending a right to the crown of these realms. And I do swear that I reject and detest, as unchristian and impious to believe, that it is lawful to murder or destroy any person or persons whatsoever, for or under the pretence of their being heretics; and also that unchristian and impious principle, that no faith is to be kept with heretics. I further declare that it is no article of my faith, and that I do renounce, reject, and abjure the opinion, that princes excommunicated by the

Pope and council, or by any authority of the See of Rome, or by any authority whatsoever, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by any person whatever; and I do promise that I will not hold, maintain, or abet any such opinion, or any other opinion contrary to what is expressed in this declaration; and I do declare that I do not believe that the Pope of Rome or any other foreign prince, prelate, state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or pre-eminence, directly or indirectly, within this realm. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God and of His only Son Jesus Christ, my Redeemer, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration in the plain and ordinary sense of the words, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever, and without any dispensation already granted by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, or any person whatever, and without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration, or any part thereof, although the Pope or any other person or persons or authority whatsoever shall dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning. So help me God."

The subsequent history of events that took place in connexion with the test oath, is so well described by the Rev. Mr. England, in his "Life of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary,"* that we cannot do better than extract it here:—

"However favorable this opportunity appeared for a gradual opening of the way for the Catholics to the further attentions of Parliament, obstacles of a nature that could not well have been foreseen, somewhat retarded the designs of the framers of the oath. The

* Pp. 58, *et seq.*

name, occupation or profession, and place of residence of the Catholics who testified their allegiance, were required by the law to be recorded in the Sessions' Court of each town or county, and to be by the presiding magistrates transmitted forthwith to Dublin. The clergy were still objects of legal hatred; and the laws against them existed in all their native and unmitigated severity. A difficulty was therefore started: how safe it was for them, anxious as they were to manifest their allegiance, to take the oath under these circumstances. The magistrate, by the acknowledgment of their profession and place of abode, acquired a legal cognizance of their existence in the country; and he was required, as well by various acts as by frequent resolutions of the houses of Parliament, to carry the laws against priests into immediate effect. With some reason, therefore, was reference had to the Government on the subject, by whose explanation these fears were quieted, and vast numbers of the clergy and people freely took the oath.

"As soon as these fears were put to rest, obstacles of a more serious nature, and which were not so easily overcome, began to manifest themselves in another quarter. The test oath had, before its adoption in Parliament, been assented to by the Catholic Committee in Dublin; there appeared in its detail nothing except what related to the temporal allegiance which subjects owe to their constituted rulers in every state; and in the parts where it in any way alluded to spiritual matters, it was as guarded as the most scrupulous theologian could require. Notwithstanding all this, to the friends of toleration it appeared unaccountable, that tardiness and hesitation in taking the oath, marked the conduct of many Catholics, who, before the passing of the act of parliament, were apparently sanguine in their support of the measure. Those among the Catholics who kept back from taking the test, stated as their reason for so

doing, certain theological objections against clauses in the oath, which had been pointed out to them by some respectable friars, and the public condemnation of a former oath, of exactly a like nature, by the Right Reverend Doctor Burke, in his book entitled *Hibernia Dominicana.*

"Besides some political expressions of an offensive nature contained in the work itself, Dr. Burke had occasion in the supplement to notice the form of an oath, similar in many particulars to that required by the bill of 1774; and these clauses were by him unreservedly and clamorously reprobated. For the more effectual circulation of his sentiments on this important and delicate subject, he had copies of the work and supplement presented in his name to some of the Protestant bishops of the kingdom, and to the University of Dublin, at that time extremely hostile to the extension of any favor or protection to the Roman Catholic body. The effects of these ill-judged and injurious measures were deeply regretted by the prelates and clergy of the kingdom, and particularly by the bishops of the province of Munster,—a body then and always looked up to with respect, as well by the Holy See, as by their brother bishops in Ireland and England.*

* The disastrous nature of this proceeding was greatly enhanced by the fact that the author was a bishop (Ossory) of great learning and piety, and, therefore, considered a fair representative of Catholic opinion. The work, though bearing on the title-page the name of Cologne as the place of publication, was really published at Kilkenny. In its relation of the sufferings endured by the Irish Church since the period of the Reformation, it seems to have exceeded the bounds of truth, and, in consequence, excited the indignation and acrimonious censure of Protestant readers, who raised against it a violent outcry, which threatened to perpetuate, at a period when it would be more desirable to allay, the feelings of mutual hostility that subsisted between the professors of the two religions. For the welfare of their subjects, the Catholic bishops of the province deemed it prudent to convoke a council, to be held at Kilkenny, to take into consideration how far the book required emendation and correction. But Kilkenny, being

"To remedy this evil as far as lay in their power, and to express, at the same time, their judgment of the test oath, a provincial synod of the Munster prelates was held near Cork, on the 15th of July, 1775, where the following declaration was unanimously agreed to:—

"'We, the chiefs of the Roman Catholic clergy of the province of Munster, having met together near Cork, have unanimously agreed that the oath of allegiance, proposed by act of parliament, *anno regni decimo tertio et quarto Georgii tertii regis*, contains nothing contrary to the principles of the Roman Catholic religion.

+ JAMES BUTLER.
+ DANIEL O'KEARNEY.
+ JOHN BUTLER.
+ MICHAEL PETER M'MAHON.
+ MATHEW M'KENNA.
+ WILLIAM EGAN.
+ F. MOYLAN.'

"Not satisfied with this declaration of their opinions on the oath itself, they entered, on the 28th of July, into an unanimous resolution, marking, in the strongest terms, their entire dissent from the doctrines put forward on the oath of allegiance, by Dr. Burke, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, and, at the same time, expressing 'their firm and unshaken loyalty and gratitude to his Majesty King George the Third.' The declaration of the prelates was transmitted by Dr. Butler, the Archbishop of Cashel, to his agent at Rome, the late

the head-quarters of Doctor Burke's see, was unhappily selected as the place of convocation. He resisted the appointment of a meeting without his consent to be held within the precincts of his diocese, and denounced it as a gross infringement on his canonical rights. The project was, therefore, abandoned. But the prelates of Munster met soon after, at Thurles, and expunged a small portion of the work. See Brennan's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 346.

Bishop Bellew, by whom the substance of the act of parliament, and an exact translation of the oath, were laid before the Pope. The Holy Father read them with much attention, and expressed his ardent hope 'that the kindness of the legislature would shortly be further extended to his suffering children.' Notwithstanding these expressions of his Holiness, and the conviction, which must have existed in the mind of any enlightened theologian, that there was nothing contained in the oath in any degree adverse to the doctrines of the Catholic Church; still, the bishops had much to contend with from the narrow designs of a party in Rome, who sought to procure, by every means in their power, a censure of the oath, and, consequently, of the approvers of it in Ireland. Those persons found, for a while, a willing agent in Dr. Carpenter, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. He agreed with his friends at Rome, that, although he held as his fixed opinion that the Pope had no temporal power or authority, direct or indirect, in the kingdom, the denial upon oath of such a power, inasmuch as it was at former periods claimed for the Pope by theologians of celebrity, was harsh and presumptuous. His opposition to the sentiments of the other prelates was to them a subject of pain and regret; but, with principle for their guide, they finally secured the approbation of Rome, and had also the gratification of seeing Dr. Carpenter himself yield to reason, and take the oath of allegiance. The Congregation *De Propaganda Fide,* a tribunal always eminent for the prudence, wisdom, and justice which govern its councils, intimated to the Munster prelates, that, though the oath was by the Congregation considered unobjectionable, still the cardinals could not forbear expressing their opinion that the conduct of the approvers of the test in Ireland was blameable: first, because they had not, before expressing their opinion of the test, con-

sulted Rome; secondly, that they were the authors and framers of the oath, and might, therefore, have drawn it up in a form less liable to misconstruction; and, thirdly, that there did not appear to have been any pressing necessity for the framing of such an oath at all. The vindication of the prelates was not a task of much difficulty. Archbishop Butler replied in their name by a memoir (*sic*) of some length, in which the history of the oath is given, the objections to it ably refuted, and its supporters justified and defended.*

"This statement was favorably received at Rome; the oath was generally taken by the clergy and people of Ireland; and thus was the way opened to the amelioration of a class of persons who suffered more for conscience sake than history records of any other people, and whose inflexible loyalty, at moments of extreme danger, was the best criterion of the principles that governed their religious and political conduct. The persons most conspicuous in producing these happy results, were Dr. Butler, Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Egan, Bishop of Waterford, and Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork.

"To join in the efforts made by these valuable and patriotic men in favor of the test oath, was the object O'Leary had in view in the publication of 'Loyalty Asserted.' He alone appeared, amongst the body to whom he belonged, a privileged writer. The oath had found some of its most strenuous opponents, both in Ireland and at Rome, amongst the friars; and he, therefore, felt himself called upon to utter his opinions freely and with energy. The work was widely circulated, and called forth as well the acknowledgments of the friends of the Government to the writer, as the warm gratitude of his Catholic fellow-countrymen."

* This document is found at full length in Father England's work, Appendix B.

In this treatise, O'Leary takes up the oath sentence by sentence, and shows its conformity to Catholic teaching in every particular, by a reasoning remarkable for logical precision, profound knowledge of his subject, and a candour rarely discernible in a work, to all intents and purposes, controversial. Political circumstances have so much changed since then, that there is no longer need to enforce conviction on most of the truths herein set down. Ignorance, and consequent prejudice, on many Catholic doctrines, have been dispelled by the genius of education, and the growth of liberal opinions. Few, if any, persons, for example, are silly enough to think any one will attempt to upset the succession of the throne in the House of Hanover; no one is likely to put forward the claims of a Stuart Pretender: those who think that Catholics believe that it is lawful to murder a person on the pretence of his being a heretic, are scarcely worth the trouble of refutation. We may, therefore, spare ourselves the labor of quoting arguments on these subjects, which are only curious, as showing what opinions were at one time entertained of "Papists" in these countries. Whatever Catholics, in their individual capacity, may think, say, or do in violation of the allegiance they owe to the powers that be, the teaching of the Church is clear and decisive, and of its doctrines O'Leary is a just exponent. "Although," he says, "I should never swear any allegiance in form, yet there is an original and natural allegiance from subject to king; a debt that forbids all conspiracies and treasonable practices against 'his person, crown, and dignity.' At my birth, I was under his protection; and, in tender infancy, when I could not protect myself, I was shielded by his name. His tribunals are still open to secure my life and liberty; and, as there is an implied contract between king and subject, my oath does not change the nature

of my obligations. It only strengthens the civil bond by the tie of religion, and superadds to treason the guilt of perjury in the transgressors." He shows how little reason Ireland had to be grateful to the Stuarts, by briefly recapitulating all they did for the welfare of that country, and, therefore, concludes that their restoration could not be desired by Irishmen, unless they adopted the unreasonable whim of the poet:—

"Amo te, Zabede, sed nescio dicere quare."

We merely glance at the subject for its historical interest. "James the First signalized his generosity in our favour, by giving, under the finesse of laws, six counties in Ulster to Scotch planters. Hume attempts to justify his countryman by the following shift—'He gave them arts and manufactures in exchange.' The cruel Achab was more generous—he offered real money for Naboth's vineyard.

"Charles the First ran the same course with his father. There was no end of seizures, inquisitions, and regal plunder. Shamed at last into desistance by the Irish parliament, an artful stratagem is devised, equally calculated to answer the ends of rapacity, and exculpate the monarch. The Earl of Strafford is named vicegerent, and takes the blame upon himself—the King thanks him for his seasonable advice; and Ireland sees Tiberius and Sejanus revived in the persons of Charles and his favorite. . . . . Charles the Second, who, according to Lord Lyttleton, could have become as despotic a prince as any in Europe, sets up a sham Court of Claims, to save the appearance of justice. He confirms Cromwell's grants to the adventurers who followed the banners of this regicide, tinctured with the blood of the royal martyr; obliges his enemies by the sacrifice of his defenders; consents to the special exception of Irish Catholics from the general act of indemnity; refuses the

least assistance to Lord Rochford, who sold his estate to support him during his exile; and gives his sanction to a ridiculous law, declaring it high treason to call the king a Papist, of which law he was himself the most signal transgressor, having been confessed and anointed by a Benedictine monk. . . . . To this long train of Stuart hostilities, James the Second is the only exception—he removed all penal restraints. . . . But does his conduct stand the test? . . . In the vicinity of an army of 30,000 men, master of the strongholds and garrisons of his realms, at the first report of the Prince of Orange's arrival in England, with the apathy of a stoic, or the timidity of an old woman, he throws the royal seals into the Thames, disappears, leaves three kingdoms in the utmost anarchy and confusion, the reins of government without a hand to manage them, and his subjects uncertain to whom they should transfer their allegiance. Instances of the kind are scarcely to be met with in the chronicles of kings—a hand that would not unsheathe a sword in defence of three realms, is better calculated for a muff than a sceptre. Queen Elizabeth, almost in sight of an army of 50,000 Spaniards, reviews her troops, rides through the ranks, animates her men—'Behold your Queen! Victorious, I shall reward you; defeated, I shall die with you.' But Buchanan's contrast of James the First to Queen Elizabeth is equally applicable to James the Second:

> "'Rex fuit Elizabeth, nunc vero regina Jacobus
> Error naturæ par in utroque fuit."

"Recalled by Tyrconnel from France to Ireland, our Alexander lays siege to Londonderry, from whence he is expelled by a Protestant minister, at the head of a handful of men half-famished—a glorious contest between a king and a priest—the sword and the gown. *Cedant arma togæ.* The banks of the Boyne are quite

as inauspicious to his laurels. . . . 'Spare, oh, spare my English subjects!' Lo, the most beloved King of the Stuart race, pious and tender-hearted! he would not have scrupled to repossess himself of the throne at the expense of Irish blood, but the purchase would have been too dear when regained with the loss of English subjects.

"It was the duty of the Irish to fight for their king. But when they perceived that he preferred his son-in-law's life to their security and his own interest, doubtless they were acquitted of their allegiance. His daughter Mary, during her husband's absence, ordered all Papists, and reputed Papists, to depart ten miles from London. . . . But their total destruction was completed by Anne, the last sovereign of the Stuart line." (We have already alluded to the persecutions of Anne.) "Hitherto," continues O'Leary, "we have a retrospective view of our obligations to those our royal benefactors; let us now look forward to the agreeable scene, and enchanting prospect, of riches and blessings we expect from their restoration."

He then enters into the question, "whether we can in conscience renounce all allegiance to the grandson of James the Second, whose abdication of the throne has been the effect of fear and compulsion?" I repeat, we shall not follow him through this argument, as all interest in it has perished with the extinction of the Stuarts, and no one but a madman could entertain an idea of upsetting the present dynasty for the substitution of another. We cannot help, however, transcribing the following passage, for the political clearsightedness and wisdom it displays:—

"In reality, sir, a dear-bought experience has broken this charm that bewitched our ancestors in favor of the Stuarts. Whilst they were our kings, we exerted *ourselves to* support them on the throne, more from

principle than from faction; and had other monarchs swayed the sceptre, we would have done the same. In a word, we fell with our kings; and the very offspring of those kings have chained us closer to the ground. Now the tide of those fatal commotions has subsided. This tumult that distracted the nation in the Stuarts' reign, is allayed. Are we to quit the reality in pursuit of a shadow? What would we have gained had the Pretender been crowned at Westminster? An aggravation of our yoke, and new calamities. The penal laws, relaxed in their execution by the clemency of government, would have been revived with new vigor. The edge of persecution, blunted by the humanity of our fellow-subjects, would have been new tempered and sharpened.

"You will answer, perhaps, that such usage could not be expected from a *Catholic* prince. Folly! Pardon the expression. You know that the throne is the most dazzling object of human ambition. Though a great distance from its steps, and the impossibility of obtaining it renders the most part of mortals insensible to its charms, yet, in regard to those who are entitled to it by their birth, it is a magnet that attracts their hearts, the great idol to which they would sacrifice their very blood; the water of Lethe, erasing, by its oblivious qualities, all impressions of friendship, gratitude, and even religion. Of this, history, sacred and profane, affords several instances. Athalia murdered the princes of the royal house of Judah. Tullia drove her chariot over her father's body, and dyed its wheels in his blood, from an eagerness to be saluted queen. In the time of the Crusades, a Catholic prince was found in the number of the slain, with the marks of circumcision on his body. He expected the kingdom of Jerusalem from Saladin; and this fervent Christian, who a few years before would have spilt his blood in defence

of Christ's sepulchre, sold Christ Himself for the dominion of a city in which He had been crucified.

"I do not mean that any of our regal candidates would turn Turks for the sake of a crown; but certain I am, that the transition is easy from Popery to Protestantism, and from Protestantism to Popery, when a diadem is the reward of conversion. In my humble opinion, Charles the Third would have removed Pope and Popery, if necessary, out of the way to his throne. To clear himself from the suspicion of a Popish cancer, the oppression of Papists would have been the blessed detersive—a catholicon very familiar to the Stuarts."

The Pope and Popery had been for many centuries, and are to the present day, the objects of the coarsest vituperation, and most unmitigated hatred, in many parts of Europe, but nowhere to such a degree as in England. This feeling of hostility to the Papacy, transmitted from generation to generation, and fostered by the vilest calumnies and most glaring misrepresentations, has been the source of a deep-seated prejudice, unworthy of a people who pride themselves on their candour, honor, and fair-play; while it has driven them into excesses of persecution against the Catholic portion of the community, especially in Ireland, more suited to "the meridian of Barbary,"* than to the boasted land of liberty and civilization. And why is this? Would England extinguish Catholicity in the world? Would she force all to participate in the so-called blessings of the Reformation? Will she assert that Catholics have no right to exist as a society in France, Austria, Belgium, Spain, America, in every region of the world? If she will deny this right, she will set her opinion against that of the vast preponderance of civilized mankind—if she admit that Catholics have a right to

* Arthur Young's *Tour in Ireland.*

league themselves in fraternal bonds all over the world, why will she refuse to them one legislator, judge, arbitrator, counsellor, and chief? But she will grant this one supreme head, and yet deny him temporal power. Why deny him what is his by the justest of titles? England does not belong to Queen Victoria by a title stronger than that by which Rome, and lately the Papal States, belonged to Pope Pius the Ninth. The former was acquired by conquest, the latter by concession. Those who say that the Papal territories were the growth of gradual usurpations, do not understand history; the asseveration is not a mis-statement, it is an anachronism. The power of the Popes was strengthened and extended at a time when no other power was really constituted. In the agglomeration of races, the confusion of ideas, traditions, manners, religions prevailing in European society, after the irruptions of the barbarians, and their interblending with the native peoples, some element was wanting to restore order, to assimilate feelings, to throw oil on the troubled waters, to raise one great edifice from out the scattered ruins. That element was Christianity—its representative was the successor of St. Peter. As the Gentiles bowed before the fishermen of Galilee, and accepted their creed with the docility of children, so did the barbarous hordes of Europe submissively yield to the benign influence of their successors; thus paying that homage which ignorance pays to wisdom, incapacity to genius, and the human heart to the sublime spirit of religion. This was the beginning of temporal power in the Church. The Pope was the head of the Church—the head of the concentrated wisdom of the world—the fountain of legislation—the possessor of the archives of literature—the sun round which society revolved—the only power acting with order, concert, and regularity—the only sure guarantee for stability

and permanence. All things changed; but religion still maintained her place, the Church was ever in the midst of men, the Pope still reigned at Rome—his power was not usurped, for power, before it is usurped, must exist somewhere. It did not exist with kings; for kings were the sport, and frequently the victims, of haughty barons. It did not exist with the barons, nor with the people, it was rather scrambled for by those three elements of society, the monarch, the feudal lords, and the people who were little better than slaves, working out the ambition, and gratifying the corrupt passions of their masters. Why view by-gone ages with a light suited to the contemplation of to-day? Why apply to the crude infancy of society, a standard that only applies to grown up and matured civilization? This would be to seek order in chaos, to invest the tender sapling with the giant strength of the forest oak. Now that society is formed, civilized, enlightened, why should the power that raised it from the depths be spurned and banished out of sight? This would be the young man, in the insolence of his strength, turning out of doors the tender and loving mother who watched him with fondest care through the perils of infancy, and bore him safely over the shoals and quicksands to which erring boyhood is exposed. Some Popes have, it is said, misused their power. Be it so. This is not the place to enter into an inquiry of this kind. If they have done so, their imprudence or ambition has not received the sanction of the Church—they have erred as individuals. Why condemn the institution for the fault of its head?—why visit on a whole series of monarchs, the misdeeds of a dynast? Why colour, and distort, and exaggerate the faults of such individuals to prejudice the weak and blind the vulgar, to stir up the passions of the ignorant, to mar the power of truth by the wilful dissemination *of error?* No monarchs ever displayed so paternal a

spirit in their government as the Popes—none, with such gigantic power, ever evinced so little tendency to ambition, and so little disposition to territorial aggrandizement. "It is," says a great writer,* "a very remarkable circumstance, but either disregarded or not sufficiently attended to, that the Popes have never taken advantage of the great power in their possession for the aggrandizement of their States. What could have been more natural, for instance, or more tempting to human nature, than to reserve a portion of the provinces conquered from the Saracens, and which they gave up to the first occupant, to repel the Turkish ascendancy always on the increase? But this, however, they never did, not even with regard to the adjacent countries, as in the instance of the Two Sicilies, to which they had incontestable rights, at least according to the ideas then prevailing, and over which they were, nevertheless, contented with an empty sovereignty, which soon ended in the *haquenèe*, a slight tribute, and merely nominal, which the bad taste of the age still disputes with them. The Popes may have had too much at the time of this universal sovereignty, which an opinion equally universal allowed them. They may have exacted homage; nay, indeed, if you will, have too arbitrarily imposed taxes. I do not wish to enter into these points here, but it still remains certain that they have never sought to increase their dominions at the expense of justice, whilst all other governments fell under their anathema; and, at the present time even, with all our philosophy, our civilization, and our fine books, there is not, perhaps, one of the European powers in a condition to justify all its possessions before God and reason."

But let us hear O'Leary on this subject. The fifth article of the oath of allegiance ran as follows:—"I further declare that it is no article of my faith, and that

* Count de Maistre, *Du Pape*, book ii. chap. 6.

I do renounce, reject, and abjure the opinion, that princes excommunicated by the Pope and Council, or by any authority of the See of Rome, or by any authority whatsoever, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by any person whatsoever; and I do promise that I will not hold, maintain, or abet any such opinion, or any other opinion contrary to what is expressed in this declaration."

"This article," writes O'Leary, "requires a peculiar discussion; as the Pope's deposing power has caused such confusion in Europe, during the great struggles between the priesthood and empire, and is often an engine employed in Parliament to defeat the good intentions of the members, who, from principles of humanity and zeal for the prosperity of the kingdom, endeavour to remove the heavy yoke of penal restraints. The question is—Whether the deposing power be an article of the Catholic faith? For my heart startles, and my hand recoils at the words, 'murdered by their subjects!' As if the principles of any sect of Christians authorized a gloomy ruffian to plunge the dagger in the royal breast. To determine the question, let us inquire, first, into the doctrine of the Church concerning the deposing power; secondly, into its origin.

"Resistance to princes has been an early charge against the Church; and from her infancy down to this day, her pastors and doctors have repelled the calumny. An *imputed* doctrine, then, yet still disclaimed, can never be an article of her faith.

"It is true that the concessions of princes to the Apostolic See—an excessive veneration for the first pastors of the Church—flattery in some—rash zeal in others—have raised up Bellarmin and some other champions for the deposing power, beyond the Alps. But the deviations of some individuals should be considered as spots in the sun, or the misconduct of a citizen whose fault should not be charged upon a large community.

"The apologists of the deposing power (now grown obsolete) are few; and their doctrine must either stand or fall with the evidence or inevidence of their arguments, unsupported by authority and contradicted by the practice and doctrine of all ages and nations.

"In the Apostles' time, the Jews began to revolt and sow the seeds of that rebellion which assembled the Roman eagles round their walls, and involved their nation in final destruction. The great pretence was—the seeming impropriety of the subjection of God's chosen people to a heathen dominion; and as the first converts sprang from the Jews, the heathens confounded together Jews and Christians, and charged them alike with the doctrine of resistance to subordination and government. The great St. Paul vindicates the Christians, and lays down for a general rule that 'every soul must be subject to higher powers; and that there is no power but from God, and that those who resist receive damnation unto themselves.'* Should any one reply that the Church has more power over Christian kings, as by baptism they become her children, it can be easily answered that dominions and temporal power are founded in free-will and the laws of nations, but not conferred nor taken away by a spiritual regeneration; and Bellarmin himself is forced to acknowledge, that 'the Gospel deprives no man of his right and dominion, but gets him a new right to an eternal kingdom.'†

"The apostolical constitutions, whether genuine or spurious, are certainly of an ancient date, and give us great insight into the discipline of primitive times. They command 'to fear the king as God's institution and ordinance.'‡ 'The Christians worship God only,' says Justin the Martyr; 'they are subject to the

* Romans, xiii.

† Bellarmin, *de Rom. Pontif.* lib. v. c. 3.

‡ Lib. vii.

emperors in all things else.'* 'By whose command men are born,' says St. Irenæus; 'by His command also are kings ordained, as suits the circumstances of those over whom they are set: some for the amendment and benefit of their subjects; and some for fear and punishment, for reproof and contempt, as the people shall have deserved—the just judgment of God reaching equally to all.' Tertullian, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Gregory of Nyssa, Optatus, Milevitanus, in fine, all the Fathers declare, that 'kings have none above them but God alone, who made them kings; that God bestows the heavenly felicity on the godly only, but the kingdoms of the earth on both godly and ungodly; and that to him alone the cruel Marius, and the gracious Cæsar, Augustus, the best of princes, Nero, one of the worst, Constantine the Christian, and Julian the Apostate, are equally indebted for their authority and power.'

"If, from the Fathers you continue the long chain of venerable antiquity through the successive reigns of the Roman pontiffs, you will find the deposing power assumed by few; the pre-eminence of kings, and their dependence on God alone, asserted by the mildest and most learned, and those by far the greatest number.

"St. Gregory the Great, not only disclaims any temporal power over kings, but even acknowledges himself their subject. The Emperor insists on the publication of a law. The Pope writes to him:—'I, being subject to your command, have caused the law to be sent into several parts; and because the law agrees not with God omnipotent, I have by letter informed my serene lord. Wherefore, I have in both done what I ought—obeyed the Emperor, and not concealed what I thought for God.' Eleutherius, Anastasius II., Gelasius, Symmachus, Gregory II., Leo IV., Nicholas II., Adrian I., Nicholas III.,

* *Apolog.* 2.

John VIII., and Celestine III., call the king 'God's vicar on earth:' 'forbid the priest to usurp the regal dignity,' and confine the power of the Church to the dispensation of divine, that of the prince to the administration of temporal, things.

"If you consult the cardinals who have heightened the glory of their purple by their learning and piety, you will meet with numerous and steady asserters of regal independence. 'I presuppose what is known even to the vulgar,' says Cardinal Cusanus, 'that the imperial celsitude is independent of the sacerdotal power, having an immediate dependence upon God.'* 'Between the kingdom and priesthood, the proper offices of each are distinct; that the king may make use of the arms of the world, and the priest be girt with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,' says Cardinal Damianus.† In answer to some objections drawn from the conduct of a Pope, regular and exemplary in other respects, but too ready to interfere in temporal concerns, this great man replies:—'I say what I think, that neither Peter obtained the apostolical principality, because he denied Christ; nor David deserved the oracle of prophecy, because he defiled another man's bed.' As much as to say that this Pope committed a fault, which he afterwards cancelled by repentance.

"If you still fear that the long-famed British throne should be overturned by syllogisms, or that the jars of schoolmen may silence the English cannon (for you have nothing more to apprehend from the Pope), I can march to your aid a formidable army of scholastic divines, armed *cap-a-pie*, in support of regal pre-eminence—Navar, Durandus, Joan, Paris, Almain, Gerson, Victoria, Thom. Wald. Anton. de Roselli, Ægidius

* Cus. l. 3. Con. c. 5. † Lib. iv. Epist. 9.

Rom. Ambros. Catharinus, &c., &c., some of whom qualify the deposing power with the epithets of *horrible* and *seditious;* and others style it *downright madness.** Add to the foregoing authorities, the Council of Constance, held in the year 1415; the declaration of the provincial congregations of the Jesuits, at Ghent, in the year 1681, and that of clergy of France, in 1682; who declare that 'kings and princes, by God's ordinance, are not subject in temporals to any ecclesiastical power, and that they cannot be deposed, directly or indirectly, by the authority of the keys of the Church; neither can their subjects be freed from fealty and obedience, nor absolved from their oath of allegiance.' 'Reges ergo et principes in temporalibus nulli ecclesiasticæ potestati Dei ordinatione subjici, neque auctoritate clavium ecclesiæ directe vel indirecte deponi, aut illorum subditos eximi a fide atque obedientiâ, ac præstito fidelitatis sacramento solvi posse: eamque sententiam, ut verbo Dei, patrum traditioni, et sanctorum exemplis consonam, omnino retinendam."† Even in the canon law it is declared that 'kings acknowledge no superior in temporals;' and that 'appeals concerning temporals should not be brought to the Pope's tribunal.'‡

"In fine, the deposing power was so unknown in primitive times, that Bellarmin, who has ransacked the works of the Fathers, and enriched himself with their spoils, in defending the doctrine of the Church, could cite none but St. Bernard, in support of the novel doctrine of deposition; and yet this Father, who maintains two *swords* in the Church, only means that, in the Church are Christian princes invested with the right of the sword; for, in writing to Pope Eugenius, the saint

* Ambros. Catharinus, in 13 Rom. Roseli *de Pot. Pap.*

† Declaratio Cleri Gallicani, anno 1682.

‡ Cap. Si duobus, extra de appel.

uses these remarkable words:—'Earthly kingdoms have their judges, princes, kings. Why do you thrust your sickle into another man's harvest? St. Peter could not give what he had not: did he give dominion? It is the saying of the Lord in the Gospel—"the kings of the Gentiles have dominion over them; but you not so." It is plain, dominion is forbid to the Apostles. Go, now, and dare usurp either dominion with the apostleship, or the apostleship with dominion. You are plainly forbid the one. If you will have both, you will lose both: you will be of the number of those of whom God complains —they have been princes, and I knew them not.'*

"Bellarmin's misapplication of St. Bernard's text was not the only mistake his antagonists have censured. His wild conjecture that 'the Christians would have deposed Nero and Julian the Apostate, and the like, had they had the power to do so,' raised the indignation of the Catholic universities—'Quodsi Christiani olim non deposuerunt Neronem, et Julianum Apostatam, et similes, id fuit quia defuerunt vires temporales Christianis.'† The decision was considered by the Catholic divines as more becoming the scarlet robe of the stern Brutus, who beheaded his children for siding with the king, than the purple of the Christian cardinal. It was revised by the University of Paris; corrected by the hangman with a blazing fagot, and contradicted by the unexceptionable testimony of Tertullian and St. Augustine. 'Are the Moors and Marcomans and Parthians, or any other nation of one place and confined to their own limits more than those of the whole world? We are but of yesterday, and yet have filled all the places you have—your cities, islands, and castles, boroughs, councils, and camp itself, your tribes, the courts, the senate, and the market. We have left you

* St. Bernard, lib. 2, *de Consid.*

† Bellarmin, *de Rom. Pontif.* lib. v. c. 7.

only the temples. For what war are we not fit and ready, even though we are inferior in number, who endure death so willingly, if in this discipline it were as lawful to kill as to be killed?'* 'They could, at their pleasure, have deposed Julian,' says St. Augustine, "but would not, because they were subject for necessity, not only to avoid anger, but for conscience and love, and because our Lord so commanded.'† In effect, sir, laying aside the truth of history, had Peter and Paul been as willing to depose kings for the glory of God, and the propagation of religion, as some of our modern zealots of all communions, how could Nero have withstood those Apostles, whose word alone was to Ananias and Saphira a messenger of death, struck the magicians blind, and raised the dead to life?

"I say *of all communions;* for in many communions there are men of deposing principles, which their religion disclaims. 'Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.' Doleman, Buchanan, Milton, Sam. Johnson, Hobbes, Hoadley, Locke, and several other advocates of republican principles and sticklers for popular rights, are more dangerous than Bellarmin, who disowns the deposing power, except in the case of a prince forcing his subjects to change their religion. 'Si enim tales principes non conentur fideles a fide avertere, non existimo posse eos privari suo dominio.'‡ A *salvo* which I hope will remove all umbrage and suspicion from the minds of our governors, as they do not reckon persecution in the number of cardinal virtues; even if they did, resistance is not a principle of the Catholic religion.

"But, I am clearly of opinion, that had Mr. Locke—the wisest and most moderate of those English writers—been an officer in Julian's army, he would have

* Tert. *Apol.* c. 37. † In Psal. cxxiv.
‡ Bellarmin *de Rom. Pontif.* l. v. c. 7.

reasoned the soldiers into open rebellion. He that compares subjects, who would brook the violence and oppression of their supreme ruler, to fools, 'who take care to avoid what mischief may be done them by polecats or foxes, but are content, nay, think it safety to be devoured by lions,'* and illustrates this doctrine with the following example:—'He that hath authority to seize my person in the street, may be opposed as a thief and a robber, if he endeavours to break into my house to execute a writ, notwithstanding that I knew he has such a warrant, and such a legal authority, as will empower him to arrest me abroad. And why this should not hold in the highest as well as in the most inferior magistrate, I would gladly be informed.'†

"Here you see a philosophical freedom breaking the shackles of restraint and ceremony, and under the pretence of redressing imaginary grievances, introducing real mischief and a state of nature, wherein the most factious and daring adventurers would take the lead. 'For this devolution of power to the people at large, includes in it a dissolution of the whole form of government established by that people,' says Judge Blackstone, 'reduces all the members to their original state of equality, and, by annihilating the sovereign power, repeals all positive laws whatsoever before enacted. No human laws will, therefore, suppose a case which at once must destroy all law.'‡ 'Woe to all the princes upon earth,' says a Protestant archbishop; 'if this doctrine (of resistance) be true and becometh popular—if the multitude believe this, the prince not armed with the scales of the leviathan, can never be safe from the spears and barbed irons which ambition, presumed interest, and malice, will sharpen, and passionate violence will

* Locke on Government, page 253. † Ibid. p. 343.
‡ Blackstone's *Comm.* b. i. p. 162.

throw against him. If the beast we speak of but knows its own strength, it will never be managed.'*

"'But the same equality of justice and freedom that obliged me to lay open this,' says the Bishop of Sarum, 'ties me to tax all those who pretend a great heat against Rome, and value themselves in their abhorring all the doctrines and practices of that Church, and yet have carried along with them one of their most pestiferous opinions,† pretending reformation when they would bring all under confusion; and vouching the case and work of God, when they were destroying the authority He had [set up, and opposing those empowered by Him; and the more piety and devotion such daring pretensions put on, it still brings the greater stain and imputation on religion, as if it gave a patronacy to these practices it so plainly condemns.'‡ The borders of the Thames and Tweed afford their advocates for the deposing power, as well as the banks of the Tiber and the Po.

"On the banks of the Tiber a bigoted divine vests in the Pope an indirect power over wicked kings. On the banks of the Thames an enthusiastic Englishman vests in the subject a direct power over his sovereign. Religion points out an intermediate course without giving a patronacy to reveries, and mankind shall always find their account better in mediums than in extremes. The doctrine of the Italian has fattened the German soil with dead bodies, and induced a Pope§ to attempt placing his flesh and blood on the throne of the Cæsars. The doctrine of the Englishman has placed draymen and cobblers in the seats of British peers; and, by an extraordinary vicissitude, in bringing a king to the

* Creed of Mr. Hobbes examined by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

† The bishop's heat against Rome often mistakes or disguises his real opinions.

‡ *Sermon on* Subjection.

§ Alexander VI.

block in England, raised a tailor to the throne in Germany.*

"Such are the fruits of those two systems, equally pernicious to the safety of kings and the peace of society. Their respective authors, in striking from the plain road of the Christian doctrine, 'let every soul be subject to higher powers,' into the airy paths of speculation, have busied themselves in pursuit of a plan the most alarming to mankind. Kings were beheaded, and others deposed, before some of those authors had published their works, it is true; but are they the more justifiable in publishing a doctrine which may tincture the scaffold a second time? The difference between them is, that the Englishman, in terse and popular language, engages the imagination; adorns his subjects by a long chain of deduction; makes truth bend to arguments, reality to appearance; and is read by all. In this great arsenal every common reader can find arms to reduce his king to reason: the shipwright and carpenter are enabled, by the rules of political logic, to trim the vessel of state, and steer it through the unbounded ocean of constitutional liberty. But the ultramontane divine, bristling with barbarous Latin, is not read by one in three millions. Powdered with dust, and stretched on the shelf of a college library, he sleeps as sound as Endymion in his cave, and more is the pity: for his doctrine of the deposing power is founded on as solid proofs as the history of the Spaniard who made a voyage to the moon, and displayed in a style not inferior to that of Valentine and Orson. Of his style and arguments I send you the following sample:—

"'Probatur per similitudinem ad artem *frœnifactoriam*† et equestrem, ut enim duæ illæ artes sunt

* John of Leyden, a tailor, made King of Munster.

† New coined Latin, much of the same date with the deposing power.

inter se diversæ, quia distincta habent objecta, et subjecta, et actiones; et tamen quia finis unius ordinatur ad finem alterius, ideo una alteri præest, et leges ei præscribit: ita videntur potestas ecclesiastica et politica, distinctæ potestates esse: et tamen una alteri subordinata, quoniam finis unius ad finem alterius natura sua refertur.'—'That the Pope has an indirect power in temporals, is proved by the example of the art of making bridles, and the art of riding: for, as these two arts are different, because they have different objects, and subjects, and actions; and, notwithstanding, because the end of one is appointed for the end of the other, therefore one presides over the other, and prescribes laws to it: in like manner, the ecclesiastical and political powers seem to be distinct powers, and the one nevertheless subordinate to the other, because the end of one is, by its own nature, referred to the end of the other.'

"There, sir, is learned gibberish, saddling the Pope on the backs of kings, by Aristotle's Metaphysics, the object, subject, action, and relation and end of bridle-making!

"Another advocate of the deposing power disapproves the simile, 'because,' says he very gravely, 'if the art of riding were taken away, bridles would be useless; but the political power can subsist without the ecclesiastical.'—'Si enim non sit ars equestris, supervacanea est ars frœnorum faciendorum.'* An attempt to rectify the lameness of the comparison by one quite as lame! If I had not the authority of a cardinal to apologize for an absurdity, I should not mention it for fear of being censured; but I expect that, with his Eminence's passport, it will be received by the public. He compares the Pope to a shepherd, and the king to a ram:—

* Bellarmin, *de Rom. Pontif.* lib. v.

'Pastori est potestas triplex: una circa lupos, altera circa arietes, tertia circa oves; unde debet arietem furiosum depellere.'*

"You have in these two similes as solid arguments in favor of the deposing power as Albertus Phigius and Bellarmin have ever advanced in support of their hypothesis; and to them and their authors I grant the same passport the satirist granted Hannibal in crossing the Alps:—

> "'I, demens, et sœvas curre per Alpes,
> Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.'†

You are to expect some Scripture in like manner; for there never has been an error, how monstrous soever, but Scripture was quoted to give it some color. Arians, Eutychians, Nestorians, have wrested the sacred writings to a wrong sense.

The advocates for the deposing power have done the same. They quote St. Paul, who blames the Corinthians for pleading before heathen magistrates. This proves that you and I could depose a king, because he would advise our neighbour to avoid troublesome and scandalous law-suits, and leave the decision to the arbitration of two honest neighbours. "Joiada, the high-priest, ordered Queen Athalia to be slain."‡ Ergo, the Pope has an indirect power over bad kings.

This proves a *direct* power, not only to depose, but to murder them; a power which neither Bellarmin nor any Catholic divine has ever vouched. Secondly, Athalia, who had murdered all the princes of the royal house of Juda, except Joas, was no longer queen when the sentence was executed on her; for the young prince was crowned in the temple, and recognized by his subjects.

* Bellarmin, *de Rom. Pontif.* lib. v. † Juvenal, Sat. x.
‡ Fourth book of Kings.

His minority could not have deprived him of the right of the sword; and Joiada acted as minister of state, not in his pontifical character. This evinces Bellarmin's blunder, in confounding together the queen and subject, the pontiff and counsellor. Thirdly, during the six years she swayed the sceptre, none of her subjects revolted against her, much less did the pious pontiff absolve them from their allegiance, though she re-established Baal's worship, and maintained his priests in the temple of the true God. A circumstance which Bellarmin should have attended to, had he a mind to read his condemnation. Solomon deposed Abiathar, the high-priest; will Bellarmin grant me the liberty to infer from this fact, that kings can depose popes?

"Such are the ridiculous shifts to which the patrons of a bad cause are inevitably reduced! Wild and unnatural similes, or facts that prove too much, and can be justly retorted on themselves. Am I accountable for their folly? or must an Irish Catholic starve because an Italian wrote nonsense in bad Latin, two hundred years ago?

"Had he not slackened the reins of an enthusiastic imagination, and let it loose to its random flights, he could have spared himself the trouble of soaring to heaven, in pursuit of this offspring of human ambition, or the zeal of earthly kings. For, that the deposing power originated either in privileges granted by pious zeal, or covenants entered into and sealed by ambition, history leaves no room to doubt, and religion forbids to believe otherwise.

"Let us begin at home. Inas, King of the West Saxons, renders his kingdom tributary to the Holy See. This concession paves the way to future claims. Henry the Second solicits and obtains a bull from Pope Adrian, in order to invade Ireland. The Pope grants it; but in blessing this new dish that is to be served on the Eng-

lish monarch's table, he carves his own portion. And why not? The one had as good a right to it as the other. It is inserted in the bull, that 'the annual pension of one penny from every house should be saved to St. Peter.' If the Holy Father and his 'dear and illustrious son,' as he styles him, had afterwards quarrelled about the spoils, the religion of the subject could not be concerned in the dispute. King John, in his contestations with Philip Augustus of France, appeals to the Pope, and renders him the arbiter of rights that should be decided by the sword. The French monarch lays in his exceptions to the Pope's tribunal, as incompetent in such a case. The Englishman chooses a master. Lo, the gradual progression of the Pope's temporal power in Great Britain! It takes its first rise from the piety—acquires additional degrees of strength by ambition—and is confirmed by the weakness of English monarchs. Hence, Queen Elizabeth's excommunication, and the absolution of her subjects from their allegiance by Pope Sixtus, was owing more to *Peter's pence than to Peter's keys.* The noise of the thunder of the Vatican did not reach Sweden or Denmark, because the effluvia of their mines, and the filings of their gold, were never carried by royal stipulations into the regions of the Italian atmosphere, to kindle into flames, and cause an explosion. But Queen Elizabeth could not have pleaded a hundred years' prescription against the court of Rome. 'Pope Paul IV.,' says Burnet, 'was surprised at her boldness, in assuming the crown, a fief, without the consent of the Holy See.' Remark in the word *fief* a temporal claim, but no divine title.

"If, from Great Britain, we pass into Germany, we can trace the rise and progress of the deposing power, in the grants of crowned heads, in pacts and stipulations, and in mutual favors and offices of friendship.

"In the eighth century, when the citizens of Rome

were harassed by the Lombards, and slighted by the Greeks, their lawful masters, Charlemagne marches to their assistance, defeats the Lombards, is crowned by Pope Leo III., and saluted emperor by the senate and people of Rome. Nicephorus, who afterwards usurped the throne of Constantinople, sends ambassadors to the new emperor, and consents to the dismembering of an empire, sinking under its own weight, and exposed to the first soldier of fortune who had address to form a faction, and courage to plunge the dagger into the breast of the tyrant who filled the throne. What Leo III. has done proves no right (if it proves any) but that of the law of nature, which authorizes a man beset by his enemies to call for assistance to the first who is willing to lend it, and, in the effusions of gratitude, to thank his deliverer. Bellarmin, then, has lost his labor in writing a book to prove that the Pope has transferred the empire from the Greeks to the Germans, the better to give some color to the 'baseless fabric' of the deposing power; for Leo III. did not deprive the eastern princes of a foot of ground.

"The Empress Irene, afterwards deposed by Nicephorus, retained her dominions after the coronation of Charles, who acquired nothing by the title of emperor but a sounding compliment. All subsequent accessions were either by right of conquest, the tacit or express consent of the Greeks, or the choice of the senate and Roman people, who preferred a powerful and useful stranger to a weak and useless master. The compliment, however, laid the foundations of a power, strengthened by the emperor's will, sent to Rome for the Pope's approbation, and raised to the highest altitude, by Charles the Bold's purchasing the imperial crown for a sum of money from John VIII. Hence, federal transactions, promises confirmed by oath, pacts and stipulations between popes and emperors, who used

to swear on St. Peter's tomb, and subscribe the conditions imposed on them. In the great struggles between the two powers, the popes grounded their claims on customs and oaths, as may be seen in several passages of the Canon Law. *Jus divinum*, divine right, or a plentitude of apostolic power, was out of the question.

"In effect, sir, before the tenth century there have been as bad kings and good popes as ever since. The cause of religion was equally interesting, and religion itself more violently persecuted. The Roman pontiffs had the same spiritual authority—the promotion of faith and piety equally at heart—and in the great number, some were influenced by different passions and views; for, in this mortal life, we all retain some impressions of the frailty of our origin.

"Yet, neither piety nor ambition, the propagation of faith, nor the reformation of morals, ever induced them to attempt the deposing of kings, or arrogating to themselves a power disclaimed by the Saviour of the world, convicted of falsehood by His Apostles, and unheard of in the Church for the space of ten ages. Why have some of the succeeding pontiffs deviated from the primitive path? I say *some*, because it would be unjust to charge them all alike. They are distinct individuals, succeeding one another in the same throne, and one is as much to be blamed for the faults of his predecessor as George III. is accountable for the licentiousness of Charles II.

"Why have some of them deviated from the primitive path? It is that they had prescription and privilege to plead, oaths and treaties to support their claims; in the conduct of kings choosing them for arbiters of their quarrels, covers to their usurpations, and liege lords of their territories, and the breach of prerogative. A repetition of the same acts introduced custom, custom

obtained the power of the law, the law bound the parties concerned, and the violation of the law has been attended with penalties. Hence, the deposition of an emperor was more owing to the code and pandects of Justinian, than to the Gospel of Christ. The Popes, who stretched their prerogative beyond the bounds of moderation, were blamed by the Catholics themselves, whose religion was in no wise concerned in the quarrels of their superiors; and the few enthusiastic flatterers who have attempted to lodge *Paul's sword* and *Peter's keys* in the same hand, and to make an universal monarch of the vicar of a crucified God, who acknowledged the power of a heathen magistrate, have injured religion, and betrayed either their madness or ignorance. They have confounded fact with right, the unalterable dogmas of faith with the flux and changeable customs of men, and built a Chalcedon, though they had a Byzantium before their eyes.

"They should have considered that the Church pleads antiquity, and that her criterion of truth and test of sound doctrine is that golden rule of Vincentius Lerinensis: 'Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.'—'What has been held ever, and everywhere, and by all.' The deposing power was never heard of for the space of one thousand and eighty-seven years, from St. Peter to Gregory VII.: a great chasm this! And the chain of tradition must be very short, when you take off a thousand and eighty-seven links.

"The Apostles and their successors preached the Christian doctrine in all its rigor. They taught kings to cherish the cross in their hearts before it was displayed in their banners, and to prefer a heavenly before an earthly throne. Had they thought (and who could know better?) that the power to depose them, and to absolve their subjects from their allegiance, were conducive to the glory of God and the honor of religion,

they never would have concealed it, much less would they have commanded to obey them.

"'Everywhere, and by all.' The deposing power, though grounded, as I remarked before, on temporal claims, has been opposed by the Catholics from its birth. In Germany, by open force and bloody wars; in Ireland, whose kings and prelates paid no attention to the famous bull of Pope Adrian; in England, by a solemn declaration, 16 Rich. II. Even under Elizabeth, a Protestant queen, the English Catholics joined their sovereign, and paid a greater regard to the command of St. Paul, *obey the prince,* than to the dispensation of Sixtus Quintus, or the expectation of being relieved by a Catholic king; which made the Spanish admiral say, that 'if he had landed, he would have made no distinction between a Catholic and a Protestant, save what distinction the point of his sword would have made between their flesh.' I believe it; for a conqueror's sword is an undistinguishing weapon, were even a crucifix tied to the hilt of it. In invading England, it is the enemy of Spain, not the enemy of the mass the Spaniards would attack; were they here this instant, they would not deprive a Protestant of his estate, because it belonged three hundred years ago to some old Milesian, whose posterity is now at the plough. It would not be their interest; the laws of conquest and conscience forbid it; and the rivals of England will always find their interest in the poverty and defenceless situation of her subjects.

"In fine, the Pope's temporal power has been baffled by the Venetians in their contests with Paul V.; and in France, whoever would argue in its favor would be confuted with a halter or a galley chain.

According to the Canon Law, a hundred years' prescription in temporals can be pleaded against the Church of Rome.—'Contra ecclesiam Romanam valet

præscriptio centum annorum.' A hundred years and more have elapsed since a pope has attempted to dispose of kingdoms or absolve subjects from their allegiance, though armies have been poured into the pope's territories, and his cities taken by Catholic princes. Out of his own states his temporal prerogative is confined to a palfrey he receives from the King of Naples every year as a customary homage. The two late popes have disclaimed any temporal power over kings. Thus, things have returned back into the former channel of primitive simplicity: God has his own, and Cæsar his due; and the two powers of the altar, which men had confounded, and blended into one Delphian sword, equally adapted to the ministry and profane uses, are again divided.

"In tracing thus the temporal power, we have chosen a medium between the enthusiasm of sane Italians and the prejudices of their antagonists. The picture drawn by these different painters is all light or shadow. In resolving it into the grants of kings and civil contracts, prescription and a colorable title, as its first principles, we prefer the middle tints; and in measuring the portrait by this rule, we give it its due dimensions."

We shall close our chapter on this subject by quoting the concluding passage of O'Leary's essay on the test oath, in which he shows, with characteristic ability, that, had Catholics the disregard for an oath so universally attributed to them, they would have freely bound themselves by any obligation, no matter how sacred, even against their consciences, rather than endure the miseries to which they had been subjected by religious persecution.

"We groan," he writes, "under the yoke of misery and oppression, throughout the long and trying periods of *six* successive reigns. We suffer for crimes we have

never committed. The punishment, which, according to all laws, should finish with the delinquent, is entailed on the innocent posterity to the fourth and fifth generations, by a religious severity similar to that of those Tuscan princes who used to fasten living men to dead bodies. The laws which, in other countries, are the resource and protection of the errant pilgrim, are here the mortal enemies of the settled natives. These abortives of the Stuart race reign uncontrolled a long time after the death of their inauspicious progenitors. On every part they spread penal bitterness, with an unwearied hand; deal out transportation to the clergy, poverty and distress to the laity. They continually hang, as so many swords, over our heads. The lenity of the magistrates, with the humanity of our Protestant neighbours, are the only clouds that intercept the scorching influence of those blazing comets, kindled in times of turbulence and confusion. Were it a principle of our religion to pay no regard to the dictates of conscience—were our pastors and clergy such as they are described, 'people who dispense with every law of God and man, who sanctify rebellion and murder, and even change the very essential differences of vice and virtue;'* were we people of this kind, the penal restraints would be soon removed. One verbal recantation of Popery, backed with a false oath, would break our chains. In three weeks you would see all the Catholics at church, and the clergy along with them. Licensed guilt would soon kick in wantonness, where starving innocence shivers without a covering. A remedy neglected from motives of conscience, is a proof of the patient's integrity. Our sufferings and perseverance plead aloud in favor of our abhorrence and detestation of perjury; and, though our Protestant

* Leland, book v. chap. 3.

neighbours may laugh at the seeming errors of our minds, they will, at least, do justice to the integrity of our hearts.

"Now, as in the primitive ages of the Church, it is our principle and duty to pray for our kings, 'that God would be pleased to grant them a long life, and a quiet reign, that their family may be safe, and their forces valiant; their senate lawful; their people orderly and virtuous; that they may rule in peace, and have all the blessings they can desire as men and as princes.'"

Doubtless, there are many Irishmen who will conceive no very warm admiration of Father O'Leary's loyal sentiments to the British crown, as put forth in this able essay. They will say: whence this obligation of allegiance to a power which has for centuries oppressed us; which has banned our religion, confiscated our property, denied us the blessings of education, ignored our civil rights, "steeped us in poverty to the very lips," and treated us in every respect as if we were beasts of the field, and not Christian men? Why is a minister of the proscribed religion, who should keep alive in the memories of the people the wrongs they endured, and their title to redress, the first, the only one, to come forward as the champion of obedience to British power, and the recognition of British rule, on the part of a people whose boast is that their country has never yet been conquered? Why this zeal for loyalty? Is it not the crouching humility, and the slavish affection of the hound licking the foot that trampled it to the earth? Others again will say that this is no wonder, for the Catholic Church has ever been conservative in its principles; it is averse to change—uniformity being essential to itself, it seeks uniformity in all other institutions—it favors despotism—it preaches unreasoning, unhesitating obedience to constituted authority. *Let us see how* far these censures and allegations are

justifiable. The doctrine of St. Thomas of Aquin on this subject, in his *Treatise upon Laws,* is that adopted and approved of by all the theologians of the Catholic Church, without exception. Into an explication of that doctrine we shall not enter at any length—it would be superfluous and irrelevant. We shall only examine what he teaches on the subject of obedience to unjust laws.

According to this great doctor, whenever laws are unjust, (and he specifies many ways in which they can be so,) they are not binding on the conscience of the subject, unless for fear of creating scandal, or causing greater evils; that is to say, that, in certain cases, an unjust law may become obligatory, not by virtue of any duty it imposes, but from motives of prudence. His words are as follow, and are worthy of particular attention:—"Laws are unjust in two ways; either because they are opposed to the common weal, or on account of their aim, as is the case when a government imposes upon its subjects onerous laws, not for the good of the common weal, but for the sake of self-interest or ambition; or on account of their author, as when any one makes a law without being invested with proper faculties. Again, they may be unjust in form, as when the taxes are divided unequally among the multitude, although, in other respects, tending to the public good. Such laws are rather outrages than laws, since, as St. Augustine observes, (lib. i. *de Lib. Arb.* cap. 5,)—'An unjust law does not appear to be a law.' Such laws, therefore, are not binding in conscience, *unless* perhaps *for the avoiding of scandal and trouble*—a motive which ought to induce man to give up his right, as St. Matthew observes—'And whosoever shall force thee to go one mile, go with him other two; and, if any man will go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' Laws may be also unjust in

another point of view, when they are contrary to the will of God; as the laws of tyrants enforcing idolatry, or anything else contrary to divine law. With respect to such laws, it is not allowable, under any circumstances, to obey them; for, as it is said in the Acts of the Apostles—'We must obey God rather than man.'"*

Surely no one will say that this doctrine is inimical to liberty—that there is here any pandering to the civil power—any favoring of despotism. On the contrary, in these few words are distinctly pointed out the limits which the civil power must not transgress without having its laws denounced as outrages, and, therefore, not to be obeyed unless for the avoiding of scandal and trouble. Any mal-legislation, therefore, of the State, so far from justifying itself by the obedience shown to its dictates, must rather vindicate itself by the morality of the robber, who, on a highway, demands from the helpless traveller his coat, who, for peace sake, gives him his cloak also.

Such was the loyalty felt and preached by Father O'Leary and the clergy of his time: they denounced the injustice of the laws—such as required a violation of conscience they disregarded—such as required no such violation they obeyed, to avoid scandal, and to prevent any further enactments hurtful to the welfare of the people amongst whom they ministered.

But there was another reason why the clergy of those times preached loyalty to the throne, and preached it with so much earnestness and zeal; and it was this: They were, almost all, the students of French colleges; full of French ideas, in love with French institutions, seeing their country and its people through a French medium. The monarchy of France, ancient, despotic, magnificent, and to all appearances imperishable, was,

* D. Th. *de Legibus*, l. 2, quæst. 90, art. i.

at that time, regarded by the French people as the most splendid structure ever presented to human admiration. It spread its fostering protection over the whole country, and the greatest and least institutions of the land rose and flourished beneath its all-embracing care. The Church of France, and its innumerable communities, found shelter beneath the monarchy, and the clergy naturally upheld, by their preaching and general inculcation, respect and attachment to monarchical glory and power. We cannot say how far the observation of Sir Jonah Barrington* is correct, that "the Irish student, early imbibing those monastic principles, was taught at Saint Omer the advantages of undefined power in a king, and of passive obedience in a subject," or whether he "was there instructed to worship a throne, and to mingle his devotion to heaven and to monarchy." But we may be satisfied that the bias of the French-Irish clergyman was strongly in favor of monarchy, and that, when, on his return to his native land, he found himself in a relation similar to that he had abandoned, his feelings as a subject underwent no change, and he regarded allegiance to the sovereign, under all circumstances, as a sacred obligation, which it would be a political blasphemy to denounce, and a political suicide to reject.

These observations, we trust, will rescue Father O'Leary from the suspicion of preaching loyalty with unnecessary zeal, at a time when extreme persecution seemed to nullify the duty of allegiance.

* *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, chap. ii.

CHAPTER III.

Father O'Leary's Address to the Common People of the Roman Catholic Religion, concerning the apprehended French Invasion.

O'LEARY'S next appearance before the public was as the author of an address to the common people of Ireland of the Roman Catholic religion, concerning the apprehended French invasion. This address was published on the 14th of August, 1779, and had its origin in the following circumstances. England was at this period in a position of peculiar difficulty. She was at war with America, and on no friendly relations with France and Spain. The immense drain of soldiery from this country left it so utterly defenceless, that the inhabitants were, for their own protection, obliged to establish the celebrated and justly admired Volunteer Corps, the source of so many blessings, alas! too transient, to Ireland. A French invasion was every moment apprehended, and, in point of fact, the French and Spanish fleets rode menacingly in St. George's Channel. The fears of the Government were much increased by consideration of the fact already alluded to, that many of the Catholic party in Ireland had, by commercial success, arrived at a pitch of importance and influence in the country, which, if they did not prove loyal, would aggravate the difficulty exceedingly. These men had large and extensive continental connexions, which would greatly facilitate schemes of conspiracy; and it was well known that, in her hour of trouble, Ireland had always looked to France and Spain for consolation and support. Thus, to the English Government, matters looked very unpleasant on the political horizon. The Irish, how-

ever, gave, by their faithful adhesion to the cause of the constitution, one other proof of that loyalty for which, in England's difficulties, they had been ever distinguished. The French invasion did not take place, but it is the unanimous conviction of all those who have ever bestowed a thought on the subject, that, had it taken place, it would have received no practical sympathy from the bulk of the nation. On this occasion, to stimulate still further the loyalty of the people, Father O'Leary published his address, which had immense influence in preserving them from any outbreak of disaffection, and from riveting once more the chains they would have essayed but in vain to break. We give the address in full:—

"*An Address to the Common People of the Roman Catholic Religion, concerning the apprehended French Invasion.*

"Brethren, Countrymen, and Fellow-citizens,—Religion has always considered war as one of the scourges of heaven, and the source of numberless scourges and crimes. Men may arm their hands in defence of life and property, but their hearts shudder at the thoughts of a field of battle, which can scarce afford graves to the armies that dispute it, covered with the mangled bodies and scattered limbs of thousands of Christians, who never saw nor provoked each other before; and whose only fault was obedience to their princes—which obedience cannot be imputed to the soldier as a crime. The peaceful cottage deserted, at the sight of an approaching army! Famine and distress closing the scene, and filling up the measure of calamities! Such are the misfortunes inseparable from war—misfortunes which induced the great St. Paul to exhort the Christians in the following manner:—'I exhort, therefore, that, first

of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions be made for all men, for kings, and all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.'* And such should be the constant prayer of a Christian.

"But, what, my brethren, if the enemy's sword glittered in our streets, and that to the licentiousness of a foreign foe we added domestic dissensions!—if the sound of the enemy's trumpet should be drowned in the cries and shrieks of the injured neighbour, whom we ourselves would be the first to oppress! Would not war itself lose its terrors, when compared to such outrages? And the calamities we would bring on ourselves, would they not surpass those which would pour in upon us from foreign nations? Such, nevertheless, are the fears that haunt us. Both Protestants and Catholics declare, that, in case of an invasion, the common people are the greatest cause of their alarms, not from dread of your superior power, but from the sad necessity they would be under, of punishing those whom they are willing to protect, and the general confusion that would disturb the peace and tranquillity of the rich, and draw down inevitable destruction on the poor. For, in such an unfortunate juncture, every Catholic possessed of a feather bed and commodious habitation, would join his Protestant neighbour in their mutual defence. The aggregate body of them would not be a match for regular forces, yet they would be an overmatch for you. They would unite in one common cause; you would be divided amongst yourselves, exposed to each other's encroachments, and overpowered by all parties.

"Such, my brethren, would be your situation, should you be unhappy enough to strike from the path of a peaceable and Christian conduct. Forbid it, heaven,

* 1 Tim. ii.

that it should ever be your case! I conceive better hopes of you. Your unshaken loyalty under the most trying circumstances; the calm and quietness that reigned in your peaceful huts, scattered up and down the extensive counties of Cork and Kerry, where the Catholics are poor and numerous; whilst other parts of the kingdom were infested with *Houghers, Whiteboys, Hearts of Oak and Steel,* and alarmed at the continual sight of judges, chains, and gibbets; the quiet and peaceful manner in which you behaved on a late occasion, when you imagined the enemy at your doors; all these circumstances are pledges of your loyalty and good conduct, and happy omens of your steady perseverance in the same line.

"Your bishops and clergy have preached the doctrine of peace, subordination, and loyalty from the sacred altars, where the least lie would be a sacrilege and crime of the first magnitude. The Catholic gentlemen have set forth the example to you. Both have bound themselves to King and Government by the most sacred ties. They have souls to be saved, and would be sorry to lose them by wilful perjury; they would be on a level with their Protestant neighbours, if they took but the qualification oath against the conviction of their consciences.

"But the doctrine and example of the learned, prudent, and better sort of your profession, should be the only rule of your conduct; for, in all countries, the generality of the common people are ill-qualified to judge or determine for themselves. They are easily governed by the senses, hurried by their passions, and misled by a wild and extravagant fancy, that intrudes itself into the province of reason.

"Far be it from me to suspect you for any design to avail yourselves of the calamities of your nation, or to commit, in time of war, a robbery which you would

detest in time of peace. Is the crime less heinous because it is committed against a neighbour, who is doubly miserable from the terrors of a foreign foe, and the outrageous assaults of a treacherous fellow-subject?

"When the soldiers asked St. John the Baptist what they should do, he desired them to 'do violence to no man, not to accuse any one falsely, and be content with their wages.'* Hence, all divines agree that, the empire of justice is so extensive, that war itself must acknowledge its authority. Kings, in declaring war, make a solemn appeal to the tribunal of heaven for the justice of their cause. The soldier cannot in conscience plunder or oppress the merchant or husbandman in his enemy's country; he must strictly abide by the orders of his commander. If justice, then, in certain circumstances, must sheathe the enemy's sword, how much more forcibly must it not restrain the citizen's hand from invading what he cannot enjoy without guilt here, and punishment hereafter!—a punishment the more to be dreaded, as, perhaps, there would be no time for restitution or repentance; indispensable obligations to which every robber is liable, and without which he has no mercy to expect. But, if a robbery committed on a private man deserve death and damnation, what must be the guilt of those who would flock to the enemy's standard, to the total overthrow and destruction of an entire kingdom? It would be vain to plead the hardships you suffer, the prospect of being reinstated in the lands of which your ancestors have been deprived in times of general confusion, a more free and unlimited exercise of your religion; in fine, the last argument of a desperate man—'If they come, I have nothing to lose.' Those reasons I have

* St. Luke, iii. 14.

not heard from yourselves. I have read them, with surprise, in speeches and essays against the repeal of the penal laws; and I hope in God that your conduct will ever contradict them.

"When an enemy lands in a country, every person has something to lose. The laborer who refreshes his weary limbs with balmy sleep, and for whose soft slumbers the gouty, sick man would exchange his bed of down, would lose his rest from continual fears and apprehensions. When public works would be discontinued, and tradesmen dismissed by their employers, carpenters, masons, slaters, etc., would lose their hire. It would not be with a view to feed a hungry Irishman, that a number of French dragoons would make excursions from their camp; it would be with a design to carry off his pig or his calf, and to kill himself if he resisted. Whatever distinction the laws of this unhappy kingdom may make between Protestant and Papist, a conqueror's sword makes none. War levels and confounds all religions, where their professors are subjects of a monarch whose kingdom is invaded.

"When the French joined the Americans, it was not from love for the Presbyterian religion. If they landed here, it would not be with a design to promote the Catholic cause. When Oliver Cromwell beheaded Charles the First, brother-in-law to the King of France, and issued a bloody decree, whereby all the English Catholics were commanded to quit the kingdom in the space of two months, the French, far from resisting the injury offered to the blood-royal, and to the Catholic religion, sided with Cromwell against Spain, and ordered the Duchess of Saxony to promote and protect her Protestant subjects, whilst the English Catholics were smarting under the scourge of persecution, and threatened with total extermination.

"Thus, all religions are alike to a political people

whose only aim is interest and conquest. Hence, in France, Protestants of all denominations are promoted in the army; Protestant generals command her forces; the order of military merit is instituted for Protestant officers; it is equal to them whether a soldier prays or curses, whether he handles a bead or a prayer-book, provided he can manage a sword or a gun. And if thirty thousand men, under the denomination of French troops, landed in Ireland, fifteen thousand Protestants, from France, Germany, Switzerland, etc., would make up half the number.

"Neither are you to confide in their promises of protection. The history of their own nation informs us, that a French king banished his mother at the request of the English. The most part of yourselves can remember, that, in the war of 1745, they prevailed on the Pretender to invade Scotland. This adventurer, after suffering more hardships than any hero of romance we read of, no sooner returned from this chimerical expedition to Paris, than, at the solicitation of the English ambassador, he was forced to leave the kingdom of France. He died about two months since, without issue; and, by his death, has rid the kingdom of all fears arising from the pretensions of a family that commenced our destruction, and completed our ruin. Of this I think fit to inform you, as, in all likelihood, if the French landed here, some might give out that he might be in our camp, in order to deceive you by an imposture that would end in your destruction; for, all those who would join the French, would be strung up after the war, and give occasion of charging the whole body of the Roman Catholics with the treachery of some of its rotten members; or, what protection could you expect from people who would sacrifice the ties of kindred and friendship for the good of their State?

"Expect, then, nothing from the French on the score of religion, but remain peaceably in your cottages. Mind your business as usual, and be free from all groundless apprehensions. Work for those who employ you; for it is against the laws of war to molest or hurt any but such as oppose the enemy sword in hand; and the world must allow, that the French are no strangers to the laws of war, or the rules of military discipline. The soldier himself, in the rage of slaughter, feels the impulse of humanity. He is bound to spare the supplicant who cries for quarter, and to protect the town or city that surrenders for want of power to resist. Secure your lives, which run the risk of being lost by the sword, in fighting for the foe, or by the rope, if you chanced to escape the dangers of the field; but, above all, save your souls, which would be lost without resource; for, among the crimes that exclude from the kingdom of heaven, St. Paul reckons *sedition;* and what greater sedition than to rise up against your king and country, and to defile your hands with the blood of your fellow-subjects?

"Should the king and parliament adopt the policy of France, which rewards the soldier's valor, and leaves his religion to God—should they enter on the liberal plan of the Protestant powers of Europe, who level the fences, and make no distinction between religious parties—should the Catholic gentry, descended in a long line from warlike chieftains, and animated with the same courage and magnanimity that crowned with laurels their relations and namesakes on the banks of the Rhine and the walls of Cremona, in the fields of Germany and the plains of Fontenoy, where hands, disqualified from using a gun in defence of their native country, have conquered cities and provinces for foreign kings—should those Catholic gentry be empowered by parliament to join their Protestant

neighbours, and press to the standard of their country, at the head of a spirited and active race of men, preserved by labor from the weakness of indolence, inured by habit to the rigors of manly exercise, and, like the Spartan youth, already half disciplined from the nature of their sports and diversions,—then, join the banners of your country; fight in support of the common cause. If you die, you die with honor and a pure conscience; the death of a plunderer and rebel is infamy and reprobation.

"I repeat it—you have nothing to expect from the French. Ireland they will never keep; or, if they keep it, is it a reason that you should forfeit soul and conscience by plunder, treachery, and rebellion? St. Paul lays it down as a rule, that 'the damnation of those is just who do evil that good may come.' (Rom. iii. 8.) What must be the damnation of those who do evil for the sake of mischief?—and Christ declares that 'it availeth a man nothing to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul.'

"But, by the coming of the French, your gain would fall short of your expectations, if any amongst you would be mad enough to entertain any expectations of the kind. When the French take a Roman Catholic captain, do they ever return him back to his ship, or restore him to his liberty, in compliment to his religion? Are we to expect more from them by land than by sea? If, then, in compliment to the Catholic religion, they would not return a fishing-boat to our distressed families, who would imagine that they would give us all the estates in the kingdom? Or, is it because these estates belonged in remote times to our ancestors, that we could in conscience dispossess the present owners, were it even in our power? The remains of old castles, formerly the seats of hospitality, and the territories which still bear our names, may remind us of our origin, and inspire us

with spirited sentiments, to which the lower class of people in other countries are entire strangers, and which a wise government could improve to the advantage of the State. Yet these memorials of ancient grandeur and family importance, entitle us to no other pretension than that of scorning to do anything base, vile, or treacherous.

"We must imitate that descendant of the Sidonian kings, who, from extreme poverty, worked in a garden, and being asked by Alexander the Great how he supported his poverty, replied, 'Better than I could support grandeur! My hands supply my wants: and I want nothing, when I desire nothing.' Pity, my brethren, that this man was not a Christian! Or, pity that the Christians do not resemble this heathen! The most flourishing empires have fallen with time: the world is in a continual change; and the Roman Catholics must share the same fate with the rest of mankind.

"There is no reviving old claims in this or any other country; or, perhaps if we revived them, they could not stand the test of severe justice. Have our ancestors ever encroached on their neighbours? On their first landing in this kingdom, did they not take these estates from the Carthaginians, Firbolgs, and others, who were settled here before them? If, then, the Protestants who are now in possession gave them up, to whom would they be given? If they have no right to them because they belonged to our ancestors, our ancestors had no right to them because they belonged to others. If a French general sounded a trumpet, and desired us to take our lands, would there not be a thousand pretenders to every estate? Would not every one be eager for the best spot? And would not this spot fall to the share of the strongest, who would kill or overpower the weakest? I am ashamed, my brethren,

that you should read such trifles in this paper. I should never have mentioned them, had I not read such a nonsensical charge in the writings of some paltry scribblers, who, in order to keep our Protestant neighbours in perpetual dread of inoffensive fellow-subjects, do not blush at an insult offered to common sense, and to the rights of mankind.

"For, where property is once settled, secured by the laws of any realm, and confirmed by a long possession, there is no disturbing the proprietor. It is the general consent of nations, and the universal voice of mankind. By the Roman laws, thirty years' possession secures the possessor in the enjoyment of his property. Even in Scripture we read that, when the King of the Ammonites had challenged some lands which the Israelites had taken from his ancestors, Jephte, the ruler of God's people, amongst other reasons, pleaded a long possession:—"While Israel dwelt in Hesebon, why, therefore, did you not recover them within that time?" (Judges, xi.) Thus, from the first establishment of civil society, a long possession annihilates all claims. And, by the same principles, every Protestant gentleman in Ireland has as good a right to his estate as any Milesian had before him. For this, I appeal to your consciences,—as you are to appear before God, if you cut corn in the field of a Protestant, or stole his hay, would not your confessor compel you to make restitution? What right, then, should you have to the land, where you would scruple to take the growth of it? Far, then, from giving you estates, the French could not, by the laws of war, and the principles of conquest, universally agreed on by civilized nations, take a foot of ground from any person in the kingdom; and the representatives of the people should prefer preservation to death (as doubtless they will, if they have not *superior* forces to oppose them)—they neither will nor

can require any more than the allegiance of the inhabitants, the same rates, taxes, and government support, that were granted to the kings of England. The natives will be secured in the free exercise of their religion, the full enjoyment of their property, their laws and privileges. This is always done; the reverse would be an open violation of the laws of nations, which are binding on the very conquerors, and which, according to the present system, they strictly observe.

"Thus, the common people are never interested in a change of government. They may change their masters, but they will not change their burden. The rich will be still rich. The poor will be poor. In France they have poor of all trades and professions. It will be the same here. But you will tell me that at least you will have the free exercise of your religion. Pray, my brethren, do not your Protestant neighbours grant you the free exercise of your religion? Would they not esteem you more, in proportion as you would live up to its maxims? Even the worthy, learned, and charitable Dr. Mann, the Protestant bishop, at the head of an assembly of his clergy, recommended benevolence and moderation towards the Roman Catholics. The same doctrine has been recently preached from the Protestant pulpit. Thus, it is the glory of our days to see the unhappy spirit of persecution dying away, and Christian charity succeeding the intemperate zeal, and unchristian superstition which, for many years, had disgraced religion and dishonored humanity.

"Bells, steeples, and churches richly ornamented, contribute to the outward pomp and solemnity of worship; but an upright heart and pure conscience are the temples in which the Divinity delights. We would fain worship God our own way. Doubtless. But are we to worship Him against His will? In lighting up the sacred fire, are we to burn the house of God?

Saul, King of Israel, intended to worship God in offering up a sacrifice. The Lord rejected him, because he offered it up against the law. His intention was good, but the action was criminal. Thus, the Lord would reject you, if, under pretence of a more free worship, you flocked to the standard of an enemy, rose up in rebellion against lawful authority, plundered your neighbour, and imbrued your hands in the blood of your fellow-subjects.

"Let none then say—'We will have a Catholic king.' Subjects are little concerned in the religion of their governors. Thousands of Catholics lose their souls in Italy and France, after leading a loose and dissolute life; thousands of them work their salvation in the Protestant states of Holland and Germany. It is then equal to man what religion his neighbour or king be of, provided his own conscience be pure, and his life upright.

"The Prussian, Dutch, and Hanoverian Catholics live under Protestant governments, and join their sovereigns against Catholic powers. Their religion is the same with yours; and this religion enforces obedience to the king and magistrates under whom we live. Christ commanded tribute to be paid to a heathen prince, and acknowledged the temporal power of a heathen magistrate, who pronounced sentence of death against Him.

"Nero, sovereign of the world, rips open his mother's womb, and begins the first bloody persecution against the Christians, of whom seventeen thousand were slaughtered in one month, and their bodies, daubed over with pitch and tar, hung up to give light to the city. St. Paul, dreading that such horrid usage would force them to overturn the State, and join the enemies of the empire, writes to them in the following manner: 'Let every man be subject to the higher powers; and they that resist receive unto themselves damnation.' (*Rom.* xiii.) A strong conviction, then, that, in obeying

our rulers, we obey God (who leaves no virtue unrewarded, as He leaves no vice unpunished), sweetens the thoughts of subjection, and, under the hardest master, obedience is no longer a hardship to the true Christian.

"So great was the impression made by this doctrine on the minds of the primitive Christians—so great was their love for public order, that, although they filled the whole empire and all the armies, they never once flew out into any disorder. Under all the cruelties that the rage of persecutors could invent—amidst so many seditions and civil wars—amidst so many conspiracies against the persons of emperors, not a seditious Christian could be found.

"We have the same motives to animate our conduct; the same incentive to piety, godliness, and honesty; the same expectations that raise us above all earthly things, and put us beyond the reach of mortality. 'For here on earth,' says St. Paul, 'we have not a lasting city, but expect a better.' Let not public calamities, bloody wars, the scourges of heaven, and the judgments of God, be incentives to vice, plunder, rebellion, and murder, but rather the occasions of the reformation of our morals and spurs to repentance. Let religion, which, by patience, had triumphed over the Cæsars, and displayed the cross in the banners of kings, without sowing disorders in their realms, support itself without the accursed aid of insurrection and crimes. Far from expecting to enrich ourselves at the expense of justice and under the fatal shelter of clouds of confusion and troubles, let us seriously reflect that death will soon level the poor and the rich in the dust of the grave; that we are all to appear naked before the awful tribunal of Jesus Christ, to account for our actions; and that it is, by millions of times, more preferable to partake of the happiness of Lazarus, who was conveyed to Abraham's bosom, after a life of holiness and poverty,

than to be rich and wicked, and to share the fate of that unhappy man, who, dressed in purple, and after a life of opulence and ease, was refused a drop of water to allay his burning thirst. In expectation that you will comply with the instructions of your bishop and clergy, not only from dread of the laws, but, moreover, from the love and fear of God,

"I remain, my dear brethren,

"Your affectionate servant,

"ARTHUR O'LEARY.

"Cork, August 14th, 1779."

CHAPTER IV.

O'Leary's Controversy with John Wesley—Their Subsequent Meeting at the House of a Mutual Friend—Wesley's Estimate of his Antagonist.

FEW men have ever displayed a more absorbing enthusiasm in the cause of religion, than the celebrated John Wesley. To that cause his whole life and labors were warmly and unreservedly devoted. He began in himself the culture of that piety which he would infuse into his followers. Such were his sincerity and energy and zeal, (unless, indeed, he was the profoundest of hypocrites,) that, had he belonged to the Catholic communion, it is the opinion of a great writer and profound thinker,* that he would have rivalled the Loyolas of that Church in the practices of piety and the veneration of the faithful. But it is our opinion that had he belonged to the Catholic Church, he would have learned to bear a milder and more charitable spirit than he is known to have manifested, towards the professors of a different religion from his own. True charity excludes arrogance and self-sufficiency, and coarse vituperation of those who refuse to coincide with one's peculiar views. In the history of our divine Redeemer, we find that He was never betrayed into the language of objurgation against any, save the hypocritical Pharisees. We should strive to win by gentleness rather than by coercion. The least

* "Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford. He is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome. He is certain to be the first general of a new society, devoted to the interests and honor of the Church."—Lord Macaulay's review of Ranke's *Lives of the Popes.*

convincing argument is abuse. To those maxims the conduct of Wesley was opposed. He allowed to himself the privilege, nay, he claimed for himself the conscientious obligation to depart from the fold of the Anglican Church; and yet, he could see no reason why his Catholic fellow-countrymen should refuse to belong to it. But reformers have ever been most intolerant of established opinions, and Wesley was no exception to the rule. The doctrines of the Catholic Church were beginning at this time to attract a greater share of attention than they had enjoyed since the Reformation. The growing mildness of legislation, and the relaxation of the penal laws, gave vent to the long pent-up influence of Catholic truth, and the friends of the Establishment began to fear for the results which that influence might exercise on their cherished institution. Far more just would have been their apprehensions of the wily devices and the stealthy inroads of Wesley; and, indeed, the effects of his moral invasion on the Anglican Church can be traced to the present day. Like an able general, he wished to divert popular attention from his secret projects, and to fix it on the manœuvres of a body whom the Anglicans and he regarded as a common enemy. There existed at this time in England a "Protestant Association," whose avowed object was, by all possible means, to deter the English Parliament from extending relief to the Roman Catholics. To promote their ends, they omitted no means that hatred or bigotry could suggest. They gathered to their assemblages the most violent fanatics of the day. Their cause had a most vociferous exponent in Parliament, in the person of the crack-brained Lord George Gordon. Strong in numbers only, they sadly needed some literary defence against able and learned antagonists, and the man who came forward to supply this want was no other than John Wesley. He published, in January, 1786, "A Letter

containing the Civil Principles of Roman Catholics; also a Defence of the Protestant Association." In these publications he maintained that, setting altogether aside the question of religion, "no government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion." This proposition he undertook to prove by what he calls "a plain argument," which proves to be a series of syllogisms. Thus: "No Roman Catholic does or can give security for his allegiance or peaceable behaviour, I prove thus: it is a Roman Catholic maxim, established not by private men, but by a public council, that 'no faith is to be kept with heretics.' This has been openly avowed by the Council of Constance, but it was never openly disclaimed. Whether private persons avow or disavow it, it is a fixed maxim of the Church of Rome; but as long as it is so, nothing can be more plain than that the members of that Church can give no reasonable security to any government of their allegiance or peaceable behaviour: therefore they ought not to be tolerated by any government—Protestant, Mahometan, or pagan."

"You may say," he continues, "'nay, but you will take an oath of allegiance.' True, five hundred oaths; but the maxim, 'No faith is to be kept with heretics,' sweeps them all away, as a spider's web; so that still no governors, that are not Roman Catholics, can give any security of their allegiance.

"Again, those who acknowledge the spiritual power of the Pope, can give no security of their allegiance to any government; but all Roman Catholics acknowledge this: therefore they can give no security for their allegiance.

"The power of granting pardons for all sins, past, present, and to come, is, and has been for many centuries, one branch of his spiritual power; but those who acknowledge him to have this spiritual power can give

no security for their allegiance, since they believe the Pope can pardon rebellions, high treasons, and all other sins whatsoever.

"The power of dispensing with any promise, oath, or vow, is another branch of the spiritual power of the Pope; and all who acknowledge his spiritual power must acknowledge this; but whoever acknowledges the dispensing power of the Pope, can give no security of his allegiance to any government.

"Oaths and promises are none—they are light as air—a dispensation makes them all null and void.

"Nay, not only the Pope, but even a priest has power to pardon sins! This is an essential doctrine of the Church of Rome. But they that acknowledge this cannot possibly give any security for their allegiance to any government. Oaths are no security at all, for the priest can pardon both perjury and high treason."

"But it might be objected," suggests Wesley, "'nothing dangerous to English liberty is to be apprehended from them.' I am not so certain of that," he replies. "Some time since a Romish priest came to one I know, and after talking with her largely, broke out, 'You are no heretic; you have the experience of a real Christian.' 'And would you,' she asked, 'burn me alive?' He said, 'God forbid! unless it were for the good of the Church.'"

"Now, what security," asks Wesley, "could we have for her life, if it had depended on that man? The good of the Church could have burst all the ties of truth, justice, and mercy—especially when seconded by the absolution of a priest, or, if need were, a papal pardon."

Such was the reasoning of honest John Wesley.

To this letter was appended, as has been already stated, another, entitled, "A Defence of the Protestant Association," the purport of which was that, as "Popery" was every day gaining strength in these kingdoms, and

as its progress was conducive to "misery and slavery," it was the duty of men who took an interest in the welfare of the country to combine for its extinction. "It was the opinion," he writes, "of our brave, wise, circumspect, and cautious ancestors, that an open toleration of the Popish religion is inconsistent with the safety of a free people and a Protestant government. It was thought by them that every convert to Popery was, by principle, an enemy to the constitution of this country; and as it was supposed that the Roman Catholic religion promoted rebellion against the State, there was a very severe law made to prevent the propagation of it. Such was the state of things in the reign of the great Elizabeth; and Popery having, notwithstanding such restriction, gained ground in the reign of James II., though the encouragement it then received from the State was not equal to what it has now obtained, the nation was alarmed, and the noble and resolute stand which the Protestants then made against the advances of Popery produced the Revolution." The letter abounded in that bigoted cant, which, owing to the growth of enlightenment, has since been banished from the mouths and writings of all honest Protestants, and which finds favor only amongst the fanatical frequenters of Exeter Hall. "Several Protestants," he says, "are of opinion that the repeal of the penal laws will act as an open toleration of the Popish religion, which fills them with the most painful apprehensions; they think that liberty, which they value more than their lives, and which they would piously transmit to their children, to be in danger; they are full of the most alarming fears that chains are forging at the anvil of Rome for the rising generation; they fear that the Papists are undermining our happy constitution; they see the purple power of Rome advancing by hasty strides to overspread this once happy nation; they

shudder at the thought of darkness and ignorance, misery and slavery, spreading their sable wings over this highly favored isle; their souls are pained for their rights and liberties as men, and their hearts tremble for the ark of God." It behoves all Protestants, therefore, to combine for the purpose of stopping "the progress of that soul-deceiving and all-enslaving superstition." Have they "forgot the reign of the bloody Queen Mary? Have they forgot the fires in Smithfield, and can they behold without emotion the place where their fathers died? Will it be believed that Englishmen are so far degenerated from the noble spirit of their ancestors, as tamely to bow the neck to the yoke of Rome? 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon.'"

Father O'Leary, who happened to be in Dublin at the time those inflammatory productions appeared, immediately replied, in a letter addressed to the *Freeman's Journal;* and, with the genuine candor of a lover of truth, prefixed to his own letter a copy of the two of his antagonist, that the reading public might judge for themselves on the whole subject in dispute. Wesley had, towards the end of his former epistle, given warning that he would reply to no anonymous response, and, accordingly, Father O'Leary appended his name to his publication. And, lest any doubt of his identity should still cling to the mind of his opponent, he writes:—

"Mr. Wesley may consider me a fictitious character; but, should he follow his precursor (I mean his letter wafted to us over the British Channel), and, on his mission from Dublin to Bandon, make Cork his way, Dr. Berkeley, parish minister, near Middleton, Captains Stanner, French, and others, who were prisoners of war in a Catholic country, where I was chaplain of prisons, can fully satisfy him as to the reality of my existence; and convince him that in the beard which I then

wore, and which, like that of Sir Thomas More, never committed any treason, I never concealed either poison or dagger to destroy my Protestant neighbour, though it was long enough to set all Scotland in a blaze, and to deprive Lord George Gordon of his senses."

The clap-trap about "burning heretics" and "bloody Queen Mary," O'Leary disposes of with characteristic humour:—

"Should any of the Scotch missionaries attend Mr. Wesley into this kingdom, and bring with them any of the stumps of the fagots with which Henry VIII., his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, and the learned James I., roasted the heretics of their times in Smithfield, or some of the fagots with which the Scotch saints, of whose proceedings Mr. Wesley is become the apologist, have burnt the houses of their inoffensive Catholic neighbours, we will convert them to their proper use. In Ireland the revolution of the great Platonic year is almost completed. Things are re-instated in their primitive order. And the fagot which, without any mission from Christ, preached the Gospel by orders of Catholic and Protestant kings, is confined to the kitchen. Thus, what formerly roasted the man at the stake, now helps to feed him; and nothing but the severity of winter, and the coldness of the climate in Scotland, could justify Mr. Wesley in urging the rabble to light it. This is a bad time to introduce it amongst us, when we begin to be formidable to our foes, and united amongst ourselves. And to the glory of Ireland, be it said, we never condemned but murderers and perpetrators of unnatural crimes to the fagot."

Father O'Leary deplores the fatal policy, which, for centuries, divided and distracted the people of this country; and instances the ridiculous enactment of Henry the Sixth, by which every Englishman of the Pale was bound to shave his upper lip, or clip his

whiskers, in order to distinguish himself from an Irishman. In his opinion, "it had tended more to their mutual interest, and the glory of that monarch's reign, not to go to the nicety of *splitting a hair*, but encourage the growth of their *fleeces*, and inspire them with such mutual love for each other, as to induce them to kiss one another's beards, as brothers salute each other at Constantinople, after a few days' absence. I am likewise of opinion," he continues, "that Mr. Wesley, who prefaces his letter with 'the interest of the Protestant religion,' would reflect more honor on his ministry in promoting the happiness of the people, by preaching love and union, than in widening the breach, and increasing their calamities by division. The English and Irish were, at that time, of the same religion, but, divided in their affections, were miserable. Though divided in speculative opinions, if united in sentiment, we would be happy. The English settlers breathed the vital air in England, before they inhaled the soft breezes of our temperate climate. The present generation can say, 'our fathers and grandfathers have been born, bred, and buried here. We are Irishmen, as the descendants of the Normans who have been born in England are Englishmen.'

"Thus, born in an island in which the ancients might have placed their Hesperian gardens and golden apples, the temperature of the climate, and the quality of the soil inimical to poisonous insects, have cleansed our veins from the sour and acid blood of the Scythians and Saxons. We begin to open our eyes, and to learn wisdom from the experience of ages. We are tender-hearted; we are good-natured; we have feelings. We shed tears on the urns of the dead; deplore the loss of hecatombs of victims slaughtered on the gloomy altars of religious bigotry; cry on seeing the ruins of cities over which fanaticism has displayed the funeral torch; and

sincerely pity the blind zeal of our Scotch and English neighbours, whose constant character is to pity none, for erecting the banners of persecution, at a time when the Inquisition is abolished in Spain and Milan, and the Protestant gentry are caressed at Rome, and live unmolested in the luxuriant plains of France and Italy.

"The statute of Henry VI. is now grown obsolete. The razor of calamity has shaved our lower and upper lips, and given us smooth faces. Our land is uncultivated; our country a desert; our natives are forced into the service of foreign kings, storming towns, and in the very heat of slaughter tempering Irish courage with Irish mercy. All our misfortunes flow from long-reigning intolerance, and the storms which, gathering first in the Scotch and English atmosphere, never failed to burst over our heads.

"We are too wise to quarrel about religion. The Roman Catholics sing their psalms in Latin, with a few inflections of the voice. Our Protestant neighbours sing the same psalms in English, on a larger scale of musical notes. We never quarrel with our honest and worthy neighbours the Quakers for not singing at all; nor shall we ever quarrel with Mr. Wesley for raising his voice to heaven, and warbling forth his canticles on whatever tune he pleases, whether it be the tune of 'Guardian Angels' or 'Langolee.' We love social harmony, and in civil music hate discordance. Thus, when we go to the shambles, we never inquire into the butcher's religion, but into the quality of his meat. We care not whether the ox was fed in the Pope's territories, or on the mountains of Scotland, provided the joint be good; for though there be many heresies in old books, we discover neither heresy nor superstition in beef and claret. We divide them cheerfully with one another; and though of different religions, we sit over

the bowl with as much cordiality as if we were at a love-feast.

"The Protestant associations of Scotland and England may pity us; but we feel more comfort than if we were scorching one another with fire and fagot. Instead of singing, 'Peace on earth to men of good will,' does Mr. Wesley intend to sound the fury Alecto's horn, or the war-shell of the Mexicans? The Irish, who have no resource but in their union, does he mean to arm them against each other? One massacre, to which the fanaticism of the Scotch and English regicides gave rise, is more than enough; Mr. Wesley should not sow the seeds of a second. When he felt the first-fruits and illapses of the spirit—when his zeal, too extensive to be confined within the majestic temples of the Church of England, or the edifying meeting-houses of the other Christians, prompted him to travel most parts of Europe and America, and to establish a religion and houses of worship of his own, what opposition has he not met with from the civil magistrates! with what insults from the rabble! broken benches, dead cats, and pools of water, bear witness! Was he then the trumpeter of persecution? Was his pulpit changed into Hudibras's 'drum ecclesiastic'? Did he abet banishment and proscription on the score of conscience? Now that his tabernacle is established in peace, after the clouds having borne testimony to his mission,* he complains in his second letter, wherein he promises to continue the fire which he has already kindled in England, that people of exalted rank in Church and State have refused entering into a mean confederacy against the laws of nature, and the rights of mankind. In his first letter, he disclaims persecution on the score of religion, and,

* "See an abridgment of Wesley's journal, wherein he says that, *in preaching one day at* Kinsale, a cloud pitched over him."

in the same breath, strikes out a creed of his own for the Roman Catholics, and says that they 'should not be tolerated even amongst the Turks.' Thus the satyr in the fable breathes hot and cold in the same blast; and a lamb of peace is turned inquisitor! But is not that creed mentioned by Mr. Wesley the creed of the Roman Catholics? By right it should be theirs; as it is so often bestowed on them, and as, according to civil law, a free gift becomes the property of the person on whom it is bestowed, if there be no legal disqualification on either side. But the misfortune is that the Catholics and the framers of the fictitious creed, so often refuted and still forced on them, resemble the Frenchman and the blunderer in the comedy; one forces into the other's mouth a food which he cannot relish, and against which his stomach revolts."

It is quite unnecessary to follow our Catholic apologist through his successive refutations of Mr. Wesley's charges. Suffice it to say, that no Catholic holds the opinions attributed to him by Mr. Wesley, but rather deprecates them as horrible and unchristian. It will conduce more to our interest and advantage to read those passages extracted from Father O'Leary's reply, in which, with genuine wit, vigorous thought, and striking force of expression, he develops those principles of universal charity of which he was the distinguished champion; and shows that, however men may differ on speculative views of religion, the duty as well as the interest of all Christians is to maintain towards each other feelings of forbearance, sympathy, and love. To the point in Wesley's letter concerning a conversation between a "Romish" priest and a woman, he replies:—

"A priest then said to a woman whom Mr. Wesley *knows*, 'I see you are no heretic; you have the experience of a real Christian.' 'And would you burn me?' says she. 'God forbid!' replied the priest, 'ex-

cept for the good of the Church!' Now, this priest must be descended from some of those who attempted to blow up a river with gunpowder, in order to drown a city.* Or he must have taken her for a witch, whereas, by his own confession she 'was no heretic.' A gentleman whom *I know* declared to me, upon his honour, that he heard Mr. Wesley repeat, in a sermon preached by him in the city of Cork, the following words: 'A little bird cried out in Hebrew, O Eternity! Eternity! who can tell the length of Eternity?' I am, then, of opinion that a *little Hebrew bird* gave Mr. Wesley the important information about the priest and the woman. One story is as interesting as the other, and both are equally alarming to the Protestant interest."

He deplores the folly and fatuity of those who write on religious subjects in a tone and manner only calculated to promote discord, instead of peace and union amongst men. "Like Boileau's heroes, in the Battle of the Books, we ransack old councils; we disturb the bones of old divines, who, wrapped up in their parchment blankets, sleep at their ease on the shelves of libraries, where they would snore for ever, if the noise of the gunpowder on an anniversary day, or the restless hands of pamphlet writers, industrious in inflaming the rabble, did not rouse them from their slumbers. Peace to their manes! The charity sermon preached in Dublin by Dr. Campbell—the anniversary sermon preached in Cork, last November, by Dr. la Malliere—and the discourse to the Echlinville Volunteers by Mr. Dickson, have done more good in one day, either by procuring relief for the distressed, or by promoting benevolence, peace, and harmony amongst fellow-subjects of all de-

* "Amongst other plots attributed to Roman Catholics in the reign of Charles the First, this extraordinary one was thrown upon them. See Hume."

nominations, than the folios written on Pope Joan have done in the space of two hundred years."

Expressively and forcibly O'Leary paints the scene in which the fanatical actors of the day performed their part in this anti-popery drama. He shows them "exposing their parchments in meeting-houses and vestries, begging the signature of every peasant and mendicant, who comes to hear the gospel, 'Wrong no man,' 'He that loves his neighbour, fulfils the law,' &c.; and these pious souls 'pained and trembling for the ark of God,' running with the fagot to kindle the flames of sedition, and to oppress their neighbours. Remark, in seventeen hundred and eighty, a lord, with his hair cropped, a Bible in his hand, turned elder and high-priest at the age of *twenty-three*, and fainting for the ark of Israel!

"In the foreground of this extraordinary picture, remark a missionary who has reformed the very Reformation. Separated from all the Protestant churches, and trimming the vessel of religion, which he has brought into a new dock, he has suffered as much for the sake of conscience as Ludowick Muggleton or James Nailer could register in their martyrology. Remark that same gentleman inflaming the rabble, dividing his Majesty's subjects, propagating black slander, and throwing down the gauntlet to people who never provoked him. Is not fanaticism, the mother of cruelty and the daughter of folly, the first character in this religious masquerade? Is it not the first spring that gives motion to those extraordinary figures, so corresponsive to Hogarth's 'Enraged Musician'? And, in fencing with folly, have not the gravest authors handled the foils of ridicule? To the modern Footes and Molieres, or to the young student in rhetoric, who employs irony in enlarging on his theme, should I for ever leave the 'pained souls and trembling hearts' of the Scotch Jonathan and the English Samuel, with their squadrons of Israelites fighting

for 'the ark of the Lord,' if what they style in England the Gordonian Associations had not voted their thanks to Mr. Wesley, for what they call his 'excellent letter.' Such a performance is worthy the approbation of such censors; and in their holy shrines the sacred relic should be deposited.

"It is to the sentiments implanted in the human breast, and to the conduct of man, not to the rubbish of the schools, Mr. Wesley should have made application, when he undertook to solve the interesting problem, whether the Roman Catholics should be tolerated or persecuted. But inspired writers partake of the spirit of the seers, and copy, as much as possible, after the prophets. The prophet Ezechiel breathed on a pile of bones, and, lo! a formidable army starting from the earth, and ranging itself in battle array. Mr. Wesley blows the dust off an old book, and lo! squadrons of religious warriors engaged in a crusade for the extirpation of the infidels! The loyalty, the conduct, the virtues common to all, the natural attachment of man to his interest and country, the peaceable behaviour of the Roman Catholics, have no weight in the scale of candor and justice. An old council, held four hundred years ago, is ransacked and misconstrued; a Roman Catholic is unworthy of being tolerated amongst the Turks, because Mr. Wesley puts on his spectacles to read old Latin."

So blindly bigoted are some enemies of Catholicity, that no disclaimer on the part of Catholics of the horrible doctrines imputed to them, no matter how vehement or sincere, could save them from the imputation. "If a general council," writes O'Leary, "were held, in order to disclaim the ridiculous and abominable creed imputed to Roman Catholics, the sceptic, who gives no credit to their doctors and universities, to the oaths and declarations of millions, would give no

credit to a convention of bishops with the pope at their head.

"Let the appeal be made, not to stubborn sceptics, but to those who listen to the voice of reason, and consult the heart. This interior monitor, when passion and prejudice are hushed into silence, is seldom consulted in vain. Let us not travel to Catholic States, where perjury is punished with death, and every argument tending to prove that the pope can absolve subjects from oaths, and grant a dispensation to commit all kinds of crimes, is confuted with a halter. Let us look nearer home, and compare what we see on one hand, with what is supposed on another.

"We see a million and a-half of Roman Catholics smarting under the most oppressive laws that the human heart could ever devise. When they were enacted, our ancestors had the lands of their fathers and the religion of their education. If perjury had been an article of their belief, they could have secured their inheritance by taking an oath of abjuration. If papal dispensations were, in their opinion, lenitives to an ulcerated conscience, when or where could they have been more seasonably applied than at that time and place, where the properties of millions depended on the application ?"

The limits of the pope's power are justly defined by O'Leary :—"Catholic subjects know that if God must have his own, Cæsar must have his due. In his quality of pontiff, they are ready to kiss the pope's feet ; but if he assumes the title of conqueror, they are ready to bind his hands. The very ecclesiastical benefices, which are more in the spiritual line, are not at his disposal. When England had more to dread from him than now, a Catholic parliament passed the statute of *præmunire :* the bishops and mitred abbots preferred their own temporal interest to that of the pope, and reserved the

benefices to themselves and the clergy under their jurisdiction. Charity begins at home; and I do not believe any Catholic so divested of it as to prefer fifty pounds a year under the pope's government, to an hundred pounds a year under that of a Protestant king. Queen Mary, so devoted to the pope's cause, both on account of her religion and the justice done to her mother, by the inflexible resolution of the Sovereign Pontiff, still would not concede her temporal rights, nor those of her subjects, in compliment to his spiritual power. After the reconciliation of her kingdom to the Apostolic See, a statute was passed enacting that the pope's bulls, briefs, &c., should be merely confined to spirituals, without interfering with the independence of her kingdom, or the rights of her subjects. The history of Europe proclaims aloud, that the Roman Catholics are not passive engines in the hands of popes, and that they confine his power within the narrow limits of his spiritual province. They have often taken his cities, and opposed Paul's sword to Peter's keys, and silenced the thunders of the Vatican with the noise of the cannon. They know that Peter was a fisherman when kings swayed the sceptre, and that the subsequent grandeur of his successors could never authorize them to alter the primitive institution that commands subjects to obey their rulers and give Cæsar his due.

"With regard to his spiritual power, you will be surprised when I tell you, that, from Ludowick Muggleton down to John Wesley, those who have instituted new sects amongst the Christians have more power than the pope dare to assume over Catholics.

"They may add or diminish; but, with regard to the pope, the landmarks are erected, and we should never permit him to remove them. If he attempted to preach up five sacraments instead of seven, we should immediately depose him. Mr. Wesley may alter his faith as

often as he pleases, and prevail on others to do the same; but the pope can never alter ours; we acknowledge him, indeed, as the head of the Church, for every society must have a link of union, to guard against confusion and anarchy; but in acknowledging him as the first pilot to steer the vessel, we acknowledge a compass by which he is to direct his course. He is to preserve the vessel, but never to expose it to shipwreck. Any deviation from the laws of God, the rights of nature, or the faith of our fathers, would be the fatal rock on which the pope himself would split. In a word, the pope is our first pastor; he may feed, but he cannot poison us; we acknowledge no power in him either to alter our faith, or to corrupt our morals."

Now and then O'Leary fires off his wit at his opponent. He tells us, in a note, to "see Wesley's Journal, where he declares that, on his visitation, he met so many sanctified, so many justified, and so many confirmed in love,—*Qui potest capere capiat.* I cannot comprehend this mystical divinity. By confirmation in love, he must mean that whoever believes himself once arrived at that happy state, can sin no more. I am glad to see a fellow-creature confirmed in the love of God: but I am sorry to find some so ill-confirmed in the love of their neighbour, as to tell half Europe to their faces that they are perjurers, and to apologize for a rabble who set fire to their neighbours' houses.* This is what we call an *ardent* or *burning* love."

Again:—"In the beginning of the American war, Mr. Wesley published his 'Calm Address,' in order to unite the colonies to the mother country. The 'balm of Gilead' proving ineffectual beyond the Atlantic, he now has recourse to caustics at home. Three years ago he intended to unite us; now he intends to divide us.

* An allusion to the Gordon Riots.

Thus we find Penelope's web in his religious looms—what he wove three years ago, he now unravels."

Pleading for religious toleration he says:—"Men's opinions change with the times, as in different stages of life we change our thoughts, and settle at the age of forty the roving imagination of sixteen. Custom and mutual intercourse amongst fellow-subjects of every denomination, would soon quench the remaining sparks of religious feuds if distinctive laws were abolished. But, unfortunately for the society in which we live, the laws, whose aim should be to unite the inhabitants, are calculated to divide them. My neighbour distrusts me, because the penal laws held me forth as a reprobate before I was born, and, during my life, encourage him to seize my horse, or drag me before a magistrate for saying my prayers, which reduces me to the sad necessity of hating him, or considering him as an enemy, if, in the great struggle between nature and grace, religion does not triumph. Before Louis XIV. and George I. repealed the laws against witches, every disfigured old woman was in danger of her life, and considered as a sorceress. Since the witch-making laws have been repealed, there is not a witch in the land, and the dairy-maid is not under the necessity of using counter-charms to hinder the milk from being enchanted from her pail. Thus, if the penal laws, which, by a kind of omnipotence, create an original sin, making rogues of Catholics before they reach their hands to the tempting fruit, were once repealed, they would be as honest as their neighbours, and the objects of their love and confidence."

From an "Appeal to the People of Great Britain," published just at this time by the Protestant Association, O'Leary makes an extract. He says:—"After deploring the 'loss of millions of common people, who are prohibited from reading the Scriptures,' (though it

were charity to teach them first how to spell,) 'and who have souls as infinite, in value and duration, as the proudest prelates, or highest monarchs on earth,' they go on—'to tolerate Popery, is to be instrumental to the perdition of immortal souls now existing, and of millions of spirits that at present have no existence but in the prescience of God, and is the direct way to provoke the vengeance of a holy and jealous God, to bring down destruction on our fleets and armies.' I really imagined that the Protestant Association was not so cruel as to refuse me mercy, and exclude me from the kingdom of heaven, if I lead an honest, sober, and virtuous life. I am convinced that several of Admiral Rodney's sailors are Roman Catholics, and that the bullets, which told so well in mauling poor Langara, were fired by hands that crossed a Popish forehead. Oliver Cromwell, seeking the Lord, and preaching upon the Sabbath day, in a leather breeches and buff waistcoat, with his trusty sabre by his side, did not scruple to enter into a confederacy with Cardinal Mazarin against the Spaniards; it was equal to England which of the two was foremost in the breach, the French dragoon, with his whiskers, after saying 'Hail Mary,' or the Roundhead, with his leather cap, after groaning in the spirit. Spain lost Dunkirk, and England triumphed. King William had six thousand Roman Catholics in his army when he fought the battle of the Boyne; and the Catholics and Protestants of Switzerland maintain their independence against all the powers of the Continent, in consequence of their union. But the Protestant Association, like Ezechiel, have swallowed a book in which are written 'verses,' and 'lamentations,' and 'woes.' Already their luminous souls, enlightened by the prophetic spirit, see future times unlocking their distant gates, and pouring forth millions of monsters; and, from a desire to procure the salvation of Adam's

children, it is to be dreaded that, at the long run, they will imitate the holy fanatic of Denmark, who, in order to procure heaven for young infants, after being baptized used to slaughter them in their cradles."

In the course of O'Leary's "Remarks" on Wesley's letter, he introduces what he styles "An Humble Remonstrance to the Scotch and English Inquisitors, by way of an Apostrophe." It is an admirable piece of argument and eloquence. We can extract only a few short passages: "If you glory," he says, "in the purity of your religion, and in treading in the steps of its Author, treat us as Christ Himself would treat us, if He were on earth. He deprived no man of his property, nor of the indulgence and protection of the laws. If you glory in the purity of the Christian religion, call to mind that it suggests humility, and deference to people of superior power and judgment. Your king, your peers, and your commons, are deemed the first in dignity and wisdom; but I forget that you are well versed in the Bible, which says, 'he that is first amongst you, let him be the last.' The Scripture must be fulfilled: take, then, the lead, and force them to trample on their own laws, and to banish their subjects.

"Mention no longer 'violation of faith with heretics.' You violate all the laws of civil society; in dissolving the ties of friendship, and pointing out your fellow-subjects as the victims of legal severity, you split and rend the nation; you weaken its power, and trespass upon the respect due to your rulers, when, instead of being the fathers of their people, you would fain force them to become the heads of factions. You violate the sacred rights of nature: her bountiful Author declares, that He makes His 'sun shine upon the good and bad.' The light of the sun, the brilliancy of the stars, the sweetness of the fruits, the balsamic effluvia

of flowers, are dispensed with a liberal hand to the heathen and idolater. Will you deprive your neighbours of gifts common to all Adam's children, because they stick to a religion which all your forefathers professed, and which, if wrong, can hurt no man but themselves? In vain do you attempt to impose upon the public with extracts and spurious canons, obsolete decrees, patches of councils, and legends of massacres, in order to fix a creed on us. The world knows that Roman Catholics sway the sceptre of authority in kingdoms and republics. The very nature, then, of civil society, is a manifest contradiction to the creed you impute to us; for, if we were no more than machines, veering at the breath of popes and priests, whom neither conscience, religion, the sacred ties of an oath, nor the fear of God's judgment can restrain, patentees of guilt and of impurity, we could not form a society for the space of one year; for, in such a society, the notions of vice and virtue would be confounded; the blackest crimes and the purest virtue reduced to the same level, the discipline of morals destroyed, the harmony of the body politic dissolved, the brother armed against the brother; and if, by a kind of miracle, in such a cursed number of men, a second Abel could be found, the earth would soon groan with the cries of his blood. If divines have attempted to demonstrate the existence of God from the nature of civil society, the very nature of civil society demonstrates the falsehood of the creed with which you compliment us. And, if the gloomy plan of such a horrid republic pleases your imaginations, go and lay the foundations of it in some remote region of the earth. Be yourselves its members and governors, for no Christians could live there. When the delicate pencils of the Gibbons, Reynoldses, and Marmontels will paint the political scenery of the eighteenth century—when, on the

extensive canvas they will represent the gloom of long-reigning prejudice scattering as the clouds of night, at the approach of the rising sun—when they will paint the poniard, drenched in human blood, snatched from the hand of stern persecution—the French praying in concert with the American—the American invited into Russia—the order of Military Merit established in favor of Protestants, in the palace of a Catholic king—Ireland rising from the sea, covered with her Fabii and Scipios, pointing their spears to distant shores, and holding forth the olive and sheaf of corn to their neighbours of all denominations—when they will contrast the present to former times—show the happy result of a change of system, and prove that the world is refined—you, painted in as frightful attitudes as the group of figures in Raphael's Judgment, with stern fanaticism in your countenances, a Bible in one hand and a fagot in the other, will be an exception to the general rule; the world will read with surprise that, in seventeen hundred and eighty, there have been fanatics in England and Scotland that gave birth to so many illustrious writers. Your transactions shall be recorded in the appendix to the history of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler; and your chaplains and apologists shall be ranked with James Nailer* and Hugh Peters."

The concluding sentences of O'Leary's "Remarks," are very characteristic of the man. With a happy blending of humor and seriousness, and with a power of irresistible eloquence, he puts forth his views of universal philanthropy, and preaches harmony amongst all

* James Nailer, after fighting against Papists and malignants in Cromwell's army, turned prophet and rode into Bristol, mounted on an ass, on a Palm Sunday, attended by numbers of women, spreading their aprons before him, and making the air re-echo to loud hosannas: "Holy, holy, holy, hosanna to James Nailer! Blessed is James Nailer, who comes in the name of the Lord!"

mankind, be they ever so divided on questions of religion.

"We have obtained," he says, "of late the privilege of planting tobacco in Ireland, and tobacconists want paper. Let Mr. Wesley then come with me, as the curate and barber went to shave and bless the library of Don Quixote. All the old books, old canons, sermons, and so forth, tending to kindle feuds, or promote rancour, let us fling out at the windows. Society will lose nothing: the tobacconists will benefit by the spoils of antiquity. And if, upon mature deliberation, we decree that Mr. Wesley's 'Journal,' and his apology for the Association's 'Appeal,' should share the same fate with the old buckrams, we will procure them a gentle fall. After having rocked ourselves in the large and hospitable cradle of the *Free Press*, where the peer and the commoner, the priest and the alderman, the friar and the swaddler, can stretch themselves at full length, provided they be not too churlish, let us laugh at those who breed useless quarrels, and set to the world the bright example of toleration and benevolence. A peaceable life and happy death to all Adam's children! May the ministers of religion of every denomination, whether they pray at the head of their congregations in embroidered vestments or black gowns, short coats, grey locks, powdered wigs, or black curls, instead of inflaming the rabble, and inspiring their hearers with hatred and animosity to their fellow-creatures, recommend love, peace, and harmony."

Father O'Leary's reply to Wesley produced quite a sensation in this country and in England. Catholics were delighted to find that, in the hour of their greatest need, in the darkest era of their fortunes, they had one champion bold enough, and, what was still better, talented enough, to vindicate their religion from calumny, and themselves from insult. For three-quarters

of a century, no such gladiator had dared to appear in the arena of public life; and now that the clouds and mists of persecution were being dispelled by the genial breathings of public opinion, it was to the victims of oppression a source of pride and pleasure to behold standing forth, with the light of heaven on his brow, that valiant priest, the spokesman of a misgoverned people, the defender of a calumniated creed, the preacher of a despised philanthropy.

But Wesley was not so easily silenced. With the true bull-dog spirit of an Englishman, he made another dash at his opponent, and while, with that candor which is also characteristic of his race, he admitted Father O'Leary's *Remarks* to be "an arch and lively production," he sought to assail it by new arguments, which, in reality, were only a *rechauffè* of the old, and were, like them, founded on a thorough misconception of the Catholic creed, and a misinterpretation of canonical decrees. Whatever could be said to the credit of the Catholic religion, was altogether kept in the background, but whatever dirt could be flung was profusely dealt about. An extract from Locke's letter on "Toleration," together with Wesley's reply, was sent to O'Leary with a request to answer it, *if in his power*. He was not long in complying with so modest a demand, and, after a few days, produced his "Rejoinder to Mr. Wesley's Reply." Having no desire to indulge ourselves or foster in others a taste for controversy, we refrain from making any quotations from this "Rejoinder," and shall only extract that paragraph which takes up the gist of the whole correspondence, and shows that Mr. Wesley's views on the subject were one-sided and partial:—

"It was in the sixteenth century, when interested men fomented divisions between Catholics and Protestants, that the hand of calumny wrote false commen-

taries on the text of the canon of the Council of Constance, and handed it down as a theme to religious declaimers whom the test of orthodoxy proposed by the very council *will ever stare in the face.*

"Here is the test inserted in a bull published with the approbation of a general council—not by the Pope in his personal capacity, but *sacro approbante concilio.* 'Let the person suspected be asked whether he or she does not think that all wilful perjury, committed upon any occasion whatsoever, for the preservation of one's life, or another man's, or even for the sake of the faith, is a mortal sin?'

"I have read," writes O'Leary, "nearly a thousand religious declamations against Popery; not one of the authors of these invectives has candor or honor to produce that test in favor of Catholics—which shows the spirit that actuates them. They should at least imitate the limner who first painted Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and contrasted on the same canvas the blooming cheek with the frightful skeleton, linked together in the same group. No, they will paint the Catholic religion in profile, and fix a Saracen's cheek into the face of the Christian. The declaration of a general council, which can afford the least occasion for cavil, will be eternally held forth, whilst the decrees of the same council liable to no misconstruction—where fraud and perjury, even for the sake of religion, are condemned—will be overlooked. Bellarmin, Becanus, and those other Knoxes and Buchanans of the Catholic religion, whose works were burned by the hands of the executioner in Catholic countries, are dragged from their shelves, whilst the decisions of the most learned universities in the world, that condemned the false doctrine of those incendiaries, are buried in silence. The bee alights on flowers; but the beetle falls on nuisances."

Wesley did not reply to the "Rejoinder," and so the

controversy ended. His letters were soon forgotten, while the sentiments so eloquently expressed by his antagonist were long remembered in the public mind. The Protestant Association lost by the contest much of its importance and activity; its premises being so destructively assailed, its conclusions became lame and impotent. On a petition being presented in parliament from the townspeople of Rochester, in April, 1780, for the repeal of Sir George Saville's bill in favor of the Catholics, Lord George Gordon rose, and declaimed with more than usual violence against the encroachments of the Papists, and "in order to elucidate his argument, pulled out an Irish newspaper, and read two extracts from Father O'Leary's letter against the principles of Wesley. He afterwards read some passages from Wesley's reply, and contended that another massacre of the Protestants, like to that in Ireland, was to be dreaded, if something was not done conformably to the wishes of those of the Established Church. He said such as came to him as a member of parliament had told him that they already considered themselves absolved from allegiance to his Majesty; they had not yet determined to murder the King; they only considered they were absolved from their allegiance."*

Some time after the appearance of the correspondence between Father O'Leary and John Wesley, the two disputants met at the social board of a mutual friend, and it was interesting to observe how they, who had so lately been engaged in the "keen encounter" of polemical controversy, blended like congenial spirits in the harmony of convivial enjoyment. The sombre defender of the Protestant Association brightened beneath the radiant wit of the "arch and lively" priest, and a splendid instance was afforded of the peace and happi-

* Cobbet's *Parliamentary History*, vol. xxi. p. 387.

ness that men of opinions diametrically opposed might enjoy, if, in their social relations, they suffered themselves to be influenced solely by the golden maxim of our common Christianity, that we "love one another."*

Mr. Southey, in his "Life of Wesley,"† contends that his hero had the best of the controversy with O'Leary, and that the only injury he suffered was owing to his defence of the Protestant Association, and the unhappy events that followed in London, which O'Leary adroitly turned against him. What Mr. Southey may have thought on the subject is a matter of very trifling importance; the controversy is before the world—let men judge for themselves. Whatever be the judgments of various readers, let us close this chapter with a smile of pleasure, as we behold the curtain falling on John Wesley and Arthur O'Leary hand in hand.

* "May 12th, 1787.—A gentleman invited me to breakfast with my old antagonist, Father O'Leary. I was not at all displeased at being disappointed. He is not the stiff, queer man that I expected, but of an easy, genteel carriage, and seems not to be wanting either in sense or learning."—*Extract from Wesley's Journal.*

† Vol. ii. p. 546, 2nd ed., London, 1820.

CHAPTER V.

Essay on Toleration—Tending to prove that a Man's Speculative Opinion ought not to deprive him of the Rights of Civil Society—Prefatory Remarks of the Author.

CHRISTIANITY is a religion of love—it deprecates hatred and cruelty, seeking to win proselytes by gentle persuasion rather than by coercion; believing that a change of religion is a conversion of mind, and that no amount of physical force can convince the intellect or bend the will. The great Author of Christianity despised the sword, and yet His creed has triumphed—He counts His worshippers from the rising to the setting of the sun—from pole to pole—through every age of human history. If Christian rulers ever sought to gain converts to the faith by terror, their zeal for religion was the enthusiasm of fanatics, rather than the well-regulated earnestness of sober men. To hate our neighbour, because he will not conform to our religious views, is surely to do a most unchristian thing—to torture and persecute him for his nonconformity, is to bring to the aid of religion means of disciple-making which the God of religion disowns and repudiates.

The two greatest blessings which his Creator has conferred upon man, are Religion and Liberty; and yet none have been more sadly perverted and abused than they. Under the mask of the one, bigotry and fanaticism have deluged the world with blood; under the guise of the other, anarchy and misrule have perpetrated crimes that reveal hidden depths of degradation to which humanity was deemed incapable of descending. And, yet, man is not convinced by the experience of

ages that his efforts to alter the convictions of his fellow-men by fire and sword have proved utterly unavailing. Rulers are as ready to-day to enforce conviction by cruelty, as they were in the times when rack and stake and sword were the arguments of religious truth. The crimes that have been committed in the name of liberty, are constantly re-enacted under the eyes of men. But the persecuted of this age are as well prepared as were their forefathers, to face the wrath of tyrants, and bend their necks unflinching to the blow, which, while inflicting death, adds to the brows of the victim a martyr's crown, and the halo of an imperishable remembrance. History repeats itself, and persecution for religion would, in this century, have the same effect that it had in the darkest hour of the past—it would only confirm the convictions it would seek to remove, and add to the principle of religious fidelity a new principle of honor, which would stimulate, to an invincible resolution, the votaries against whom its tortures would be directed. It would be said of them as was said of their ancestors:—

> "Proud of persecution's rage,
> Some in fire, and some in field,
> Their belief with blood have sealed,
> Dying, as their fathers died,
> For the God their foes denied."

The persecutions against the Irish on the score of religion, find no parallel for atrocity in the history of mankind. How men could so hate their neighbours for the love of God, would be a paradox none might venture to solve. But the truth is, they did not hate their neighbours for God's sake, but for their own selfish purposes. It was against the property of the Irish that the penal laws were levelled—religion was only a pretext for persecution. Confiscation and suppression of manufactures enriched the conquerors—the conquered

were told that they should never have been so punished but for their foolish adherence to an impious creed. Had the whole Irish race become Protestant, some other ground of persecution and rapine would have been invented. A highwayman attacks a defenceless traveller. "My good man," he cries, "you are an unfortunate Papist, you are going straight to damnation—change your religion this moment—swear to the thirty-nine articles of the Anglican creed, or I will filch from you the last shilling of your wealth!" The traveller is a timid man: he replies, "My friend, I cannot afford to lose my wealth, I accept your alternative—I swear to the articles of your creed." Are we justified in supposing that the scrupulous Turpin will not invent some new condition which his victim cannot possibly fulfil, and which will necessitate the sacrifice of his purse?

In this enlightened age, when the human mind seems nearly to have exhausted its researches after truth, and to begin acting on the stored-up experience of the past, it is but natural to think that statutes of persecution for creed's sake would be obsolete or entirely abolished, and that men, at length, would see the advantage of living in peace and harmony together, regardless of private feelings on the subject of religion. One would imagine that the Christians of the nineteenth century could scarcely learn a lesson of charity from the Romans who lived before the birth of Christ. And yet, we find the Romans worshipping, each family in its respective home, their own *penates*, while the citizens joined in common in offering sacrifices to the tutelary deities of the State. Would it were so with us, and that each religious sect or community might worship according to choice, without grudge or sneer, while Christians of every denomination would combine in upholding before the world the love and respect which all claim for the *Creator*, whom all alike acknowledge!

In the days of Arthur O'Leary, the Catholic religion, as we have seen, was not tolerated by law in Ireland; the professors of it were treated with a spirit of contempt, hatred, and contumely, degrading to human nature. The friends of the country, perceiving the influence he had gradually acquired by his writings, deemed it a favorable opportunity for the display of his talents in the cause of religious toleration. He was appealed to on the subject by many, and, at length, yielded to their solicitations. He produced the essay which we subjoin, and which would be much injured in the estimation of the reader by compression or curtailment. We give it in full, in the hope that the arguments it contains may exercise in the minds of the intolerant of this day, an influence similar to that it produced on its first appearance—an influence which dissipated the clouds of prejudice and error concerning the religion of the Irishman, and opened for him the way to the enjoyment of those civil rights from which he had been so long and so unjustly excluded.

It would be treating the memory of Arthur O'Leary with cruel injustice, if we were to deny that this remarkable essay was largely instrumental in the favorable change which, at that time, took place in the English estimation of the Irish "Papists," and in the sudden lenity that marked the enactment and administration of the laws in their favor. Before he wrote, things had come to a pass which puts our credulity to the severest test. A Catholic scarcely ventured to address a Protestant with his hat on; a Catholic, as he walked the street, was immediately recognizable by his abject air and appearance. A remarkable anecdote illustrative of these facts, is given by Wyse, in his "Historical Sketch of the Catholic Association." "The pastor," he writes, "of one of the largest parishes in one of the principal towns of Ireland, had never been

seen in the public promenade. For forty years he had lived in utmost seclusion from Protestant eyes, shielding himself from persecution under his silence and obscurity. But, the influence of the persecution remained after the persecution itself had passed away. After the concessions of 1793, a friend induced him, for the first time, to visit the rest of the town. He appeared amongst his fellow-citizens as an intruder, and shrunk back to his retreat the moment he was allowed. It was with difficulty, and on the most urgent occasions only, that he could be prevailed upon to quit it. Seldom did he appear on the walk afterwards, and it was always with the averted eyes and faltering step of a slave."

Things, indeed, have changed since then; but a great deal yet remains to be done. There are yet civil disabilities to which Catholics are unjustly subject; there are offices in the State which they are not permitted to fill; there are inequitable legal provisions affecting the disposal of their property. Everything that is holiest and most sacred in their religion, is constantly sneered at and ridiculed in the Protestant press, and on Protestant platforms. Ignorance and bigotry and fanaticism are still permitted to insult and deride the mysteries in defence of which the Irish Catholic would shed the last drop of his blood. Is this toleration, ample and honorable? Is it a toleration worthy of Christian men towards their fellow-Christians? Every candid reader will answer, No. The time is come when full and impartial justice should be done to Irishmen, and when the outcry against their religion should be hushed for ever. Many of the injustices to which they were subjected in bygone times, had their origin in the calumnies by which the national religion was misrepresented in the eyes of Englishmen, who learned to see in "Popery" a system of sanctifying the most abominable crimes. But Eng-

lish minds are open to reason, and English candour has become proverbial. Statements like those of O'Leary dispelled the doubts and shadows that marred the light of truth; and Englishmen began to see that "Popery" was not the terrible bugbear, the diabolical monstrosity they had supposed it to be. The penal laws were relaxed—Irishmen were admitted to the rights of subjects; and freedom, after a long night, began to dawn on the isle of destiny. The sun of liberty is yet far from the meridian; for the mists of bigotry, and ignorance, and intolerance, are not yet quite dissipated. There are many who have lagged behind in the march of enlightenment—many who would revive the laws which others seek to repeal. To such we recommend a careful perusal of Arthur O'Leary's Essay on Toleration, where, in language bold, nervous, and expressive, they shall discover a forcible, and yet not intemperate enunciation of the grand principles of benevolence and truth, and an indignant repudiation of injustice and oppression. Those who, after its perusal, still remain in the shackles of bigotry, should have lived in the congenial era of the Tudors and Philip of Spain, for surely they are out of place in an age when religious equality is pronounced by statesmen and philosophers to be amongst the noblest boons of lawgivers, and the richest blessings of a nation.

Mr. O'Leary's Plea for Liberty of Conscience.

THE INTRODUCTION.

My design in the following sheets is, to throw open the gates of civil toleration for all Adam's children whose principles are not inconsistent with the peace of civil society, or subversive of the rules of morality; to wrench, as far as in my power lies, the poniard, so often

tinged with human blood, from the hand of persecution; to sheathe the sword which misguided zeal has drawn in defence of a Gospel which recommends peace and love; to restore to man the indelible charter of his temporal rights, which no earthly power has ever been commissioned by heaven to deprive him of on account of his mental errors; to re-establish the empire of peace overthrown so often by religious feuds; and to cement all mortals, especially Christians, in the ties of social harmony, by establishing toleration on its proper ground.

The history of the calamities occasioned by difference in religious opinions, is a sufficient plea for undertaking the task. But time does not allow me to enter into a detail of those melancholy scenes which misconstrued religion has displayed. The effects are well known; it is high time to remove the cause.

The mind shrinks back at the thoughts of cruelties exercised against the Christians by heathen emperors for the space of three hundred years. Scarce did the Christians begin to breathe under the first princes who embraced their religion, than they fell out amongst themselves about the mysteries of the Scriptures. Arianism, protected by powerful sovereigns, raised against the defenders of the Trinity persecutions as violent as those raised formerly by the heathens. Since that time, at different intervals, error, backed by power, persecuted truth; and the partisans of truth, forgetful of the moderation which reason and religion prescribe, committed the same excesses with which they upbraided their oppressors. Sovereigns, blinded by dangerous zeal —or guided by barbarous policy—or seduced by odious counsels—became the executioners of their subjects who adopted religious systems different from those of their rulers, or persevered in ancient systems from which *their sovereigns* had receded.

Had these horrors been confined to one sect of Christians only, infidels would not have been so successful in their attacks on the system at large, though religion disclaims the odious imputation. But all sects execrated and attempted to extirpate one another. Europe became one wild altar, on which every religious sect offered up human victims to its creed.

The ministers of a religion that had triumphed over the Cæsars, not by resistance, but by suffering, became the apologists of calamities that swept from the face of the earth, or oppress to this day, God's noblest images —upright, virtuous, and dauntless men. Like the warrior in the Scriptures, they stepped into the sanctuary, to grasp the barbarian's sword wrapt up in the ephod. The code of temporal laws, teeming with sanctions against robbers and murderers, was swelled, to the surprise and destruction of mankind, with additional decrees against *heretics* and *Papists*. The inoffensive citizen, from an apprehension of offending the Deity by acting against his conscience, was confined in the same dungeon, or doomed to the fagot or axe, with the parricide who laid aside every restraint of moral obligation: and the Scriptures were adduced in justification of the sanguinary confusion. The wreath and the rod have been held forth, not to crown the worthy and punish the pernicious, but to scourge to conformity candid and steady virtue. The priest gave the sanction of heaven to the bloody mandates of the civil magistrate; and the civil magistrate unsheathed the sword to vindicate the cause of the God of heaven, who reserves to Himself the punishment of man's conscience. No person has a greater respect for the clerical order of every denomination than I have. I am of the number, and feel myself wounded through their sides, when the Deist and freethinker, who hold them all in equal contempt, contend "that in all ages, and in all countries, the clergy are the

main props of persecution. That had they been as solicitous to heal and conciliate men's hearts, as they have been to inflame and divide them, the world would by this time bear a different aspect. That they should have left the laity in peaceable possession of good neighbourhood, mutual charity, and friendly confidence. That instead of enforcing the great principles of religion, the very basis whereof is charity, peace, and love, they are ever and always the first oppressors of those who differ from them in opinion, and the active and impelling spring that gives force and elasticity to the destructive weapons of the civil power." In corroboration of the charge, the freethinker will unfold the page of history, and open those enormous volumes made up of religious declamations. He will prove from both that if "popes and their apologists have scattered the firebrand, their spiritual brethren have faithfully copied their example in succeeding times, wherever their power and influence prevailed."

"Though the Protestant divines," says Hume, "had ventured to renounce opinions deemed certain for so many ages, they regarded in their turn the new system so certain, that they could bear no contradiction with regard to it; and they were ready to burn in the same flames from which they themselves had so narrowly escaped, every one that had the assurance to oppose them."* Hence the scaffolds reeking in Holland with the blood of many illustrious men, who, after opposing Philip the Second's efforts to introduce conformity by fire and sword, fell themselves by the hand of the executioner for denying Gomar's predestination. Hence hecatombs of victims, offered upon the gloomy altar of the Scotch League and Covenant, and peopling the regions of the dead, for differing in opinion. "Out of

* Hume's *Hist. of Eng.* vol. iv. p. 16.

every contested verse," says the satirical Voltaire, "there issued a fury armed with a quibble and a poniard, who inspired mankind at once with folly and cruelty."

The same demon that poured the poisonous cup over the kingdoms and provinces of Europe, took his flight over the Atlantic, and spread his baneful influence amongst colonists who had themselves fled from the scourge. Their new-built cities, like so many Jerusalems, were purified from idolatry. There no Popish priest dared to bend his knee to "his idols, or transfer to stock or stone the worship due to the God of Israel." There the Quaker-woman's silent groans were raised to the high key of loud shrieks, when the Lord's deputy ordered her profane breasts to be whipped off by the Gospel scourge, that whipped the profaners out of the temple. There the Quaker was seen suspended by the neck on high, for daring to pollute the sacred streets with his profane feet *moved by Baal's spirit.* The holy city* thus purged from the Jebuseans and Pheriseans, was split soon after into two factions. The two famous covenants, the covenant of grace and covenant of works, soon divided the spiritual militants. The jarring of divinity caused such dissensions, that in the presence of sixty thousand savages, headed by their warriors, giving the signal for scaling the walls to bury the contending parties under their ruins, grace would not permit works to lend the least assistance for repelling the common foe. It became victorious over the Indians and Christians. It drove the first from its walls, and banished the latter from the city into savannahs and deserts to procure themselves subsistence by the work of their hands.

In a word, persecution on the score of our conscience has thinned the world of fifty millions of human beings by fire and sword. Thousands who have escaped the

* See the *History of Massachusetts' Bay or Boston.*

sword and fagot, have perished, and are daily perishing with hunger and want for their mode of worship. The London riots, occasioned by a pretext of religion, have added about four hundred more, deluded by religious frenzy, to the enormous number. And although they suffered as plunderers and incendiaries, yet religious intolerance in their leaders occasioned the deluded people's destruction.

The history of the calamities occasioned by the Gospel of peace could be concluded with the poet's Epiphonema, *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*—"Such devilish acts religion could persuade."*

The Quakers, to their eternal credit, and to the honor of humanity, are the only persons who have exhibited a meekness and forbearance, worthy the imitation of those who have entered into a covenant of mercy by their baptism. William Penn, the great legislator of that people, had the success of a conqueror in establishing and defending his colony amongst savage tribes, without ever drawing the sword; the goodness of the most benevolent rulers in treating his subjects as his own children; and the tenderness of a universal father, who opened his arms to all mankind without distinction of sect or party. In his republic, it was not the religious creed but personal merit that entitled every member of society to the protection and emoluments of the State. Rise from your grave, great man! and teach those sovereigns who make their subjects miserable on account of their catechisms, the method of making them happy! They whose dominions resemble enormous prisons, where one part of the creation are distressed captives, and the other their unpitying keepers.

I shall examine the charter which is pleaded in justification of restraints on the score of conscience. The

* Creech's Lucretius.

Protestant and Catholic are equally concerned in the discussion. Each would plead for toleration in his turn, and the honor of religion should be vindicated from the imputation of enormities which should be transferred to their real principles—I mean the passions of men, or their ignorance of the limits which religion itself prescribes to their power. I know the difficulty there lies in encountering prejudices which have a long prescription to plead. I shall be asked whether I am ignorant of the rescripts of the popes, inserting in the directory of the Inquisition the imperial constitutions dooming heretics to the flames; the authority of Protestant and Catholic canonists, divines, and civilians, Calvin, Bellarmin, Gomar, benches of Protestant bishops, who gave their votes for enacting the law that doomed myself to transportation and to death if ever I return to my country, though I am conscious of no crime against the State but the crime of a legal creation, viz.: *saying my prayers while others are cursing!* Am I ignorant of the practice of ages, which has given a sanction of fines, forfeitures, imprisonments, and death itself, on the score of religion?—a practice supported by the most learned writers of every denomination, and legible in bloody characters in the annals of Protestant States as well as in the registers of the Inquisition? I answer that I am not ignorant of the sanguinary rubric that first taught the manner of preparing a human victim for the altar of religion in honor of a God, who, instead of requiring such a sacrifice, died on the cross for His creatures, and with expanded arms prayed for His enemies. Neither am I ignorant of the gloomy ritual substituted in certain kingdoms in place of the fagot, and which prescribes the manner of stripping a man in honor of a Gospel which commands to clothe the naked. They must both come under the same description. For, if religion authorize to deprive a man of the

means of supporting life and providing for the education of his children and the maintenance of his family, the same religion authorizes to deprive him of life itself. Religion is alleged on both sides, and as the degree of punishment is arbitrary, and lies at the discretion of the legislator, he can extend or reduce it to what compass he thinks fit, and it is well known that a speedy death is preferable to a tedious agony.

But what if I oppose practice to practice; pope to pope; doctor to doctor? Without a cardinal's robe or a bishop's rochet, what if my arguments in favor of the rights of mankind should outweigh the reasoning of the purpled or mitred apologists of its oppressors? What if my authorities should prove more numerous and illustrious than theirs? What if I should happen to demonstrate that when they allege religion as a sufficient motive for the exertion of oppressive power in such an age or in such a country, it must be the religion of time or place, but not the religion of the Gospel. *Fides temporum non evangeliorum.* Cartesius, in a stove, by remarking the motion of the smoke that rolled from his pipe, gave the first shock to Aristotle's barbarous philosophy, that kept the world in ignorance for so many ages; succeeding geniuses improved upon the new plan; until at last Sir Isaac Newton dispelled the mist, and made the light shine forth in its full lustre. I, in my cell, reflecting on the revolutions that religion has occasioned, not for the good but for the destruction of mankind—revolutions in their morals, by inspiring them with mutual hatred and aversion, by making them believe that they had dispensed with the unchangeable laws of love and humanity, and deluding them into a persuasion that the death or oppression of a fellow-creature on account of his error was an agreeable sacrifice to the Divinity—I, also, by a feeble attempt to overthrow the altar of an idol that has put Jesus Christ

on a level with Moloch, and whose false oracles persuaded mankind that the ears of a God of compassion and tenderness were pleased with the groans of victims tied to the stake, or famishing in dungeons or hovels—may induce others to list under the banner of benevolence, and pave the way for abler hands to raise the structure of human happiness on the ruins of religious frenzy.

Locke has handled the subject as a profound philosopher; Voltaire as a partial satirist, in a declamatory style, more with a view to censure the Scripture than to establish it on its proper grounds. I am confined to the province of a divine, and in that quality shall arraign at the bar of religion itself the calamities to which the mistakes or the passions of men have given rise under pretence of vindicating the Deity. The bigot will consider me as a latitudinarian, to whom all religions are indifferent, and as one who writes in such a manner as dispenses men from the obligation of submitting to the Church. He is mistaken; I am not an architect who would build the edifice of my faith on different plans, nor an ambassador who would sign two contradictory treaties in my legation. Every person is bound to enquire after the truth, and when he finds it to embrace its dictates. If he neglect it, let the blame lie at his own door. Let charity and zeal induce his neighbour to instruct and persuade him when there is a probability of reclaiming him from error; but let not violence, oppression, and wanton insults, be used in order to compel him. God has given him free will and liberty of choosing either fire or water. The sanguinary divines who think it lawful in the supreme magistrate to inflict a capital punishment on misguided religionists (for they do not allow one individual to kill or oppress another on account of difference of religion), acknowledge that heretical and idolatrous kings should not be

deposed or killed by their Christian or orthodox subjects, because, say they, "dominion is not founded in grace, 'but in free will.'"

I would fain know by what right Christian, idolatrous, or orthodox kings, can deprive their heathen, Christian, heretical, or orthodox subjects of their lives or properties, on account of their mental errors? *But the Scripture commands to obey kings in what is lawful;* and where does it command kings to kill or oppress their subjects? When it recommends justice and mercy to the rulers of the earth, does it make any distinction between their heathen, heretical, or orthodox subjects? The Church disclaims the right of the sword, and the use of fines and confiscations, to promote her spiritual ends. The civil powers are not competent judges of speculative errors. How come people, then, to be oppressed between the civil powers and the established church in any State? If it be answered, that the established church in any State can exercise the right of the sword, not by herself, but by her magistrate, then the death of the criminal must entirely lie at the hangman's door, and the judge who passed a final doom on him has no share in the execution. Away, then, for ever with the odious and fallacious distinction!

Are the Catholic and Protestant princes of Germany, who have granted a free exercise of their religion to all their subjects, worse Christians than the Catholic and Protestant princes of barbarous times, who were their subjects' executioners? The Catholics and Protestants who say their prayers in the same church in that tolerating country, are they worse Christians than the Catholics and Protestants whom Henry the Eighth used to couple together on the same hurdle, and order to the place of execution?

Or is the Church that sees her children receive the

sacraments at the rails of the sanctuary wherein the Protestant minister and the Catholic priest officiate by turns, less enlightened and less tenacious of her doctrine than she was in the time of Pope Innocent the Third? Death, fines, and confiscations, then, on the score of conscience, when the religionist behaves as a peaceable subject, are the ungraceful offspring of lawless rule. Tyranny begot it, ignorance fostered it, and barbarous divines have clothed it with the *stolen* garments of religion.

STATE OF THE CASE.

Has the supreme power in any State a right to vindicate the Deity by fines, forfeitures, confiscations, oppression, or the death of men, whose only crime is an erroneous religion which does not disturb the peace of society, whether they be Jews, Mahometans, Christians, heretics, or Catholics, provided they believe a Supreme Being, and rewards and punishments in a future state? For all people exclude from civil toleration those who confound vice and virtue in the horrors of the grave; because the links of society are dissolved when vice loses its horror, and virtue its attractions; when the heart is steeled against the fear of an invisible Judge, and the conscience is unshackled from its bonds.

Answered in the negative. For life, liberty, and the power to accumulate a fortune by honest means, &c., are rights founded in nature; and the rights of nature are not reversed by the religion founded by Him, who declares that He came not to destroy but to save. Much less can they be reversed by civil rulers, who are born like other men, and who would not be distinguished above the crowd, were it not for the social compact by which they bound themselves to protect those rights and preserve them inviolate. If they do

otherwise, as often they have done, and do to this very day, it is by a stretch of power, not by the rule of right, and their only plea is that mentioned in Tacitus, "*Id enim est æquius quod est fortius.*"

From the earliest ages, the boundaries of religion and the concerns of the civil magistrate were kept distinct. If, in the Jewish theocracy alone, they happened to be interwoven, and that a secession from the established religion was made capital, it was by a special commission from God, which Jesus Christ repealed in the New Law, as we shall hereafter prove. Scattered tribes, before they subjected themselves to civil institutions, believed in God, at whose hands they expected the rewards of their virtues, and dreaded the punishment of their misdeeds.

Religion, and conscience, its immediate interpreter, were anterior to society, and altars reeked with the gore of victims before the block was dyed with the blood of malefactors spilled by the sword of the stern magistrate.

For his security and defence, man, on entering into society, gave up part of his liberty to dispose of his actions, his acquisitions, his time, which, in the state of nature, were at his own disposal; but he could never give up his way of thinking, or submit the dictates of his conscience to the magistrate's control. It is an interior monitor, whose voice cannot be silenced by human laws, and which our very passions, our inclinations, our temporal interests can seldom bribe, how prone soever we may be to the collusive compact. Hear this, O ye rulers of the earth! Usurp no authority over God's inheritance. He alone can water and fertilize it with His grace, or, from a hidden judgment not cognizable by an earthly tribunal, strike it with barrenness and sterility. In this life you have power to kill or to save the body, but leave the soul of man to

the God who gave it. Call to mind that you must be regulated by justice. Illustrious culprits, whose authority screens you from the rigor of human laws, if you violate the sacred rules of order, you also are to be judged. The splendour that surrounds you made the prophet cry out, "Ye are gods and sons of the Most High;" but he afterwards eclipses this splendour with the veil of death—"you also must die." Let not bleeding victims and famished objects, for the sake of religion, which the rulers of this earth are the last to observe in their morals, be presented to you by your judge, who will call for your commission, and confront you with the works of your hands. The authority with which you are invested is delegated by the people, and while you enjoy it you claim the sanction of heaven. But neither heaven nor man has granted you a power to punish any but malefactors; and no man is less liable to the imputation than one who follows the dictates of his conscience. To him it is the oracle of the Divinity. In abiding by its dictates, he imagines to please his Creator. An intention to please God is no crime. Mistaken he may be, but every mistaken man is not a malefactor or cheat.

If, in a wanton fit of cruelty, you imitated those African kings, who, leaping into their saddles, cut off their squires' heads with one blow, to display their dexterity, or that Turkish emperor, who, to show the limner his mistake in painting the decollation of John the Baptist, called for a slave, and striking off his head, compared it with the picture, saying to the painter, "You see by this head that the veins in that picture are not sufficiently shrivelled,"—would your power screen you from the guilt of murder? If I am doomed to the stake or deprived of my horse for not swearing to what I do not believe, the laws will justify the informer and executioner, who will say, "The laws of your governors

have so decreed." It is, then, incumbent on governors to examine how far God will justify themselves. Nor is it a sufficient plea that such laws were made by others, when it is by their own authority they are put in execution; it is equal to the individual who is deprived of life or his property, whether it be by the highwayman or the officer of justice, when life or property falls a sacrifice to the integrity of his conscience.

God rejects a homage which the heart belies, and woe to the conscience liable to the magistrate's control! It would be no longer the impregnable fortress that should never surrender but on conviction that such is the will of its Master; it would be the ductile wax on which every new impression would erase the former, and resume it by turns. It would believe the real presence in Rome and Upsal. It would deny it in Geneva and Edinburgh. In Paris it would hope for an empyreal heaven, and joys spiritual and unspeakable, through the merits of Christ, in a future state: an earthly paradise and a seraglio of women amongst never-fading bowers, if it worshipped the great Alla, and Mahomet his prophet, in Constantinople. It would worship a living man in Tartary, and evil genii in Africa. An evident proof that God has never granted any control to kings or governors over the conscience of man, and that it must be left to itself and to the grace of Him who gave it.

For, in every kingdom and government, the magistrates would claim the same power. Every one of them believes himself in the right. I am still in the wrong when I act against my own conscience; instead of making a sincere convert, they will only make a perjured impostor of me. Hence, the wise Theodoric and other monarchs would never confer any extraordinary privileges on those who conformed to their religion. When

one of his courtiers embraced Arianism (that king's religion), "How could you have me trust you," said the monarch, "you who betray your conscience and Christ whom you have worshipped from your early days?" He preferred steady virtue, blended with what he deemed error, to deceitful hypocrisy assuming the mask of truth, and never considered a man's religion as a sufficient plea for excluding him from the rights of a subject.

Must, then, a magistrate be quite indifferent about his religion? Must he see it insulted? Must he see error spread, and stand by, a neutral spectator?

By no means; if he be convinced of the truth of his religion, far from being indifferent about it, his duty is to practise it. And no religion established by the laws of any State, be it ever so false, is to be insulted. It would be equally indecent and ridiculous in a Christian missionary, to cry out in the streets of Constantinople—"Mahomet is a devilish impostor." He would not succeed so well as that Scotchman who went to Rome to convert Pope Ganganelli. To all appearances, he had studied the Revelations well, and found out the number of the beast, as well as the year of his downfall. Accoutred with his Bible and sure of success, he sets off for Rome, and meeting the pope in St. Peter's Church, cries out with a loud voice: "Rome is the scarlet whore, and you are the Antichrist: *Gang awa* for Scotland and become a member of the Kirk."* The pope's attendants requested he would get him confined. "God forbid," replied the pope, "that I would punish an honest man, who has gone through so many hardships for what he thought the good of my soul." He made him some presents, and gave him full liberty to be guided by his *Revelations.*

With regard to the magistrate's duty in preventing

* Moore's Travels.

error from spreading, error may be considered in its different stages, either in its rise or progress. Montesquieu is of opinion that when there is but one religion established in a State, it lies at the magistrate's discretion to reject a new doctrine; but, when many religions have got a footing in the State, they are to be tolerated.

The first part of this maxim is observed in Spain and Portugal; the second, to the happiness of mankind, and the honor of religion, is practised all over Germany, Switzerland, Holland, &c.

It is true the first beginning of a controversy may be checked by a steady severity; and a new doctrine may, perhaps, be eradicated with the death of its authors, without leaving any seeds of future innovations. But still the difficulty recurs, whether the misguided religionist, whose opinions do not interfere with the peace of society, the property of individuals, and the rights of magistracy, and which are less subjected to the criterion of human understanding, being of the speculative kind, is punishable by the magistrate's sword? Reason combines with religion to inform us that he is not, and the experience of ages evinces the impotence of such attempts. "The melancholy with which the fear of death, torture and persecution, inspires the sectaries," says Mr. Hume, "is the proper disposition for softening religious zeal. The prospect of eternal rewards, when brought near, overpowers the dread of temporary punishments; the glory of martyrdom stimulates all the more furious zealots. Where a violent animosity is excited by oppression, men pass naturally from hating the persons of their tyrants, to a more violent abhorrence of their doctrine; and the spectators, moved with pity towards the supposed martyrs, are naturally seduced to embrace those principles which can inspire men with a constancy almost supernatural."

At all events, whatever may be said in favor of

suppressing by persecution the first beginnings of error, no solid argument can be alleged for extending severity to multitudes. Or, if persecution of any kind be allowed, the most violent is the most effectual. Imprisonments, fines, and confiscations, are heavier torments than the stake, wheel, or gibbet. For the man is tormented, but the error is not suppressed.

What is to be done, then, in the first stage of the error? Let the spiritual society to whom the religionist belongs, when he attempts to alter her doctrine, correct, admonish, and exhort him. If he continues to be obstinate, let her refuse him her sacraments, the participation of her spiritual communion, the communication of her spiritual worship—to this alone her power is confined: she may caution her members against the contagion of his errors. Life, limb, the enjoyment of his estate, the authority of a husband, are founded in nature, and cannot be alienated by any spiritual jurisdiction, much less by the civil magistrate, who is not a competent judge of error, and whose sword may pierce the body, but can never control the mind.

But if the laws of God and the rights of mankind do not permit to oppress an individual for his mental errors, what are we to say when numbers of sects get footing in a State? Let the door of toleration be thrown open to them all, and not one of them be exposed as a butt to all the rest. Mutual hatred will relax, and the common occupations and pleasures of life will succeed to the acrimony of religious disputations.

In vain do Calvin, Bellarmin, and other apologists of persecution, arm the magistrate with texts of the Old Law, which commands to stone the false prophets to death; to put idolatrous cities to the sword; and "to slay Agag before the Lord." The Jewish polity is quite different from modern political institutions. God Himself was the immediate governor of society, who worded

by Himself their laws and ceremonies—who blended together their civil and religious institutions—and who had an immediate power to deprive sinful man of the life of which He Himself was the author. Neither was it every false prophet He ordered to be stoned, nor every city He ordered to be put to the sword; but such prophets as sprang up amongst the Jews themselves, and such cities as belonged to the Jewish theocracy—I mean cities inhabited by Jews who had been instructed in His laws and ceremonies. "If a false prophet rise up amongst you in those days." "The city which shall worship gods unknown there before," &c.

This was rebellion against the State which He had taken under His immediate protection, and which was of so peculiar a frame, as to be entirely dissolved by the introduction of idolatry. As if a set of preachers got up now, and instilled into the minds of the people a doctrine that would overthrow the three powers of the State in those kingdoms, to introduce a democracy; or monarchy into Holland, on the ruins of a republican government—they certainly would suffer in both places, not for religion, but for treason, in attempting to overthrow the respective governments.

Hence, the neighbouring cities plunged in idolatry, which were not under the laws of the Jewish theocracy, were not destroyed on account of their false worship, but on account of crimes committed against the laws of nature, which had filled the measure of their iniquities. And Agag, a name so familiar in the mouths of fanatical preachers in the time of Charles the First—and which, to the scandal of that age, and the discredit of the English peers and cavaliers, was couched in their address to Queen Elizabeth, requesting the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, as "Samuel slew Agag"—Agag, I say, was not put to death for worshipping his false *gods,* but for his cruelty and violation of the laws of

nations. "As thy sword," says the prophet, "has made many women childless, so your mother shall be a widow this day."

Sensible rewards and sensible punishments were requisite for the Jewish people. It was requisite to raise a wall of separation between them and neighbouring nations, to prevent the fatal effects of their inclination to idolatry. Their religious worship required to be inseparably interwoven with their civil polity, and considered the infringers of the law of God as rebels to the State, and enemies of their country. Their worship was an instrument in the hands of God to exterminate people polluted with the most abominable crimes: hence afflictive punishments, and death itself, decreed by the law of Moses against Jews fallen into idolatry, or into any other crime contrary to the law.

Those institutions were to have an end; the new alliance, promised in the old, has levelled the barrier that separated Jew and Gentile, uniting both in the profession of the same faith. It proposes more sublime and exalted motives than those proposed by the Mosaic law. In the room of temporal rewards and temporal punishments, it has substituted those of an invisible and eternal nature. It acknowledges no strangers, it knows no enemy, it opens a door of mercy to all, and an entrance into its mysteries without terror or compulsion. It is a delicious fruit, that attracts the eyes of those who choose to view it, but never forces the hand to pluck it. Jesus Christ never said: "Whoever does not follow me shall be miserable in this world; shall be considered as a rebel to the State in which he lives, unprotected by the laws, doomed to the fagot, or stripped of his property." He leaves it to every one's choice, either to follow or renounce Him—"If any one chooses to come after me"—*siquis vult.* When His very disciples intended to quit Him, he does not re-

tain them by compulsion, but says, in a gentle manner, "Are you also willing to quit me?" And it is in vain to boast of Gospel liberty when people are dragged, by confiscations, forfeitures, and death itself, as so many forced victims, into the sanctuary of religion.

It is an abominable palliative to say, that, though the fathers are bad proselytes, yet, the children or grandchildren may be good Protestants or good Catholics. As if the son should be put in the way of salvation by the perjury and hypocrisy of the father, religion propagated by crimes, and evil committed in consideration of the good which may arise from it, in express opposition to the tenets of that religion which forbids it. The religion of Jesus Christ is proposed to all, and the more universal it is, the less it employs terrors and constraints to enforce obedience to its injunctions. It stamps the sentiments of humanity, dictated by the law of nature, with a peculiar character of sweetness and charity.

Scarce had its Founder assembled a few disciples, when two of them, storming with rage for being refused the rights of hospitality, requested permission to bring down the fire of heaven on the inhabitants. They imagined themselves in the time of Elias, when God punished with visible chastisements the insults offered to His prophets. Jesus Christ undeceives them:—"You know not to what spirit you belong; the Son of Man is not come to kill but to save." As if He said, both to them and their successors, "It is no longer the time for menaces and torments. You live under a law whose spirit is not the spirit of error, but the spirit of confidence and love. The Master whom you serve does not thirst after the blood of His enemies; He does not choose to see them at His feet in rage and despair. Forced homages are odious in His eyes, thunder and the exterminating sword are not His arms; He is only

come to convert and save souls, but not to destroy or famish the bodies of men."

Hence, He has not given to those whom He charged with the commission of extending and propagating His religion any instructions but that of imitating His zeal, His patience, and His charity towards mankind. He has furnished them with no other means of making proselytes to His religion, but persuasion, prayer, and good example. The theocratical government is no longer confounded and interwoven with civil and political institutions. The kingdom of Jesus Christ is not of this world. He leaves the rulers of the earth the full enjoyment of their prerogatives, whether they know Him, or whether they blaspheme His name; and He leaves their subjects in full possession of their rights as men.

Jesus Christ does not choose for subjects but such as freely list in His service. Those who are rebellious to His voice He terrifies with the punishment of a future state, and has not commissioned any power on earth to enlarge by force the boundaries of His kingdom. However His creatures may be divided in opinion about speculative points, He has left them one law, which is liable to no private interpretation, but must ever be interpreted in the literal sense, "Love one another, and do not to others what you would not have others do unto you."

Calvin and Bellarmin's remaining arguments consist in similes and some misconstrued passages of the Fathers, who, in their homilies, inveigh against errors in faith, as against adultery, forgery, &c., on account of the divorce which a breach of divine faith causes between God and the Christian soul, and the enormity *of forging* or *counterfeiting* the divine credentials with the *hand of error*. But the disparity is obvious. Adultery, forgery, and similar crimes, fall immediately

under the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate, on account of the injury offered to society, by invading the property of individuals committed to his care. The man who is in error hurts none but himself. If others be misled by him, it is their own choice, and the result of their free will, over which the civil power has no control; nor the ecclesiastical power, but as far as it can refuse such persons the sacraments and the other religious symbols of her communion, which no other church will give those out of her pale, and which no person out of her pale will require.

But in every State is not blasphemy punished, though of a spiritual nature?

Blasphemy is punished, because it is an open irreverence to the Deity, the knowledge of whose attributes, and the dread of whose justice, is the very basis of civil society. But an erroneous opinion in religion can subsist with the respect due to the Deity.

A man, engaged in error, proposes to himself to serve God in the manner he thinks most pleasing to the Sovereign Being. Though he mistakes the right road, yet his intention is sincere. Moreover, blasphemy involves a breach of manners, which has a natural tendency to disturb the peace of society. A friend takes offence if his friend is abused in his presence; a brother, if his brother is used in an indecent manner.

A Jewish rabbin may preach in his synagogue that the Messiah is not yet come, and extricate himself, as well as he can, by doing away the weeks and days of the prophet Daniel. No Christian can blame him, for we all know that it is the man's belief, and that he is sincere, though in error at the same time. But this Jew, convinced that Christ is respected by the Christians, and worshipped by them as their God, would expose himself to the rigor of the magistrate if he openly called Christ an impostor, because he insults the

magistrate more than if he gave this denomination to his father or brother.

The most monstrous absurdity, then, that ever met with apologists in Church or State, is the misdirected zeal that punishes the body for the sincerity of an erroneous conscience,—whereas, no person deserves more the severity of human laws than the impostor who betrays it. The divines themselves, whose forced interpretations of Scripture and theological disputes have armed sovereigns against their subjects, agree that no person can act against the immediate dictates of an erroneous conscience. Hence, the Jew, who is under a conviction that Christ is not God, would be guilty of gross idolatry, if, from motives of worldly interest, he worshipped Him with the Christians. In punishing him for not worshipping Christ, you punish the candor, sincerity, and uprightness of a deluded man, who is afraid to offend his Creator. The same can be said of all others who dissent from any established religion.

But I will be told that, in reasoning thus, I renounce my own creed, whereas the rescripts of popes, the establishment of the Inquisition, and numberless texts of the canon law relating to *heretics*, show what a Catholic clergyman ought to believe.

I have already declared, and sufficiently proved, that the rescripts of all the popes that ever sat in Peter's chair, or ever will, can never make an article of faith for Roman Catholics, any more than a king of England's proclamation can make an article of faith for English Protestants, though he is head of their Church.

Positive laws and human establishments, temporary sanctions and local regulations, are no creeds nor articles of religion: and happy for the honor of the Protestant religion in these realms that they are not. No Catholic divine ever attributed such power to a general council as Sir William Blackstone attributes to the British

Parliament. "It can change," says he, "the religion of the land, and do everything, under heaven, that is possible." If all its acts were to be considered as articles of faith, (as some paltry scribblers would fain obtrude on the public the texts of the canon law, and the rescripts of popes, as articles of Catholic belief,) the world had never seen such a religious creed.

The reader would see, in Gothic characters, imprisonment and death decreed against the priest for saying his prayers; *to pervert or be perverted* to the See of Rome, punished as high treason; a second refusal to take the old oath of supremacy, liable to a similar punishment. He would see the neighbour authorized to take the neighbour's horse; the son authorized to strip the father of his property; the articles of Limerick, under the solemn faith of a capitulation, violated without the least provocation on the part of the inhabitants. From those he would pass to others of less importance. He would see a solemn act of the legislature commanding women to declare their own shame, and making it high treason in them to marry the king if they were not virgins.*

The Catholic orator, who would fain be on equal terms with his Protestant brother, either in the pulpit or in print, would amplify his theme, enumerate the circumstances, and, in a long strain of invective, hold forth that it is a principle of the Protestant religion to persecute to death those of a different religion; to encourage disobedience and rebellion in children to their parents; to rob a man of his property; to violate the law of nations; to be so incredulous as not to believe their own eyes, and to administer to the passions and lust of their kings; then to produce extracts of their statutes in corroboration of the charge, and to cast those horrors on all the Protestants in the world!

* *See the monstrous* Acts of Parliament in the reign of Henry VIII.

The candid, impartial man, would be more nice than to confound the actions of men and their positive laws with the principles of the Protestant religion. And candor should induce the ministers of the Gospel not to revile the body of Catholics, by extending local regulations, exaggerating facts, and erecting the mistakes and prejudices of a few into a religious creed, and a symbol of orthodoxy for the whole. Those laws, then, that doom heretics to death, as well as the establishment of the Inquisition, are no parts of a Catholic creed, no more than the fore-mentioned acts of parliament are part of the Church of England's creed. The true religion should be preserved and perpetuated by the same means that established it—by preaching the Word of God, attended with prudence and discretion, the practice of all Christian virtues, boundless peace and charity.

Machiavel is of opinion, that "disarmed prophets never made any conquests." Whatever respect is due to him on account of his skill in sanguinary politics and literature, in this maxim he betrays equal ignorance and impiety. No prophet ever appeared more destitute of arms than Jesus Christ; no prophet ever made such rapid and extensive conquests—I mean conquests such as He intended to make—by winning the hearts, changing the interior dispositions of men, and, from bad and wicked, making them good and virtuous.

The Christian religion gained ground under the heathen emperors, in the midst of the most violent persecutions during three centuries.

The reverend gentlemen, who thought it lawful for kings to handle the sword in vindication of the Deity, should have recollected that all the Fathers, during five centuries, took this famous saying of Tertullian for their motto, "*Non est religionis, religionem*

cogere."—It is not the province of religion to force religion. It is needless to crowd my page with them. St. Gregory the Great, who lived in the sixth century, and knew the obligations of religion as well as any of his successors, writes to a bishop who had beaten one of his clergy for heresy, that it is an unheard-of and novel method of preaching the gospel, to enforce faith with the cudgel—"*Nova et inaudita prædicatio, quæ baculo adigit fidem.*" No heretics were more dangerous in a State than the Priscillianists, whose maxim was to swear and forswear themselves sooner than betray their secrets. Their doctrine was condemned in a council in Spain, but their persons left at liberty. Two Spanish bishops, Ithacius and Ursatius, solicited the tyrant Maximus to put Priscillian to death. Hence, St. Martin of Tours, and all the bishops of Gaul and Spain, would never communicate with those sanguinary prelates, who were afterwards banished. Even a council that was held, would not admit any bishop who would communicate with one Felix, who concurred in the accusation of Priscillian, and whom the Fathers call "a murderer of heretics."

The Council of Toledo forbids the use of violence to enforce belief; "because," add the fathers, "God shows mercy to whom He thinks fit, and hardens whom He pleases." "*Præcipit sancta synodus nemini deinceps ad credendum vim inferre. Cui enim Deus vult miseretur, et quem vult indurat.*"* And the Council of Lateran, under Pope Alexander III., acknowledges that the Church regrets bloody executions on the score of religion. Which proves to demonstration that the canon charged to the fourth Council of Lateran, under Innocent the Third, in which canon "the secular powers are addressed to make an oath to exterminate all heretics out of their territories; and in case of

* Cap. de Judæis, dist. 43.

refusal, to have their subjects absolved from their allegiance, and the lands of the heretics to be seized by the Catholics," &c., is spurious. Collier, the Protestant historian, in his fifth volume of ecclesiastical history, acknowledges that it is not found in any copy coeval with the council. Some hundred years after the council it was produced to light by a German: and we know full well, that at that time several spurious pieces were produced to serve the purposes of rancour.

Were even such a decree, or others of a similar nature, genuine, the Catholics would reject them, without any breach of faith; because the Church has no power over life, limb, the rights of sovereigns, the property of individuals, or any temporal concern whatsoever. Her bishops, then, whether separately or in a collective body, cannot graft any such power into their spiritual commission. They would act in an extrajudicial manner, and beyond the limits of their sphere. This I have proved in my "Remarks" on Mr. Wesley's letters, and elsewhere.

"Far from countenancing cruelty, death, and oppression, the spirit of the Church was in such a manner the spirit of meekness and charity, that she prevented, as much as in her power, the death of criminals, and even of her most cruel enemies," says Fleury. "You have seen how the lives of the murderers of the martyrs of Aunania were saved, and St. Austin's efforts to preserve the Donatists, (who had exercised such cruelties against the Catholics,) from the rigor of the imperial laws. You have seen how much the Church detested the indiscreet zeal of those bishops, who persecuted the heresiarch Priscillian to death. In general, the Church saved the lives of all criminals, as far as she had power. St. Augustine accounts for this conduct, in his letter to Macedonius, where we read, that the Church wished there were no pains in this life, but of the healing kind,

to destroy not man but sin, and to preserve the sinner from eternal torments."*

If, in after ages, some popes and bishops deviated from this plan of meekness and moderation, their conduct should not involve a consequence injurious to the principles of the Catholic Church, which condemns such proceedings. The religion of Catholics and Protestants condemns frauds, fornications, drunkenness, revenge, duelling, perjury, &c. Some of their relaxed and impious writers have even attempted, not only to palliate, but even to apologise for such disorders. The children of the Christian religion daily practise them: is the Christian religion accountable for the breach of her own laws?

We prefer, then, the primitive Fathers of the Church to Sylvester a Prieris and some other canonists; and we suppose as much knowledge and zeal for the Catholic religion in Gregory the Great and his predecessors, as in any of his successors in ages less refined.

The opposition given in Catholic countries to the establishment of the Inquisition—the death of the inquisitors by the hands of the people—and the general odium it raised—prove that sparks of the moderation and meekness recommended in the Gospel, and practised in the primitive times with regard to people of a different persuasion, were not quite extinct even in the ages of darkness and barbarism. Popes themselves opposed its introduction into Venice, and whether from polity or piety I shall not take on me to determine.

But Berkley remarks, that "if policy induced a pope to oppose its introduction in a certain State, policy might have induced another pope to introduce it into his own."† I am convinced he was not mistaken in his conjectures.

* *Fleury*, Discours 2, No. 9. † *Minute Philosopher.*

The pope was in possession of a city which formerly gave birth to so many heroes, besides a good territory bestowed on him by several sovereigns. He thought it high time to look about him when all Europe was in one general blaze. The liberty of the Gospel preached by Muncer and several other enthusiasts, threw all Germany into a flame, and armed boors against their sovereigns. As he was a temporal prince, he dreaded for his sovereignty, as well as other crowned heads in his neighbourhood, and the more so as his soldiers were better skilled in saying their beads than handling the musket.

Great events, the downfall of empires, and the rise or destruction of extraordinary characters, are commonly foretold in oracles, both sacred and profane. She found herself in the same dubious and critical situation with Montezuma, when the Spaniards landed in America:—

> "Old prophecies foretell our fall at hand,
> When bearded men in floating castles land."*

Long before the Reformation, the dimensions of his city were taken, the line was extended over its walls, and it was discovered that it was the "great city, built on seven hills, the harlot that had made the kings of the earth drunk with her cup," and that her sovereign "was Antichrist, the man of sin," mentioned by St. Paul in his epistle to the Thessalonians. Wickliff, Huss, and Jerome of Prague, had laid down a rule many years before, that "popes, princes, and bishops in the state of mortal sin have no power;" and a state of grace was, doubtless, incompatible with the character of Antichrist. Jerome of Prague, who was burned afterwards at Constance, to show that Rome was the harlot of the Revelations, after beating one monk and drowning another, dressed one day a prostitute in a pope's attire, with the

* Dryden's *Indian Queen.*

three-crowned cap made of paper as her head-dress, without being so careful of the rest of her body; leads the female pontiff, half naked, in procession through the streets of Prague, in derision of a religion professed by the magistrates.

Some *well-bred* divines there are, who justify such proceedings, on the principal that it was requisite at that time "to cry aloud, and use a strong wedge to break the knotty block of Popery." I do not believe there is a well-bred Protestant living, who would applaud either *martyr* or *divine* who would exhibit such a merry spectacle in the streets of Dublin or London; or who would shed a tear for his loss, if, after exhibiting such a show in Rome or in Paris, he fell into the hands of the Inquisition, or were sent to the galleys. The Gospel truth is no enemy to decency.

St. Paul, in pleading his cause before Festus, did not inveigh against his vestal virgins, the adulteries of their gods, or the wickedness of his emperors. Let a religion of State be ever so false, the magistrate who professes it will feel himself insulted when it is attacked in a gross, injurious manner; and if apologies can be made for indecencies and seditious doctrines, under pretence of overthrowing idolatry, some allowance must be made for men who think themselves insulted by such attacks.

The pope, then, as a sovereign prince, had everything to dread, when the thrones of the German princes began to totter from the shocks of inspiration; but what still increased his alarms was, the unfolding of the Revelations, which held him up to all Europe as the Antichrist, the general enemy of Christians, who should be destroyed. Lest any one should miss his aim, it was proved from the Revelations that he was the beast with ten horns; and in bearing down such a game, the world was to be renewed, and the peaceful reign of the Millennium, during which Christ was to reign with the saints

on earth, was to begin. The time was approaching—old John Fox, the martyrologist, says, that "after long study and prayers, God had cast suddenly into his mind, by divine inspiration, that the forty-two months must be referred to the Church's persecution from the time of John the Baptist." This calculation was to bring on the pope's destruction about the year 1600. Brightman was more precise, and foretold the final downfall of the pope in the year 1546, others in 1556, and others in 1559. Luther came closer to the famous era, and published his prophecy, in which it was revealed to him that the Pope and the Turk would be destroyed in two years after the date of his oracle. This certainly was a close attack on the pope, who, in all appearance, did not like to die so soon, even of a natural death. He apprehended the accomplishment of the oracles the more, as at that time almost every one was inspired, and ready to do anything for the destruction of Antichrist!

Alexander Ross, in his "View of Religions," describes numbers of those prophets, and among the rest one Hermannus Sutor, a cobbler of Optzant, who professed himself a true prophet and the Messiah, Son of God—a very dangerous neighbour for Antichrist! This man, to receive the prophetic inspiration, stretched himself naked in bed, and after ordering a hogshead of strong beer to be brought close to him, began to drink in the source of inspiration, and to receive *the spirit by infusion*, when, on a sudden, "he," to use the words of Alexander Ross, "with a Stentor's voice and a horrid howling, among other things, often repeated this: 'Kill, cut throats without any quarter, of all these monks, all these popes! Repent, repent, for your deliverance is at hand!'"* However extraordinary such a character

* Ross's *View of Religions.* In the appendix, p. 31.

would appear now, yet, at that time, inspiration was so frequent, that one would imagine all Germany was a nation of prophets; and Hermannus, who was afterwards put to death by Charles, Lord of Guelderland, had credit enough to make proselytes.

The pope, thus aimed at as an object of destruction from all quarters, and seeing almost in every nation in Europe a nursery of prophets foretelling his ruin, and animating the candidates for sanctity to undertake the pious task, began to tremble not only for his territories, but moreover for his personal safety. He knew that the imaginations of his Italian subjects were naturally warm, and that, if but one of them caught the prophetic flame, the stiletto would soon be darted into Antichrist. He found imperial laws already enacted; and as he was a temporal prince, whose person was more exposed than any highwayman in Europe, he copied these laws into his directory, and erected the Inquisition as a barrier between himself and the formidable foes, who not only foretold his downfall, but encouraged their followers to fulfil the prediction.

The impartial reader, in tracing this formidable tribunal, will discover a political establishment and a temporal safeguard. None can infer from its institution that it is lawful, by the principles of religion, to deprive a man of his life precisely on account of his worship; and every one must acknowledge, that if ever a prince, whose life and territories were in danger, was authorized to take the severest precautions to secure both, no mortal could plead for greater indulgence in having recourse to rigorous measures, than one who united in his person the dignity of a prince, which at that time was both an object of envy and detestation to people who considered sovereignty as subversive of Christian liberty, and the character of a sovereign pontiff, which made him pass for an outlaw and the great

enemy of Christ, in whose destruction the world was so deeply concerned. Let any person put himself in his case, and judge for himself.

It is, then, to those authors who disgraced themselves, and exposed the oracles of the Christian religion to the derision of infidels, with their fanatical calculations, their beasts, horns, and strained allegories of seven hills—it is to the rage of people who could not take more effectual steps to get him stabbed in his church or his palace, and to the terrors of a man who thought himself justifiable in providing for his personal safety, that the world is indebted for the Inquisition in Rome. Its fires are daily extinguishing in proportion as prophecy is diminishing; and the liberty of a refined age discovers no horns on the head of a Ganganelli, or Benedict the Fourteenth, who united in their persons the grandeur of kings, the discretion of bishops, the elegance of courtiers, and the learning of philosophers.

The two last prophets I have read, who have brought the pope's destruction nearer our own times, are Whiston and Burroughs. The first foretold that the pope's destruction would happen in 1724; and the second, finding Mr. Whiston's prophecy contradicted by time, began himself to prophesy that this great event was to happen in 1760. Yet, since these two prophets "have been gathered unto their fathers," the air of Rome has not been embalmed with the effluvia of the smoking blood of a Jew; and in Spain and Portugal we hear no longer of human victims being offered up as "a sacrifice of agreeable odour to the Lord."

In those two kingdoms the Inquisition owes its origin to causes much similar to those which gave it rise at Rome; but causes, however, which did not so immediately affect the sovereign, who was blended with the common mass of monarchs, without any peculiar distinction to expose him to the hatred of mankind, or to

afford an assassin a plea of impunity, by alleging that he was the deliverer of the world, by ridding it of the enemy of the Son of God, described in the prophecies of Daniel, pointed out in the Revelations, and whose downfall was foretold at such a time by the most celebrated interpreters of Scripture.

The Spaniards, struggling for a long time with Mahomet's followers, who had invaded their country, and reduced them not only to the most abject slavery, but moreover forced them to supply the fire of their lusts with continued fuel, by sending an annual tribute of Christian virgins to their seraglios, made at last that great effort so memorable in history.

It is well known that before the defeat of the Moors, and their total expulsion from the Spanish dominions, they were preparing underhand for war, and had their leaders already chosen. Banished for ever from a kingdom where they had trampled on the laws which all Christians, and even heathen fathers, deem most sacred, a barrier to their return was erected; and as by their own laws every Christian who had any connexion with a Mahometan woman is to pass through the fire, the tables were turned on themselves, and the expectants of an earthly paradise were threatened with the fagot if they returned to initiate the children of Christians in their mysteries.

The most effectual way to remove prejudices is—to put one's self in other people's situation. And if the establishment of the Inquisition seems severe and unreasonable, it must be acknowledged that the love of life and the abhorrence of oppression are passions that very often overpower reason itself. No man would choose to be considered as an outlaw on whose head a price was set, and to whose destruction thousands were animated under the sanction of Scripture. Neither is it in the nature of Christian kings, who often destroy

their own relations when they suspect them of aspiring to their throne, to suffer the sworn enemies of the Gospel, and the corrupters of the morals it enforces, in the possession of their provinces and palaces, when they can recover what they deem their right. It was, then dread of danger, a love of liberty, a deep sense of injuries, and a provisionary caution against death and oppression, not a principle of religion, that gave rise to the Inquisition in Rome, Spain, and Portugal. It is not from the Church it can derive any power; and if it has any other motive in view than to secure the peace of society by temporal means, it exceeds the limits of its authority. For, error in faith is not a crime, but relatively to a supernatural order, which does not come within the verge of civil jurisdiction; and the last resource of the Church is only a canonical censure. Those censures she never denounces but against her own rebellious children, reared up in her bosom; and with regard even to those she is bound to use the greatest precaution.

Her spiritual weapons should not be drawn but against the enormities of individuals; nor against those, when they are powerful enough to raise a faction or party; nor against any one, when it is probable they will not obtain the end proposed—I mean the correction of the sinner. "With regard to the multitude, censures are never employed," says St. Austin. Exhortations, not commands—instructions, not menaces, are, then, her only weapons. And when any of her popes or bishops adopted any other plan, they consulted more their power and the rigor of the law than the rules of prudence. They behaved like those hot-headed princes who, finding a great number of their subjects guilty of insurrection, would put them all to the sword, at the hazard of seeing their kingdoms depopulated.

Whence, then, came those rigorous laws on the

score of religion to be introduced? If speculative errors, unconnected with principles subversive of subordination and morality, have been the only motives, it must be acknowledged that they originated in an abuse of power, and an error of fact as well as right, which made princes believe that, as they were the arbiters of life and death, they could punish all kinds of crimes, whether against God or the peace of civil society. In matters more immediately within the reach of the civil magistrate, the laws of all nations afford instances of power extending beyond the limits of reason, and confounding the sacred rules of equity, which proportion the punishment to the offence. Thus, in Holland, a subject forfeits his life if he kill a stork, when a few dollars would be a sufficient penalty, especially for a Dutchman. In England, the cutting down a cherry-tree in an orchard is a capital offence; and in Ireland, I have seen two men put to death—the one because a sheep was found in his *bawn*, which the real thief had left there, and the other for a miserable calfskin, which he bought on the high road from the man who stole it, and who, doubtless, did not inform the purchaser of the manner in which he had acquired it,—when the laws dictated by God Himself decreed no more than the restitution of an ass against the thief who had stolen one from his neighbour, and a fourfold restitution against the man who stole an ox.

If princes and other rulers, then, magnify objects in such a manner as to make trifles capital, in consequence of their power, to which they imagine no bounds should be prescribed, let us not be surprised if monarchs, who thought themselves the delegates of heaven, and answerable for any crime against the Divinity which they would countenance in their State, have enacted laws which torture the body for the errors of the mind.

It was with difficulty that King Edward the Sixth was prevailed on not to commit his sister Mary to the flames; for he could not reconcile his conscience to permit his sister to live in idolatry, when it was in his power to check the progress of such a disorder.

We see by the different edicts against heretics in the Theodosian code, that the first Christian emperors did not, however, consider religious error as a sufficient cause for capital punishment. Constantine grants a free toleration to all Christians in one of his edicts; in another, he restrains this indulgence to Catholics alone. In one edict, he orders the churches to be taken from the Donatists; in another, he moderates the rigor of this edict, by permitting them to return to their country, and to live there quietly, "reserving to God the punishment of their crime." Remarkable words! We have seen before how the primitive Fathers opposed sanguinary executions, and pleaded for liberty of conscience. St. Hilary earnestly requests the Emperor Constantius to grant his subjects liberty of conscience, whether they be Arians or not.

If, then, in an age enlightened by the works of the Fathers, and after the example set by Constantine, the Emperor Theodosius condemned Manicheans to the fire, it must be more owing to abominable practices than to speculative errors; and, if succeeding emperors continued the same rigor, it is that sedition or immorality, or both, kept pace, and were incorporated with speculative deviations. Scarce an age since Theodosius's time, until of late years, but brooded some immoral or seditious doctrine, which armed the magistrate's hand with the exterminating sword. Great part of St. Austin's time was taken up in pleading for mercy with the African governors, in favor of the Donatists and Crescellians, who continually exercised the greatest cruelties.

Another age gave rise to the Patarini, who, amongst other errors, maintained that no mortal sin could be committed by the lower part of the body. The theory was reduced to practice, and, doubtless, the magistrate was roused to severity.

The Albigenses said that God had two wives. Marriage, however, was condemned, without considering chastity as a virtue. In detestation of the sacrament of the altar, churches were turned into receptacles for the unhappy votaries of Venus; and in the sanctuary, where the magistrate was accustomed to see the minister of religion officiate, nothing could be seen but offerings to Cloacina. In 1230, the Stadings of Germany honored Lucifer, inveighed against God for condemning that rebel-angel to darkness, and held that one day he should be re-established, and they should be saved with him; whereupon they taught that until that time it was not requisite to serve God, but quite the contrary, and reduced their theory to practice.

To write the history of all the sects which gave rise to the severe sanctions of kings, from the time of the Emperor Theodosius down to the sixteenth or seventeenth century, would be to attempt writing a history of all the horrors and abominations of which abandoned man is capable. In this long space of time, the sects most free from any mixture of immorality, gave umbrage to the civil power, by their seditious tenets and insurrections.

Huss's doctrine in Bohemia sowed the seeds of civil wars. Wickliff's doctrine in England was productive of similar fruits. The fagot did not blaze in England until the Lollards began to overturn the State. In the sixteenth century, what wars, what commotions in Germany, in consequence of fanatical delusion! The most moderate Protestant divines of that age, complain in their writings of the confusion introduced by sec-

taries. Heylin, in his "Cosmography," talks of some of them as "begotten in rebellion, born in sedition, and nursed by faction." And Dr. Walton, in the preface to his "Polyglot," says, that "Aristarchus, heretofore, could scarce find seven wise men in Greece; but that, in his time, so many idiots were not to be found, for all were divinely learned." Hence," continues the Doctor, "the bottomless pit seems to have been set open, and locusts are come out with stings—a numerous race of sectaries, who have renewed all the ancient heresies, and invented many monstrous opinions of their own."

In examining, then, the laws enacted against heretics, and tracing them up to their origin—in taking a review of the times and circumstances in which they were enacted, and the tenets of the persons against whom they were levelled—in weighing the Emperor Constantine's words, already quoted, and observing the instability of his opinion in the change of his laws, we can, with every reason, presume that error in doctrine was never deemed a sufficient title to deprive a man of his life or property, by the most pious and enlightened Christian legislators.

Immorality or sedition, mingling with the speculative opinion unpunishable in itself by any civil tribunal, drew the vengeance of the laws upon the entire system and its abettors, as the circulation of bad coin is punished by the magistrate, not on account of the particles of gold or silver, but on account of the base metal which predominates and debases it. If time, civilization, commerce, a more extensive knowledge of mankind and the rights of society, helped the mind to work off the feculence of pernicious opinions, as rough wines work off their tartar; freedom of thought, its inalienable prerogative, was at last reconciled amongst most men with the principles of morality and the peace of society. Men have changed, but long habit and the

power of rule have still, in many places, kept up laws which confound mistaken notions of a spiritual nature with practical principles which disturb the order of society. Heresy is of too indeterminate a signification to become the object of legal vengeance; and to punish a man for Popery, is to punish him because another pronounces a word of three syllables. Let the heretic and papist who rob, steal, murder, preach up sedition, rebellion, and immorality, suffer like all other felons. But the magistrate who punishes an honest, peaceable man, for following the religion of his education and the dictates of his conscience, and the legislators who authorize him to do so, both forget themselves and the rights of mankind.

The heathen magistrates punished none for worshipping many gods. But we read of a city whose inhabitants were all drowned, for adopting the impiety of Diagoras, who was a declared Atheist.

The Christian magistrate will not punish a man who has no religion, because the versatile conscience of such a man will mould itself into any frame. But the upright man, who, from fear of offending God, will not resign his way of thinking but upon a thorough conviction that he is in error, is deemed unworthy the protection of the laws. His conscience, which it would be a crime to betray, is made a crime by positive institutions.

The laws of God command me not to act against the immediate dictates of my conscience. The laws of man make this conformity to the dictates of my conscience a crime, and I am accordingly punished.

Towards people confirmed in the prejudices of their education and the religion of their fathers, no severity, tending to deprive them of the rights to which nature entitles them, should be used. It is the unanimous opinion of the Fathers, and a large volume could be composed of passages extracted from the works of

modern writers of every denomination in support of the assertion:—"We know that faith may yield to persuasion, but it never will be controlled."* "Remember, that the diseases of the soul are not to be cured by restraint and violence."† "Indulge every one with civil toleration."‡

If to the spirit of the Gospel, the authority of Fathers, councils, the practice of the primitive times, and the opinions of the most learned of the modern writers, we add arguments drawn from the sources of Divinity, we expect to disarm the magistrate, and to prevail on him to sheathe the sword which God never commanded him to wield against the professors of peaceable errors.

Faith is a gift of God, which it is not in the power of the State either to give or take away. It depends chiefly on the change of the heart, the interior dispositions of the mind, and the grace of the Almighty, which it is in His power alone to give in greater or lesser abundance to His creatures. We do not pretend to open the gate to error, or to lull mortals asleep in an indifference to the truth. We only beseech the powers of the earth not to add to the calamities of Adam's children, by fines, confiscations, poverty, restraints, or death, for abstruse and speculative matters beyond the reach of human control. We know that God, being everywhere present to call His creatures to His service, to support them in their hope, to confirm them in His love, to help their endeavours, and to hear their prayers, it is their own fault if they perish. To some He gives the knowledge of His law, but they reject it; others He inspires with the spirit of prayer, but they neglect it. He speaks to the hearts of all, but few listen to His voice. Some He converts by an effectual grace, who plunge them-

* Flechier, Bishop of Nismes. † Cardinal Camus.
‡ Fenelon to the Duke of Burgundy.

selves a second time into their disorders. Some He strengthens and fortifies in the constant love of order and justice to the last moment of their lives, and others He gives up to their blindness and corruption. He permitted the first man to sin, and thus to involve us in all miseries, when it was in His power to prevent sin, without thus destroying His liberty. And this will ever be an insoluble difficulty to man.

Faith, then, depending entirely on the interior dispositions of the mind, the quantity of grace, and the measure of spiritual science which it is in the power of God either to increase, or, from a just, but hidden judgment, to diminish, the want of it cannot be punished by any earthly tribunal; because the magistrate's power extends only to outward crimes that disturb the temporal peace of society, but not to the hidden judgments of God, nor to the interior dispositions of the mind, nor to the disbelief of divine truths—the necessary result of both. Death, restraints, and confiscations, then, on the score of religion, are murders and robberies, under the sanction of mandatory.

"We were of opinion," says St. Austin, writing to the Manicheans, "that other methods were to be made choice of; and that to recover you from your errors, we ought not to persecute you with injuries and invectives, or any ill-treatment, but endeavour to procure your intention by soft words and exhortations, which would show the tenderness we have for you, according to that passage of Holy Writ: The servant of the Lord ought not to love strife and quarrels, but to be gentle, affable, and patient towards all mankind; and to reprove with modesty those who differ from him in opinion. Let them only treat you with rigor, who know not how rare and painful a work it is calmly to dissipate the carnal phantoms that disturb even a pious mind. Let those treat you with rigor, who are ignorant of

the extreme difficulty that there is to purify the eye of the inward man, to render him capable of seeing the truth, which is the sun and light of the soul. Let those treat you with rigor, who have never felt the sighs and groans that a soul must heave before it can have any knowledge of the Divine Being. To conclude, let those treat you with rigor, who never have been seduced into errors near akin to those you are engaged in.

"I pass over in silence that pure wisdom, to which but a few spiritual men attain in this life; so that, though they know but in part, because they are men, yet, nevertheless, they know what they do know with certainty; for in the Catholic Church it is not penetration of mind, nor profound knowledge, but simplicity of faith, which puts men in a state of safety."

To such an illustrious authority we shall add another. Salvianus, Bishop of Marseilles, discoursing on the Arian Vandals, speaks as follows:—"They are ignorant of what is commonly known among other men, and only know what their doctors have taught them, and follow what they have heard them say. Men so ignorant as these find themselves under a necessity of learning the mysteries of the Gospel, rather by the instructions that are given them than by books. The tradition of their doctors, and the received doctrines, are the only rules they follow, because they know nothing but what they have taught them. They are, then, heretics, but they know it not. They are so in our account, but they believe it not; and think themselves such good Catholics, that they treat us as heretics, judging of us as we do of them. We are persuaded that they believe amiss concerning the divine generation, when they maintain the Son inferior to the Father; and they imagine that we rob the Father of His glory, who believe them both to be

equal. We have the truth on our side, and they pretend it on theirs. We give God His honor, and they think they honor Him better. They fail in their duty, but they imagine they perform it well, and they make true piety consist in what we call impious. They are in a mistake, but with a great deal of sincerity; and it is so far from being an effect of their hatred, that it is a mark of their love of God, since, by what they do, they show the greatest respect for the Lord, and zeal for His glory. Therefore, though they have not true faith, they, nevertheless, look upon that as a perfect love of God. It belongs only to the Judge of the universe to know how those men will be punished for their errors at the last day."

"As to what is concealed from the knowledge of mortals," says St. Chrysostom, "let the Searcher of hearts determine, who alone knows the measure of knowledge and the quantity of faith, whose judgments are inscrutable and ways unsearchable."*

Religion, then, recoils at the thoughts of stripping the victim for his mode of worship. We should make allowance for the weakness of our fellow-creatures, and reflect that few persons view objects in the same light. What makes a deep impression on me, makes but a slight impression on another. Universal orthodoxy has never been established since Cain built the first city, and separated from the children of God, nor ever will to the end of time.

Amidst the dark and doubtful images of things, the sport of the passions, the prejudices of education, the disputes of the learned, and the clouds that hang over weak and fluctuating reason, it is hard to separate the clear from the obscure, truth from error, and to assign them their proper situations in light and shade. Add to this what I remarked before, that faith is a

* *Homilia contra anathematizantes.*

gift of God, to which the heart must be disposed by the operations of an interior grace, which God alone can give, and which is obtained more by prayer than by disputing. If we take a survey of nature itself, which God has given up to the disputes of men, the smallest insect baffles our severest scrutiny. From the ant up to the elephant, and from the germination of a blade of grass to the immense bodies that swim in the yielding ether above—everything is an inexplicable mystery. The very soul, with whose nature we should be better acquainted, and from whose active powers we derive our faculties and judgment, is a torch with which we are enabled to view the universe, and yet our philosophy knows not where it shines. Some assign the brain for the seat of this immortal spirit, others the blood, others the pineal gland, and others, unable to comprehend how matter and spirit can be so closely interwoven as to form one compound called man, assert that the soul abides at a distance from the body, and influences it as the sun influences certain planets that turn round and humour its motion.

What an immense library could be made up of all the books on this immortal spark that animates us! Whether it existed before its union with the body—whether it undergoes the same fate of extinction—if it survives, whether it goes to the silent shades of the dead, naked, or clothed in a thin pellicle imperceptible to the anatomist's eye, but qualifying it in the other world for feeling the smarting sensations excited by tormenting fire, which otherwise could not affect a pure spirit without having recourse to an extrordinary power, the miraculous exertion whereof is spared by this coat of imperceptible *skins* cut for the spirit in a philosopher's brain—the soul's state and residence in the long interval between death and the final consummation of all things.

Burnet, the learned author of the "Theory of the Earth," laughs at the purgatory of the Catholics, but strikes into a path in which few Protestant divines would choose to take him for their guide. He admits none to the clear light of God until after the resurrection, heaps up testimonies to vindicate prayers for the dead, establishes *kades*, a receptacle for souls, and a middle state, where they expect the coming of Christ and the sound of the last trumpet.*

If from ourselves, and nature that surrounds us, we make an excursion into the region of mysteries, with what darkness has not God overspread "the face of the deep!" What disputes between Catholic and Protestant writers on one side, and the Arians and Socinians on the other, about the divine generation of the Son of God! What a deluge of blood spilt on that occasion, when the Arians were supported by powerful emperors, who drew the sword to decide the controversy!

Should one of the Bramins come amongst us, and, after studying our language, sit down to read the Scriptures, to consult our writers, and to determine upon the choice of a religion, what a laborious task! From the time of Pelagius down to our days, what disputes about original sin! How could it be propagated to a child, whose body could not sin—whose soul came pure from its Creator's hands—whose father and mother were purified themselves from original stain, and guiltless in complying with the institutions of God and nature. Let this Bramin read the works of the divines of the Church of England in favor of infant baptism, he will regret his not having been consecrated to God before the use of his reason. When he reads the Anabaptist divines against infant

* In his book *De Statu Mortuorum et Resurgentium.*

baptism, he will rejoice that he did not enter too soon into a covenant, whereof he did not know the conditions and terms.

When Barclay published his "Apology" for the Quakers, he cut out a good task for the divines of the Church of England, who were obliged to display their erudition in order to refute him. If from baptism we pass to the Lord's supper, what difficulties to encounter! what arguments against the real presence by Zuinglius, Calvin, De Moulins, Claude, Tillotson! And what formidable opponents have not these writers to engage in the persons of Luther and the Lutheran divines, Bossuet, Arnauld, and the numerous tribe of Catholic divines! Text for text—reason for reason! Assailants and defendants take their weapons from the same arsenal, and handle them with surprising address and skill.

If the Church of England be consulted on the important mystery, her answer only puzzles and perplexes. "What is the inward part of the sacrament?" "The body and blood of Christ, verily and indeed received by the faithful." For, as Dr. Burnet remarks, the divines who composed the Liturgy had orders to leave it as a speculative point, not determined, in which every person was left to the freedom of his own choice.* If the divines, after searching the Scriptures and Fathers, call philosophy to their assistance, Mr. Locke, one of its oracles, will tell them that the idea of body and the idea of place are so closely connected, that it is impossible to conceive one body in two different places at the same time. Cartesius, who was the first that dispossessed Aristotle of his throne—Gassendi, that famous priest, who revived and improved Epicurus's system of atoms—Cassini, and thousands besides, were as well

* *Hist. of the Reformation*, b. iii.

acquainted as Locke with the nature of place and bodies, and doubtless his superiors in knowledge of the mathematics, yet they could discover no contradiction in the same body being in different places at the same time, when once they supposed the interposition of infinite power, and the pliancy of space and matter, to the irresistible will of Omnipotence, which can either create or annihilate them.

Thus, after a laborious excursion into the provinces of philosophy and theology, the philosophical divine must return back to the first elements of logic and grammar that treat of the modes of speech, and, from the combination of time, place, and circumstances, the nature of the testament, or last will of a man on the eve of his death, (but a man who united in the same person the sinless weakness of humanity, with the power and nature of the Godhead,) determine whether he spoke in a literal or figurative sense. For place and body, matter and space, are incomprehensible riddles, which the greatest philosophers are at a loss how to unravel. The sensations of cold, hunger, thirst, pain, and pleasure, convince us sufficiently that we have bodies whose daily decay we are continually repairing with sleep and aliment. We are in like manner convinced that there is such a thing as place, when we remove from the fireside to bed—where, locked up in the close arms of sleep, we are for a while in an intermediate state between life and death, dreaming sometimes that we are sovereigns swaying the sceptre of authority, and at other times trembling under the hands of the executioner, who has the axe in his hand to sever the head from the body, or the rope to strangle us—alternately enjoying the grandeur of kings, and undergoing the punishment of criminals, without the reality of either. The different impressions we receive from the sun, moon, and stars, scorching flames, and refresh-

ing springs, make us believe that there are other bodies in nature besides those frail machines we carry about us.

In a word, sensations from within, and impressions from without, concur to convince us that there are places and bodies. The arguments of divines, and the severity of human laws in support of those arguments, consigning those bodies to prison, death, banishment, or hunger, are collateral proofs that we have those bodies, and that we feel their existence by means of painful sensations. Yet the immortal Berkley, Bishop of Cloyne, has proved by arguments hitherto unanswerable, that there is no demonstration for the existence of one single body in nature. He has reconciled the Protestant and Catholic philosophers and divines about the real presence, by cutting off at one blow both *body* and *place.*

Our whole life, according to this system adopted by several learned men, is but one continual scene of delusion. Objects we never saw during the daytime are present to us in our sleep, and make a deep and lasting impression. Who knows, then, but all the actions we perform, when we imagine ourselves awake, are real dreams? We are spirits created millions of years before the Mosaic account.

In that pre-existent state we gloried too much in our knowledge, and, as a just punishment, we are given up for a short time to dreams and deceptions, not on earth, or in corruptible bodies, for there are no such things, and whoever says there are such things can never prove his assertion; but the great theatre on which we play the sportive farce, is nothing else but God's immensity, which can never fall within the reach of corporeal organs, eyes, ears, hands, &c., for the existence of such organs is a mere delusion.

Origen, the most learned of the Fathers, who wrote six thousand books, and was complimented by Porphyry,

the heathen philosopher, was of opinion that the souls of men were angels, who, in the great conflict between the good and bad spirits, observed a strict neutrality, and were doomed to corruptible bodies, in order to try their sincerity. Had Origen been as well versed in philosophy as our modern writers, he would have confined himself to spirits, and granted bodies no existence in the class of beings.

Happy for millions were the philosopher's system founded in reality, and that we had no bodies! For the disputes of theologians have destroyed and famished a good part of the creation. We have every respect for the Christian religion and its ministers of all denominations, and, without any doubt, for that system in which we have had the happiness of being reared up; but we are extremely sorry that religion has ever been made a pretext for persecution and oppression.

We have taken the liberty, in the course of this treatise, to glance at some religious as well as philosophical systems, to show the weakness of reason and the impossibility of establishing universal orthodoxy.

Should this treatise fall into the hands of any of our legislators, in whose power it is to ease the necks of their inoffensive subjects from the galling yoke of oppression, we expect from their wisdom and feelings, that they will no longer consider difference in religion as a sufficient reason for hindering the young gentleman from purchasing a pair of colors and fighting the battles of his king and country; the industrious citizen from realizing the fruits of his labor, in getting landed security for his money, and purchasing an estate descendible to his children; the physician, the opulent farmer, the man of property, from carrying a gun, a sword, a case of pistols, for their defence against the attacks of the midnight assassin or highwayman; the clergyman, who instils the principles of good morals

into the minds of the ignorant, who would follow the fierce instinct of savage and uncultivated nature if they were deprived of their pastors, from the protection of the laws, which now leave them exposed to the caprice and fury of every ruffian, in whose power it is to shut up their chapels and get them transported; when it is obvious that such restraints arise from speculative points, disputed on a narrow ridge by the greatest men the world ever produced—when philosophers themselves are bewildered in their notions—and when the learned are at variance about matters far beyond the reach of the bulk of mankind.

Should it be said that these laws are seldom put in force, it can be answered that the liberty of the subject, which is the birthright of man, should not depend on the capricious benevolence of his neighbour. The law should be the common mother, whose arms should be open to all; and the ghost of intolerance, more destructive than Attila's sword, should vanish on the approach of the rays of benevolence, which are now blazing all over the Continent. Attila's sword destroyed but such as it met in its way, but the rage of religious feuds has thinned the world of fifty millions of human beings, and is still trampling in these kingdoms on compassion, on equity, on national interest.

In Ireland, where such scandalous scenes have not been exhibited, as last year in Scotland and England, the ghosts of those legislators who enacted the penal code are still looking, with a clouded, malevolent joy, over the long wastes and desolate pastures they have made in a fruitful country, and supplying the want of sword and fagot with a more lasting and tedious torment—I mean the hunger and distress of thousands. They have renewed and perpetuated the torments invented by the former princes of Tuscany. They make the living expire in the arms of the dead.

The liberality of the times, the interest of the kingdom, the wisdom and humanity of our rulers, everything cries aloud for the repeal of the laws enacted on the score of conscience.

The Author of nature intended men for society, and entitles every man to the advantages of that condition, who is free from all principles and practices injurious to the civil good of society. The great Giver alone can repeal the universal charter. He has not done it, and I hope that I have sufficiently proved that He has not delegated that power to any of His creatures.

The rulers of the earth, whether Catholics or Protestants, owe all social benefits to their loyal subjects of every denomination. If one of those powers withhold their people's native rights, it is no excuse for the other that their conduct is countenanced by their neighbour's example. Honor, humanity, and the rights of mankind, should suggest to modern legislators to repair the losses caused by their predecessors' misguided zeal. And as the clergy of all denominations consider themselves the delegates of heaven, and invested with the commission to prescribe a mode of worship to man, let them propose it in a manner that may secure its triumph over the heart, brighten it up with the genial rays of humanity, benevolence, and love, and not cloud it with the sullen gloom of severity, oppression, and distress. For, Christ, who is the Creator of all, has not declared in His Gospel that one should be excluded from the protection of the laws, and persecuted for his worship, and the other authorized to famish, starve, and insult the weakness of a fellow-creature.

CHAPTER VI.

Sensation produced by Father O'Leary's Essay on Toleration—He is elected to the "Monks of the Screw"—Account of that Society—The English Catholic Committee print his Essay and distribute it—Complimentary Letters from English Noblemen—He is elected Chaplain to the Irish (Volunteer) Brigade—His Reception at the National Convention—His Passage through Kilkenny—His Probity again Tested and again Triumphant—He is solicited to write a History of the Gordon Riots, but declines—His Reasons for declining—Threatened Abolition of Religious Orders in Ireland—Father O'Leary comes to the Rescue—Father Laurence Callanan—Eulogies passed on O'Leary in Parliament—Handsome Presentation to him at Cork—His "Review of the Controversy between the Rev. Dr. Carroll and the Rev. Messrs. Wharton and Hawkins"—He becomes the Friend of Howard, the Philanthropist.

FATHER O'LEARY'S Essay on Toleration had an immense circulation both in England and Ireland, and enhanced to an extraordinary degree the popularity of the writer. In recognition of his scholarly acquirements, his patriotism and philanthropy, he was elected an honorary member of a society just then established in Dublin, under the name of "The Monks of St. Patrick." This association was founded by Barry Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore; it was composed of men of all classes and creeds, of peers and commoners; and comprised among its members some of the most distinguished scholars and purest patriots of the day. Indeed, the object of its formation was to promote, by the combined action of the picked men of the country, its best and truest interests. Notwithstanding their monastic appellation, the society, on occasions of meeting, did not observe very rigidly the abstemiousness which such an appellation would imply; on the contrary, truth obliges us to say that, on these occasions, a

spirit of conviviality prevailed, which, if it ever characterized a religious order, must have done so at a time when the rule was very mildly enforced. Their frequent recourse to the bottle, no doubt, suggested to Curran the idea of the "Monks of the Screw," by which name the society was better known, and under which title he composed their charter-song, sketching with fidelity the proclivities which were encouraged at the social board :—

> "When St. Patrick our order invented,
> And called us the 'Monks of the Screw,'
> Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
> To guide us in what we should do.
> But first he replenished our fountain,
> With liquor the best in the sky,
> And he swore on the word of the saint,
> That the fountain should never run dry."

The remaining stanzas of this effusion do not enunciate principles of a high moral tone, and some squeamish critics are hard on Father O'Leary for associating himself with men of such loose ethics as the Monks of the Screw. But while we can find no excuse for even a convivial and jocose entrenchment on the doctrines of morality, it must be remembered that Father O'Leary was but an honorary member of the order,* and never joined in the orgies with which they celebrated their reunions. Dr. Hudson, himself a member of this distinguished body, gives us an account of its inner working, thus :—"This celebrated society was partly political and partly convivial; it consisted of two parts, professed and lay brothers. As the latter had no privileges except that of commons in the refectory, they are unnoticed here. The professed (by the constitution) consisted of members of either House of Parliament, and

* The only other honorary member was James Barry, the painter, also a Cork man.

barristers, with the addition from other learned professions of any number not exceeding one-third of the whole. They assembled every Saturday in convent, during term-time, in a large house in Kevin-street, the property of the late Lord Tracton, and since converted into a seneschal's court, and commonly held a chapter before commons, at which the abbot (Mr. Doyle) presided, or in his (very rare) absence, the prior or senior of the officers present. Upon such occasions, all the members appeared in the habit of the order—a black tabinet domino. A short Latin grace, '*Benedictus benedicat,*' and '*Benedicto benedicatur,*' was regularly and gravely pronounced by the precentor or chaplain, before and after commons. There were amongst their number many learned men, and men of genius; and it may be safely said that few productions, either in pamphlets or periodical publications of any celebrity during the arduous struggle for Irish Emancipation, appeared which did not proceed from the pen of one of the brethren. Nor did they forego their labors, till by their prayers and exertions they obtained emancipation for their country. The sad change which has taken place since their dispersion need not be related."[22] The reader may judge of the character of the society, and the hours of delightful intercourse their meetings must have afforded, when he hears that, conspicuous among its members, were such men as Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Charlemont, Judges Day, Chamberlaine, and Metge, Bowes Daly, George Ogle, Hardy, Lord Avonmore, and others of the same stamp. The society dwindled away towards the end of 1785.

In acknowledgment of the high honor conferred on Father O'Leary, by electing him as a member of so distinguished an association, he brought out an edition of all the works he had already published, and dedicated it to the Monks of St. Patrick. This was in the year

1781. The opening words of the dedication well set forth the end and aim of the learned Father's writings. "The purport," he says, "of the work which I have the honor to dedicate to your order, is to cement the bands of society—to secure the safety of our country, by union and mutual confidence—to render the subject's allegiance firm, and at the same time reasonable, by establishing it on its proper grounds—to dispel the mists of long-reigning prejudice—after disarming infidelity, which strikes at the foundation of religion, and the dignity of our nature, to induce Christians of every denomination to lay aside the destructive weapons which frenzy has so often put into their hands; and under their peculiar modes of worship, to inspire them with that benevolence and charity enforced by the first principles of the law of nature, and confirmed by the sacred oracles which they all revere." It is in this dedication also we find those remarkable words, which are ever associated in our minds with the memory of O'Leary—which aptly portray the warm philanthropy of his character, and which should be the adopted motto of all liberal-minded men:—"Let not religion, the sacred name of religion, which even in the face of an enemy discovers a brother, be any longer a wall of separation to keep us asunder."

In order to diffuse, as widely as possible, the sentiments of toleration advocated in Father O'Leary's writings, the English Catholic Committee published, at their own expense, a hundred copies of the work, and had them presented gratis, in the name of O'Leary, to several of the most distinguished men of the day. It will be interesting to read the subjoined copies of two letters, which we select from many, written to Father O'Leary in acknowledgment of the receipt of his work:—

*From the Right Honorable Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip.**

"REVEREND SIR,—A person has left at my door a volume of your tracts, accompanied by an obliging card, explaining the great object and end to which these tracts are to lead. When wit, learning, and benevolence, who do not always travel in company, do me the favor to come to my door, if I did not receive such guests with satisfaction and respect, I should little deserve a dwelling among a learned and civilized people. I beg therefore to trouble you with my best acknowledgments for this obliging mark of your notice, and to assure you that I feel as I ought this instance of your favor towards me. I should be very glad, when your occasions call you to this part of the world, to make these acknowledgments in person, which I now do by letter; and to repeat to you the sentiments of gratitude and esteem with which I have the honor to be,

"Reverend Sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"W. ELLIS.

"London, May 30th, 1782."

From Lord Beauchamp, late Marquis of Hertford.

"REVEREND SIR,—I received a few days ago the present of your works, which you have been so obliging as to send me; and am very happy at the opportunity it procures me of expressing my sincere esteem for the author. I most ardently wish that the principles of toleration which your heart dictates, and your pen enables

* Mr. Ellis was a not unfrequent victim of castigation at the unsparing hands of Junius. He was a man of diminutive size, and was dubbed by his anonymous persecutor at one time—"little manikin Ellis," at another, "Grildrig," by a *lucus a non lucendo*, Grildrig being the name Gulliver gave the gigantic inhabitants of Brobdignag.

you to express with so much eloquence, may have a proper effect on the minds of our countrymen; as I am satisfied that Popery laws have operated as much to the prejudice of Ireland as the restraints imposed by the jealousy of this kingdom on its trade. I have at last seen the downfall of the latter system with infinite satisfaction; but I shall despair of seeing Ireland what I wish her to be—an opulent and happy country—until the bulk of the people are raised from that abasement into which it has been the mistaken policy of former reigns to throw them, by the foundation of a better system. I heard with pleasure of Mr. Gardiner's bill; but I regretted much, on reading the provisions of the act, to find it so inadequate to the great purpose I before alluded to, and to the expectations we had formed of it. But I am insensibly getting into an argument, when my only purpose in troubling you is to assure you of the respect with which I remain, Sir,

"Your very faithful and humble servant,

"BEAUCHAMP."

O'Leary's name had now spread far and wide as the champion of religious toleration, and therefore, considering the circumstances of the times, the best friend of the country. All true patriots, whatever may have been their aversion to Catholicity, sought to do him honor; for in him they recognized the apostle of a just and long-needed national regeneration.

The Volunteers of '82 could not pass over with indifference services which so ably seconded their own in the effort to ameliorate the condition of a persecuted people; and although they still lacked the justice of extending the elective franchise to their Catholic fellow-subjects, they were unable to resist the claims to personal honor and esteem established by the great priestly *vindicator* of Catholic rights. A distinguished *corps* of

the Volunteers, the Irish Brigade, conferred on him the honorary dignity of chaplain; and we are assured that many of the measures submitted for consideration at the great national convention held in Dublin, on the 11th of November, 1783, had been previously placed before him for his opinion as to their prudence and utility. On that memorable day, when the delegates of a hundred thousand men met in the Rotundo, with all the pomp and power that an armed nation could concentrate for a great national purpose, it was gratifying to the assembled masses of spectators to behold Father O'Leary, as he entered the building, received at the door by the entire guard of Volunteers with a full salute of rested arms. He marched up the hall amidst the deafening cheers of the surrounding delegates, and, in the debate which followed, his name was frequently mentioned with honor and applause. On his journey from Cork, for the purpose of attending this meeting, his arrival at Kilkenny became suddenly known through that city, and during the short time that he stayed there, the house in which he dined was thronged with people of every rank and creed, all anxious to testify their respect for the great and good man; and it was with much difficulty that, after an unusually long delay, the coach that bore him was suffered to proceed.

During Father O'Leary's visit to Dublin on this occasion, he was waited on by a gentleman who was well known to be on very close and friendly relations with the government of the day. The visit appeared, for some time, to be merely one of ceremony, and the visitor paid many handsome compliments to the Father on the style of his writings and their good effect on the public mind. Soon, however, it was easy to see that diplomacy had more to do with the visit than etiquette, for the gentleman, in courteous language, intimated that if Father O'Leary would use his pen in

extolling certain measures just then brought forward by the administration, his services would be handsomely requited. O'Leary was displeased and indignant at the proposal to barter his patriotism for a bribe, and conveyed his feelings in no measured phrase. The request was therefore softened down into an entreaty that he would at least abstain from writing on those measures in terms of condemnation. But the minion of the government knew not with what manner of man he had to deal. "I will never be silent," warmly exclaimed O'Leary, "whilst my exertions can be of the least service to my religion or my country." The checkmated applicant, on the part of the government, begged of Father O'Leary to accept a pension of £150 from the crown, in acknowledgment of his services to the State already conferred, and promised that the grant should not be hampered by any condition whatsoever. To an endowment coming in this form, even Father O'Leary could not object; but a change of ministry soon after took place, and the promised pension was not awarded.

At this time O'Leary was warmly entreated by his friends, and by numerous correspondents, to write a history of the Gordon Riots in England. In compliance with a request so general and earnest, he was about to proceed with the work, and had gathered abundant materials for the purpose, when he suddenly altered his resolution, and accounted to the public, for his change of mind, in the following statement:—"Several persons requested that I would give a history of the Gordon Riots: I promised to undertake the task, and, in consequence, began to digest my materials. I afterwards reflected that the duty of the historian bound him to arraign, at the impartial tribunal of truth, both men and actions; to unmask the leading characters; examine into their motives; lay open the hidden springs of proceedings, whether worthy of applause, or deserving to be doomed to censure;

to embellish his narrative with suitable reflections; and by spreading the wide theatre, without respect of time or persons, to inform the living, and become monitor of the unborn. I afterwards considered my own state exposed, in consequence of the penal laws, to the insult of every ruffian, and comparing the defenceless situation of the priest with the duty of the historian, I dropped the attempt.

"No person is obliged to write a history; but when he writes it, he must tell the truth; and when he tells the truth in talking of the living, it is hard to avoid giving offence.

"If my correspondents be not satisfied with this apology, let them point out a method whereby I can remove the difficulty, and I shall publish a history of the riots in London itself, with my name to it, for I disclaim anonymous productions."

The hatred of religious orders which had characterized the government of Ireland, had scarcely received any abatement from the days of the Reformation. Whatever relaxation the laws against the clergy had undergone, was not supposed to extend to them; they were regarded as the worst foes of the Constitution; and when, in the early years of Queen Anne's reign, it was decreed by Act of Parliament that, as a measure of State precaution, a registry should be kept of the Irish clergy, and security be given for their good behaviour as an earnest of State protection, the regular clergy, commonly called "friars," were designedly excluded from the privilege of enrolment. And yet, to all appearances, there was nothing to apprehend from them. They lived in poverty and obscurity, devoted entirely to the discharge of their sacred functions, coarsely clad and sparely fed. Perfectly unambitious of worldly aggrandizement, they encroached not on their neighbour; they seemed only anxious to

be let alone, as they let the world alone. For all this, however, they were hated. Their very silence and obscurity were construed into the scheming retirement of conspirators. They were not, like the secular clergy, subject, at least in many instances, to local episcopal jurisdiction, but were permitted by the Holy See to have superiors of their own, who were all, in their different degrees of superiority, dependent on a *foreign* supreme head. Moreover, their vow of obedience was urged as an argument that they were subject to foreign influence, and their unwillingness to take the oath of allegiance under the championship of Dr. Burke one of their order, seemed to imply that their allegiance to the pope was considered to be incompatible with allegiance to their sovereign. To those who viewed the question in its true light, these objections were utterly groundless; for, by obedience to a foreign power, they owed only a submission in "spiritual affairs, in matters of conventual discipline" and soforth, which was by no means incompatible with their duties to the State—with that "obedience to the higher powers," commanded by St. Paul. And if they objected to the test oath, it was only for a time—until the fears which agitated their consciences were allayed by arguments of sound theology. Nay, this very scrupulosity should be rather regarded as an evidence of their respect for the sacred obligation of an oath. The ablest vindicator of the oath was one of their own body, Father Arthur O'Leary; and when their scruples were finally overcome, they not only took it themselves freely, but used every argument in their power to induce others to follow their example.

Nevertheless, even in that age of boasted progress and enlightenment, there seemed to be growing a desire stronger than ever that the religious orders *should* be summarily extinguished in Ireland. A plan

was in course of preparation for their destruction, and parliament was to be invoked on an early day, to use its supreme power in co-operating in the work. The intelligence soon leaked out, and the shadow of coming events fell on the unhappy friars like a thunder-cloud. At the time, their existence in the country was not recognized by law; yet they were tolerated, and strove, by their unobtrusiveness, to avoid giving offence. But when they discovered symptoms which indicated that the law was to be no longer inoperative in their regard, but that it was about to be employed as an engine of destruction against them, their dismay was very great indeed. Living in retirement, they had no friends amongst the great, by whose interposition the blow might be averted—they could only bow in patience to the decrees of fate. But, in the hour of danger, they turned to their "brother," the now famous and highly-honored Arthur O'Leary. Him they entreated to employ his talents, his virtues, his familiarity with the statesmen of the day, to ward off the impending danger. He obeyed. He proceeded to Dublin on his mission; and, by the success of his negotiations, was mainly instrumental in preserving the religious orders of Ireland from ruin, and in perpetuating the blessings that flow to society from their arduous and disinterested efforts in the cause of learning and religion. A private letter which he wrote at this time to a brother friar, the Reverend Lawrence Callanan of Cork,* well

* The Reverend Lawrence Callanan, a native of Cork, born 1739, was, for many years before his death, prior of the Franciscan order in that city. He was the intimate friend of Father O'Leary, and with him contributed much to the pacification of the country, during the frequent outbursts of Whiteboyism. By his advice, and under the patronage of Bishop Moylan, Miss Nano Nagle founded the "Presentation Order" of nuns in the city of Cork. Father Callanan it was who compiled the rule by which the convent was to be governed, and that rule received the full and unqualified sanction of

conveys his views on the question, and is, for many reasons, worthy of perusal:—

To the Reverend Laurence Callanan, Broad-lane, Cork.

"SIR,—I am in no great humor to write to Cork after the gross insult which has been offered me. A sheepish modesty and ill-timed delicacy wrested out of my hands the arms of retaliation, which long ere now would have been turned against their proper objects, if the honor of religion did not suppress in my breast those emotions so natural to an injured man. Another cause of my past silence and present discontent, is the deep stab given to my character, in proclaiming that I came hither to renounce a religion for which I am ready to spill my blood, and which I always vindicated from the foul aspersions of its enemies, whilst others were enjoying the emoluments annexed to the ministry.* If a poor

the Holy See. He is described by those who have preserved the memory of him, as a man of the most singularly exalted character as a clergyman. Endowed with talents of the first order, which he had cultivated with extreme care in the convent of St. Anthony at Louvain, his theological attainments were only second in rank to his many virtues; to which were added an amiable sweetness and simplicity of character, that exacted the love and veneration of all those who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. His life illustrates the well-known truth, that the benefactors of the human race are applauded less than their destroyers. He has left behind him no visible monument of the work to which his long life was devoted; for the growth of morality, fostered by teaching and example, and producing fruit in succeeding generations, is not subject to vision, and frequently passes without notice; but he was one of those few men, by excellence named "just," whose noblest earthly reward is to be enshrined in the hearts and affections of posterity, while thousands of their contemporaries pass from the arena of life, and leave not a memory behind. *In memoriâ æternâ erit justus.* Father Callanan died in Cork, on the 29th of January, 1818, in the 80th year of his age.

* The report that Father O'Leary had conformed to the Protestant *religion, with* a view to marriage, had gained such wide-spread circu-

friar, buried between salt-houses and stables, and poring over his books in the city of Cork, has been, on his arrival in the metropolis of the kingdom, caressed by all ranks of people, and admitted into the intimate society of reverend Protestant doctors, and the most eminent characters who shine in the senate, what evil could arise therefrom to his religion or its professors? Such, notwithstanding, is the rumour that prevailed in your city as well as in Waterford, if I am not misinformed by gentlemen who spent some time in both places, and who were surprised to see me *bless myself* at table in Dublin. But let the din of calumny die away with the tongues that sounded it, and let us pass to a point of more importance than the injured character of an individual.

"The storm that is ready to burst over the heads of the *regular clergy* has been gathering those two years past; and let the blame lie at your own doors if you resemble a Jonas plunged in his slumbers, while the lot is casting to throw him overboard. It is to be presumed that the Catholic gentlemen of your part of the world have too much candor, and too great a regard for the honor of religion, to blame a part of their ministers for using every precaution that prudence can suggest, in order to avert the danger with which they are threatened. It reflects no honor on their religion, nor on us, to have the characters of ecclesiastics lacerated and torn by virulent declamations in a Protestant senate, and painted in the high colorings of rebels to the State,

lation that he felt it his duty to rebut the charge in a letter addressed to the public papers. "Having," he says, in conclusion, "from my early days accustomed myself to get the mastery over ambition and love, the two passions which, in every age, have enslaved the greatest heroes, your correspondent may rest assured that I am not of the trio mentioned in his letter." This letter was dated June 5, 1790, and it would, therefore, appear from the letter in the text that the imputation of apostasy was also made against him so early as ten years before.

nuisances to the public, and papal spies; which will be the language used when debates will ensue on the propriety or impropriety of banishing the regular clergy, or dissolving their institutions, by transferring their obedience from their own superiors to others, and decreeing that, after the decease of the present generation, no more of them shall be admitted into the kingdom, which is the purport of the bill—the more dangerous, as the roughness of its features is softened by the air of lenity shown to the secular clergy—the more dangerous, as the person who is to introduce the bill will not lay it before the committee of the Catholic laity, nor even before that of the bishops.

"It will take its rise in the House of Lords. The mine is already worked; but we cannot yet discover the hand that is to give it vent. It may possibly take its origin in the Commons; but in whichever of the two the scene is to be exhibited, the play will be the more disagreeable to us, as the characters have it in rehearsal this long time past, and really imagine that they will speak the sentiments of the majority of the Catholics in giving full scope to their own prejudice against persons, whom, from the principles of their religion, they were taught to view in inverted attitudes.

"Some of the members themselves make no secret of what you have heretofore deemed a phantom; and Mr. Dillon, a sanguine advocate for the Roman Catholics, told me the whole affair last Easter Sunday, in presence of Robert Caldwell, Esq., father of the two young ladies in the Louth nunnery. He was kind enough to tell me that, as for my part, I had nothing to fear; that I had gained the affection of the head Protestants in the kingdom, &c., &c.; but that the friars were an obnoxious set of men, who must be either removed, or put under the control of the bishops during the lives of the present *generation*, with absolute prohibition to admit any more

of them. What astonished me most was this gentleman's eagerness to promote the welfare of the Catholics in general, his particular friendship for me, but still his unshaken resolution to co-operate in the plan for the destruction of the religious orders. I thanked him for his civility towards me; but declared that I would either stand or fall with my brethren, who must have been misrepresented to him. I pointed out to him the example of Great Britain and the Protestant powers of the Continent, who extend the protection of the laws to the regulars as well as the seculars. I told him that we were of use to the people, without being any incumbrance to the public; whereas we live upon little, and that this little is got without compulsion; that Protestant magistrates have no room to complain of us; they do not contribute to our support, nor even Catholics, as it lies at their option either to give or refuse; that a vow of leading a poorer life should never expose a clergyman to the censure or animadversion of the laws, as the clergy are never more exposed to the censure of their flocks than when they seek to lead a pampered life, and to accumulate riches; and that, in extending his views to future times, and prohibiting any more regulars, he only fabricated chains for religious liberty, and hindered man from serving God in the manner he would think most acceptable to Him. I argued without persuading, and retired without convincing him.

"Two of the members in whom I could repose an entire confidence were consulted as to the plan we should adopt. They advised, 1st, that immediate application be made to all the Catholic bishops for their signatures in favor of our usefulness to the public—the same application to be made to the most respectable of the Catholic laity wherever we have establishments. 2ndly, That a short memorial be printed, and copies of it given to every member in both houses, in order to

prevent the bill from being introduced, if possible; or if it be introduced, to point out the ground on which our friends (if any should speak in our favor) may go. These resolutions have been adopted in a meeting of the regular superiors in Dublin, and I am ordered to forward them to you, and the other superiors in your city, as they are forwarded to all other cities where we have convents. You are, then, immediately to convene the regular superiors of Cork, who are to send two, or as many as they think fit in their names, to Dr. Butler, for his signature to the following attestation :—

"'We certify that the regular clergy are useful to the public by their instructions, and by instilling the principles of good morals: and therefore think them worthy of being protected in their own institutions.'

"You are to transmit the same to the Bishops of Cloyne and Kerry, and get two gentlemen to procure the signatures of the laity. Let the application be made to the bishops, whether they sign or not, for reasons too obvious to mention. I waited yesterday morning on Lord Kenmare, who approves of the plan suggested by the two gentlemen above alluded to. To-morrow the superiors are to wait on Dr. Carpenter.

"I repeat it again—no bill relative to the regulars is before any of the committees; therefore be not lulled asleep, but proceed immediately, and let the signatures of the citizens of Cork be on a fine skin of parchment, and your answer immediately addressed to us.—Yours, &c.,

"ARTHUR O'LEARY.

"*A private hint.*—Sir Lucius O'Brien waited two days ago on Dr. Carpenter with the joyous tidings that the friars were to be expelled. He had not the charity to give us the information. It is needless that Mr. Barry should write to Mr. Yelverton, to whom I explained the whole affair yesterday at his house where

I dined. Lord Kenmare promised to introduce me to the Speaker when he returns from England. The Protestant Archbishop of Cashel, after reading the 'Remarks on Wesley's Letter,' notified to Dr. Jebb his desire of seeing me. 'It is not,' said he, 'that he is a priest or friar; but I like his benevolent and philosophical turn.' Lord Kenmare desired me to get myself introduced to him, and to cultivate his acquaintance. Dr. Campbell and I met several times lately, when I expostulated with him on the injury done by his writings to the regulars. He told me he got the information from the parish-priest of Clogher."

The danger to the regular clergy was greatly increased by the fact that a feeling far from cordial had sprung up between them and the secular clergy, owing to differences of opinion regarding the test oath, to which we have before alluded. The bishops of Munster, headed by Dr. Butler, Archbishop of Cashel, as we have seen, met at Cork, and signed a declaration that the oath "contained nothing contrary to the principles of the Roman Catholic religion." They thus implied that an oath may be lawfully taken which contains nothing contrary to the principles of the Roman Catholic religion. Such, however, is not the fact. An oath may be perfectly inoffensive to those sacred principles, and yet be, as the oath in question no doubt was, highly "irreverent to the head of the Church, and insulting to the faithful, for whom its framers could find no more respectful name than *Papists* and followers of the *Popish* religion."*

The oath was objectionable on many other grounds, but the anxiety of the bishops to adopt some tangible means for redressing the grievances of the people

* See *Collections on Irish Church History*, compiled by the late Dr. Renehan, President of Maynooth College, p. 328.

blinded them to those apparently trifling difficulties. The papal nuncio (Ghilini) at Brussels had warned them of the grave objections that could be raised against the oath, or one very like it. Prudence should have prompted the Archbishop of Cashel, if not to accept the nuncio's remonstrance, at least to take time and consult a higher tribunal. But he was irritated with what he considered the officiousness of the papal representative, and denounced it in no measured terms. At an assembly of the bishops, held at Thurles, the *Hibernia Dominicana*, in which the nuncio's letter had been reproduced, was rashly condemned. Dr. Butler accused Dr. Carpenter, Archbishop of Dublin, of having unfairly stated the nature and circumstances of the oath at Rome. The charge was unfounded, and sowed the seeds of dissension between that latter prelate and the bishops of Munster. To justify his conduct, Dr. Butler addressed, as already stated, a remonstrance to the Cardinal Protector (Castelli), a very able document, but which, unfortunately, contained expressions calculated to excite the bitterest feelings between the secular and regular bodies of the Irish clergy. A rumour was spread that the bishops of Munster fully approved of the measure about to be brought before parliament for the expulsion of the friars. The news reached Father O'Leary, who was startled at the announcement, and immediately took measures for ascertaining the truth. He drew up the resolution referred to in the letter to the Rev. Mr. Callanan, just quoted, viz.:—"We certify that the regular clergy are useful to the public by their instructions, and by instilling the principles of good morals: and therefore think them worthy of being protected in their institutions." The injustice of the allegation, that the bishops desired the extinction of the religious orders, was soon made manifest, as the following letter from Father O'Leary will prove:—

To the Right Reverend Dr. Patrick Joseph Plunket, Bishop of Meath.

"MY LORD,—It is time for me to return your lordship thanks for the civil reception I met with when I had the honor to pay you my respects. I am ordered, in like manner, to return your lordship the thanks of my brethren. The superiors here have waited on Dr. Carpenter, who exhibited no reluctance in signing the certificate. I had the honor of a conference with Dr. Butler, of Cashel, in his passage through this town. I informed him that the false report of the religious having aspersed the Munster bishops at Rome, had been contradicted by an authentic letter from that city, signed by the agents of the secular and regular clergy. Your lordship must have seen a copy of it before now. If not, it shall be imparted to you. His grace told me, in producing the certificate, that he would consult his provincial bishops, who, he was sure, would sign. I told him that in case some would be averse to us, it was no apology for the rest; that it was incumbent on us to distinguish between our friends and our enemies; and that, at all events, if no person signed in our favor, honor and our own preservation will induce us to take every step against our destruction; and that, if the bill of our expulsion or secularization, which is no more than expulsion in disguise, should pass both houses, still, before it would pass into law, that we are determined to plead it at the bar of both houses, whereas we are as well entitled to the rights of mankind and liberty of conscience as any other set of men. He declared to me that when application was made to him and Dr. Egan, relative to the matter, by a leading member, both pleaded our cause. I received this instant an obliging letter from him, dated at Thurles, with his signature to the certificate, and a promise of the signatures of the provincial bishops. It makes me doubly happy in having his pro-

tection on the one hand, and having an opportunity of removing my suspicions on the other; though, in fact, my opinion of him was such, that he was not the principal person I ever suspected of entering into a shameful confederacy with a party averse to our religion against its ministers, if a confederacy of the kind has ever been in agitation. In a kingdom where a different religion is on the throne, our clergy are but servants liable to be ejected at the will of their landlords. In a kingdom where many religions, backed by the power of the State, will ever be at variance with one, our existence is insecure. Our tenure is precarious, and we are not to weaken our forces, where the collective body have means enough to maintain their ground, especially as fanaticism and faction may repeal at a future period what moderation and liberality may grant now.—I have the honor to be your lordship's most obliged and humble servant,

"ARTHUR O'LEARY.

"Dublin, April 26th."*

The danger to the religious orders in Ireland which was thus so unmistakeably imminent, and which was averted only by the character and exertions of O'Leary, returned in full force two years afterwards, and seemed to defy even him to stave it off any longer. A clause was introduced into the Catholic bill of 1782, in which it was regulated that the friars of the country should be entitled to the protection of the law provided they took the oath of allegiance within a specified time, but no further succession of regulars would be tolerated. On this occasion, also, the friars were indebted to the exalted

* There is no year mentioned, but it must have been 1778. The original of this letter is in possession of the Rev. Dr. M'Carthy, Professor of Theology, Maynooth College, who kindly permitted me to *copy it.* (Dr. Plunket signed the memorial at once.)

character of Father O'Leary, for the defeat of a measure which aimed at their extinction. From the following extracts of the speeches delivered during the debate on the question, it will at once be manifest what was the high estimation in which Father O'Leary was held throughout the country, and to what a large extent he was instrumental in the defeat of a measure so justly obnoxious to his brethren in the ministry:—

Sir Lucius O'Brien said—"He did not approve of the regulars, though his candour must acknowledge that many men amongst them have displayed great abilities. Ganganelli (Clement XIV.) and the Reverend Dr. Arthur O'Leary are distinguished among the Franciscans; and many great men have been produced in the Benedictine order. He saw no temptation that regulars had for coming here, if it was not to abandon certain competence where they were, for certain poverty in this kingdom."

Mr. Grattan said—"He could not hear the name of Father O'Leary mentioned without paying him that tribute of acknowledgment so justly due to his merit. At the time that this very man lay under the censure of a law, which, in his own country, made him subject to transportation or death from religious distinctions, and at a time that a prince of his own religion threatened this country with an invasion, this respectable character took up his pen, and unsolicited, and without a motive but that of real patriotism, to urge his own communion to a disposition of peace, and to support the law which had sentenced him to transportation. A man of learning—a philosopher—a Franciscan—did the most eminent service to his country in the hour of its greatest danger. He brought out a publication that would do honor to the most celebrated name. The whole kingdom must bear witness to its effect, by the reception they gave it. Poor in every-

thing but genius and philosophy, he had no property at stake, no family to fear for; but, descending from the contemplation of wisdom, and abandoning the ornaments of fancy, he humanely undertook the task of conveying duty and instruction to the lowest class of the people. If I did not know him to be a Christian clergyman, I should suppose him by his works to be a philosopher of the Augustan age. The regulars are a harmless body of men, and should not be disturbed."

Mr. St. George declared—"Notwithstanding his determined opposition to the regulars, he would, for the sake of one exalted character of their body, be tolerant to the rest; but he would, at the same time, uniformly oppose the tolerating of any more regular clergy than what were at present in the kingdom."

Mr. Yelverton said that—"He was proud to call such a man as Dr. O'Leary his particular friend. His works might be placed on a footing with those of the finest writers of the age. They originated from the urbanity of the heart; because, unattached to the world's affairs, he could have none but the purest motives of rendering service to the cause of morality and his country. Had he not imbibed every sentiment of toleration before he knew Father O'Leary, he should be proud to adopt sentiments of toleration from him. He should yield to the sense of the committee in respect to the limitation of regulars, because he believed no invitation which could be held out would bring over another O'Leary."

At a subsequent stage of the debate, the eulogistic language which Mr. Grattan had used in reference to Father O'Leary, afforded Flood an occasion for a display of that bitterness which he frequently vented on his rival. "I am not," said he, "the missionary of a religion which I do not profess; nor do I speak eulogies on characters whom I will not imitate." But Grattan

was not the man to forego a challenge, no matter whence or how it came. In the concluding portion of his speech in reply, he said: "Now one word respecting Dr. O'Leary"—to whom it was well understood Mr. Flood had referred—"something has been said about eulogies pronounced, and missionaries of religion. I am not ashamed of the part which I took in that gentleman's panegyric; nor shall I ever think it a disgrace to pay the tribute of praise to the philosopher and the virtuous man." The bill against the friars fell through, and was not afterwards brought before the House.

The next event in the life of Father O'Leary with which we are acquainted, was a compliment paid him in the city of his adoption, by a highly respectable body of his fellow-citizens. The growth of liberal opinions, at this period, gave birth to many societies throughout the country, by which those opinions were fostered and promoted. Amongst them was one in Cork, called the "Cork Amicable Society," composed of gentlemen belonging to the first rank in the social scale, and differing through every variety of religious belief. The object of their association was to promote, by every means in their power, sentiments of liberality and toleration amongst men, no matter of what creed or profession. A society of this description could not well overlook the services afforded so signally to their cause by the writings and preachings of O'Leary; and they accordingly availed themselves of a suitable opportunity to pay him that mark of respect which they deemed he had deserved at their hands.

They presented him with a gold medal of great value and superior workmanship, on which he was represented in the habit of his order, crushing with his foot the hydra of religious persecution, while with one hand he flung open the gates of the temple of Concord, and with the other invited his fellow-countrymen (symbolically

represented by a harp) to enter the sacred edifice. The figure of Erin stood beside him, presenting him with two wreaths, one of science and the other of victory, with one legend over his head, "*Utrâque dignus,*" and another round the edge of the medal, "*Diram qui contadit hydram.*" On the reverse was the following inscription :—"To the Reverend A. O'Leary, who taught Irishmen that, however they may be divided in speculative points of religion, Christian charity and generous friendship should be borne by all to all, the Cork Amicable Society presented this medal, A.D. 1784."*

Father O'Leary's pen, scarcely ever inactive, was again called into play in the year 1786, when he published a pamphlet entitled a "Review of the Important Controversy between Doctor Carroll and the Rev. Messrs. Wharton and Hawkins; including a Defence of the Conduct of Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) in suppressing a late Religious Order. By the Rev. Arthur O'Leary." The Rev. Messrs. Wharton and Hawkins were two English Roman Catholic priests, who had apostatized from their Church, and joined that of England. One had incurred the displeasure of his superiors, either by disobedience or misconduct; the other had evinced a disregard for the vow of celibacy incompatible with the public profession of the priesthood. Soon after their defection from the Church, probably to justify their change of religion, they published a pamphlet, in which they launched forth, with great severity, against the doctrines and practices of the Church they had abandoned, and treated the public to tales of immorality dressed out to suit the taste of scandal, and attested strongly enough to bear a striking resemblance to the truth. A reply to their Apology was soon published,

* The medal here mentioned is in the possession of Mr. Charles Mathew, of Lehenagh, near Cork, brother to the celebrated Father Mathew.

bearing the signature of a distinguished Jesuit, the Rev. Dr. Carroll, subsequently the first Catholic bishop of America.* A friend of O'Leary's sent him a copy of the controversy, and expressed a desire to have his opinion upon it. Thereupon, the energetic friar produced his "Review," which was published in London, displaying all the characteristics of style and erudition for which his writings had now become famous, and enjoying that popularity to which they were so justly entitled.

In the course of the controversy, allusions had been made on both sides to one of the most remarkable events of that day,—the expulsion of the Jesuits from Rome, and the suppression of that order by Pope Clement XIV., the reigning pontiff. Dr. Carroll was a Jesuit, and was naturally warm on the indignity to which his order had been subjected. In his vindication, however, he proceeded beyond the bounds of moderation, and employed language, in reference to the pope, which could only be excused by the over-zeal in defence of his party, which prompted it. The epithets "artful" and "designing" were rather too strong to be applied to one of the mildest and saintliest pontiffs that ever filled the Chair of Peter. Clement was a Franciscan; so was O'Leary. The friar came to the rescue of the prince of friars—how, indeed, could he be silent when the suppression of the Jesuits was attributed to "sinister views" on the part of the pontiff, although the charge came from a brother priest? Truth's claims were paramount. O'Leary refuted the charge, and his refutation evoked the gratitude of an impartial and discerning public.

The true causes of the suppression of that great religious order are briefly stated by him: "The dissolution

* See Mr. Maguire's *Irish in America*, page 355, for an interesting account of Dr. Carroll.

of the Jesuits," he says, "was owing to their influence, which rendered them objects of envy to artful ministers of State, whose ambitious projects they often controlled, as directors of monarchs, and members of their spiritual councils. It was owing to the expectation of immense wealth, with which kings themselves were flattered, by the abolition of the order. Again, contrary to the ordinary course of things, what was most likely to give permanency to the order, was the very cause of the downfall of the Jesuits, viz., their great credit, power, and authority. They have literally verified the remark of Tacitus, *Sinistra erga eminentes interpretatio, nec minus periculum ex magnâ famâ quam ex malâ.*"

The order of the Jesuits was restored by Pope Pius VII., and now has spread its branches all over Europe, while its missionaries penetrate into every discovered region of the globe. The greatness and influence to which they owed their fall, are now recognized, by every candid observer, as the strongest claims to respect and admiration. What they ever have been, they are to-day, the most indefatigable pioneers of religion, the ablest promoters and brightest ornaments of literature, sacred and profane, all over the world; fitted for the highest, and ready to partake in the humblest duties of mankind—content if, by the oblation of their very lives, they help in giving "glory to God, and peace on earth to men of good will."

In the "Review" to which we have called attention, O'Leary paints with striking fidelity the course frequently pursued by apostate priests in attempting to justify their secession from the Church. "In the beginning of their apologies or justifications, they affect the serious solemnity of a tragic writer, by painting in sable colors the miseries that attend our subjection to authority—the misfortunes of the noble soul shackled in the fetters of obedience to pastors, 'like a fair

Zenobia in the chains of a tyrant.' Our uncharitableness is arraigned, in excluding from eternal bliss and consigning to perdition Christians of every description, except ourselves. These are serious themes, and of so affecting a nature as to enable a poet of moderate genius to work up a tolerable religious tragedy, were it now the custom as in the fourteenth century to exhibit such pieces on the stage, if, at the unravelling of the plot, they had not effects of comedy in exciting the laughter of the audience, when they come to know that all this solemn bustle is about—*a wife.*"

The celebrated John Howard, the philanthropist, was wont to boast of his friendship with O'Leary. That great and good man, in his peregrinations on behalf of suffering humanity, came to Cork, where it gave him pleasure to find in existence a society "for the relief and discharge from prison of persons confined for small debts." Of this association, which had been founded by Henry Sheares, Esq., the father of the unhappy brothers who fell victims to their ill-judged patriotic attempts in 1798, Father O'Leary was a conspicuous and most active member. He was introduced to Howard by their common friend, Archdeacon Austin; and it is easy to conceive that two men of views so congenial on the great questions involving the happiness of the human race, became the greatest friends, and emulated each other in mutual admiration and esteem.

CHAPTER VII.

Account of the Whiteboys—Father O'Leary's Address to them—Pamphlet of "Theophilus"—Who "Theophilus" was—Pamphlet of Dr. Woodward, Protestant Bishop of Cloyne—O'Leary's Celebrated Reply to "Theophilus" and the Bishop—Extracts therefrom—Opinions of the Public on the Controversy—Eulogies on O'Leary by Moore, Hay (Irish Rebellion), Lord Kenmare, Curran, Woodward himself—Captain Rock's Description of Father O'Leary—The Bishop of Cloyne's Altered Views.

THE relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland, as recognized by law, has been for more than one hundred years the fruitful source of popular discontent, and the occasion of frequent outbreaks amongst the peasantry of a violent and vindictive character. The first of these tumultuous risings took place about the year 1760, and the rioters received the name of Whiteboys, because they wore white shirts over their clothes while engaged in their lawless proceedings. Though nothing could justify, yet there was much to palliate those unhappy manifestations of hatred and revenge. The wretched peasants, goaded into fury by a legalized persecution, of which the agents were numerous and unsparing, should have lost the last vestige of human feeling; the very instinct of the crushed worm should have been extinguished in their souls, if they did not turn upon the iron heel of oppression by which they were trampled. Like the timid hare exposed to the multiform dangers of greyhound, gin, gun, club, weasel, and eagle, the Irish peasant no sooner escaped the pursuit of the landlord, than he had to contend with the still more formidable middleman who had scarcely bled him beyond revival, when his entrails were *plucked* out by the vulture-beak of the tithe-proctor.

In the year 1760, these calamities were increased and intensified by others theretofore unfelt. A fatal disease swept off great quantities of cattle, and provisions became unusually dear. There was a scarcity of corn, and the House of Commons, in an address to the Lord Lieutenant, proclaimed the necessity of promoting tillage as far as possible through the country. And yet this was the moment availed of by the landlords for the imposition of a new grievance on their unfortunate tenantry. Up to this period farmers had been allowed the free use of considerable tracts of land in the vicinity of their holdings, where their cattle might graze at large. These commons were suddenly enclosed by the landlords, and converted into pasturages for their own use. The tenants who, even with the advantage of the commons, only dragged out a miserable existence, beheld themselves at one blow reduced to inevitable destruction. The result was a series of insurrectionary tumults, during which all kinds of atrocities were perpetrated that the savage instincts of human nature, stimulated by the madness of despair, could suggest. A vast and widespread conspiracy was formed, nightly meetings were held, and fearful oaths administered—large bodies of rioters proceeded by night to the houses of the obnoxious, which they burnt to the ground, often causing the death of the inmates—individual victims were assassinated on the high road, while those who were not deemed worthy of the last punishment of death, had to undergo an amount of insult and torture to which, in many instances, death itself was preferable.

These outrages were repeated with circumstances of more or less aggravation during the six following years, until at length the superior vengeance of the law crushed the conspiracy, and restored peace without removing the causes of disaffection. The public mind was appalled by the daily contemplation of numerous hangings and

quarterings, the invariable panacea administered in this country to the sufferings of the people by the succeeding governments of centuries. So terrible was the vigor of the law, and so ingrained became the apprehension of its judgments, that to sympathise even by word with the victims of oppression, was to have one's loyalty called in question, and to expose one's life to peril the most imminent.

Twenty years after, the smouldering ashes of Whiteboyism burst forth once more into a flame. The riots were on this occasion confined to the county of Cork, where they were conducted under the guidance of an individual with the assumed name of Captain Right. Who this bold leader was, has, I believe, never been ascertained. After the suppression of the riots, we do not learn that he was brought to justice, nor can we discover how he ended his adventurous life. The pretext of the "risings" was the excessive cruelty connected with the exaction of tithes; but the rioters soon enlarged the programme of their grievances. They complained of excessive rents, and of the severity of taxation; and drew up a scale of charges to which, and to which only, they would submit, for the support of the clergy, whether of their own or of the Established Church. The conspiracy assumed the form and resorted to the practices which had distinguished it in its inception—the nightly meetings were held again—oaths were administered—houses and property were burned or otherwise destroyed—individuals were waylaid, and subjected to ignominy or death, according to the amount of hatred they had incurred—the county, in a word, was delivered over for a time to the lawless control of an infuriated and unscrupulous, because persecuted peasantry.

In this juncture, the friends of law and order naturally sought some means by which the passions of the

people might be soothed down, and peace be restored once more to the country. They remembered how effectual the appeal of Father O'Leary to his misguided fellow-countrymen had been in the year 1779, when a French invasion was apprehended, and Irishmen had displayed a too vigorous ardor to swell the ranks of the aggressors. The tumults were confined for the most part to the diocese of Cloyne, and it was but just to suppose that the Catholic prelate of the day would have exercised his pastoral influence to check the violence of his flock. But Dr. M'Kenna was old and feeble, and altogether inadequate to so difficult a task. Nor was there amongst his clergy one sufficiently popular, or, perhaps, of tact sufficient for the undertaking. Every eye then turned to Father O'Leary, and he was earnestly solicited to employ his pen once more in the Christian work of making peace amongst his distracted fellow-countrymen. He was not deaf to the entreaty, for in a short time he produced three addresses to the White-boys, in which he employed every argument calculated to restore order which theological research could supply, or the ability as well as the scholarly attainments and unblemished character of so distinguished a divine could enforce.

Though Father O'Leary's character and sentiments were now widely known and respected through the country, yet he could not escape the misconstruction and misrepresentation to which writers, even the most pure-minded as well as the most cautious, are exposed, especially in a society whose elements are essentially discordant. No sooner had his addresses to the White-boys appeared, in which it would be easy to show that there was nothing unbecoming the Christian minister or the loyal subject, than they were attacked in an unscrupulous pamphlet, which pretended to show that they were designed for the promotion of the cause which

they only affected to denounce. This publication was signed "Theophilus," but was well known to be the production of Dr. Patrick Duigenan, a Catholic who had "conformed" to the established religion, and whose writings, if remarkable for nothing else, were at least distinguished for that extreme virulence which is ever characteristic of the renegade, when inveighing against the cause whose standard he has forsaken. The scurrilous writer assailed Father O'Leary's motives, and severely criticized his conduct through the whole of the riots, pretending to demonstrate that the good Father's feelings, as well as those of the Catholic clergy in general, rather sympathized with anarchy and rebellion; and that every apparent attempt on their part to crush disloyal outbursts of feeling, was insidiously contrived to foment disaffection and violence. The coarse vulgarity and wanton defamation that pervaded this pamphlet, would have caused it to die a natural death, had not a more respectable pen dragged it again into light, and imparted to it a new vitality. Every one could afford to despise a scribbler of low degree, utterly unprincipled, flippant, and vindictive, who only rose to a respectable position by the sacrifice of honor and religion, and by attributing to others the baseness congenial to himself; but none could pass by in silence charges emanating even from such a source, when re-asserted and backed up by one of the worthiest and most able Protestant prelates of the day. Shortly after the publication of "Theophilus," appeared the celebrated pamphlet of the Right Reverend Doctor Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, entitled "The Present State of the Church of Ireland."

But before we enter on the consideration of Dr. Woodward's pamphlet, it will be interesting to learn what was the real character of the man whose calumnies he adopted; and whether the writer of those *calumnies* possessed the qualities of head or of heart

which should entitle them to such distinguished patronage. As Father O'Leary's response to those infamous charges, to which we shall come by-and-bye, obliged him to make frequent reference to "Theophilus,"—to this Duigenan—disguised under so very self-eulogistic a *nom de plume*, it is necessary to present the latter combatant in his true colors before the reader, that a just verdict may be pronounced upon the merits of the contest in which he and O'Leary were engaged. Sir Jonah Barrington saves us the trouble of description:—

"Patrick Duigenan," says Sir Jonah, "was a man whose name must survive as long as the feuds of Ireland are remembered. On many points the conduct of this man was so irregular, inconsistent, and singular, that even now it is impossible to decide with certainty as to his genuine principles—if such he possessed—upon any one subject, religious or political. His father was parish-clerk of St. Werburgh's Church, Dublin; and, as he was born on St. Patrick's day, he was christened Patrick, in honor of the Apostle. In whatever station he might have been placed, or whatever profession he might have adopted, he could not fail to become a conspicuous character. The activity and vigor of his intellect would not allow him to pass through life as an unsignalized spectator; and, if he had not at an early period enlisted as a champion of Protestantism, it is more than probable he would, with equal zeal and courage, have borne aloft the standard of St. Peter. Incapable of moderation upon any subject, his hot, rough, courageous, and stubborn mind, strengthened by a memory of extraordinary retention and very considerable erudition, contributed their attributes equally to the speeches he pronounced and the essays he penned. He considered invective the primary quality of a public orator, detail as the second, and decorum as the third and least necessary.

A partisan in his very nature, every act of his life was influenced by invincible prepossessions; a strong guard of inveterate prejudices were sure, on all subjects, to keep moderation at a distance, and occasionally prevented even common reason from obtruding on his dogmas or interrupting his speeches. A mingled strain of erudition and vulgarity, rhapsody and reasoning, unlimited assertion and boisterous invective, were blended in inextricable confusion in the turbid current of his writings and orations. His mode of composition was peculiar: he folded a sheet of paper into four parts, and wrote rapidly on each side; and so soon as the sheet was filled with close writing, sent it off to the press for publication, without ever reading one word, or correcting a single syllable. He early resolved, he said, to print always what came uppermost, which was generally the best, and certainly the most natural. The only alteration he ever made in any of his works, was in the '*Lachrymæ Academicæ*,' a satire on Trinity College, in which he inserted the following afterthought: 'The *source* of Sir John Blaquiere, like that of the Nile, has never yet been *discovered*.' He persuaded himself that he was a true fanatic; but, though the world gave him credit for his practical intolerance, there were many exceptions to the consistency of his professions, and many persons doubted his theoretic sincerity. His intolerance was too outrageous to be honest, and too unreasonable to be sincere. With a spirit naturally open and zealous, he was often an ardent and sincere friend; and though publicly harsh, he was privately charitable, yet seemed almost ashamed of doing anything that could be called benevolent. His tongue and his actions were constantly at variance. He was surly, and yet hospitable—beneficent, and yet gruff—prejudiced, and yet liberal—friendly, and yet brutal. His bad qualities he exposed, without

reserve, to the public; his good ones he husbanded for private intercourse. Many of the former were fictitious, all the latter were natural."

In his "Anecdotes of the Union," Sir Jonah Barrington again alludes to Duigenan:—"He had an honest heart, a perverted judgment, and an outrageous temper; and, as if he conceived that right was wrong, he surlily endeavoured to cloak his benevolence under the rough garb of a rude misanthropy. In private society he was often genial and convivial; and when his memory, his classic reading, and miscellaneous information, were converted to the purposes of humour and entertainment, they gave his conversation a quaint, joyous, eccentric cast, highly entertaining to strangers, and still more pleasing to those accustomed to the display of his versatilities." Dr. Duigenan was married twice: his first wife, Miss Cusack, was the sister of a lady who resided with the Doctor, and who had been a nun in France up to the time of the Revolution. A Roman Catholic clergyman also lived in the house, who performed the office of chaplain to the two ladies, and frequently did the honors of the Doctor's table. All the Doctor's servants were Catholics—so were the great majority of his guests, to whom his hospitality, and frequently his donations in favor of charity, were some compensation for the virulence with which he publicly assailed the Church of their affections. His second wife, also a Catholic, was the relic of a Mr. Hepenstall, brother of Lieutenant Hepenstall, known as the "Walking Gallows." This singular soubriquet the gallant officer received from the fact, that, during the rebellion of '98, in accordance with the licence allowed to the military at that time, wherever he met a peasant who could not account for himself satisfactorily, he knocked him down with a blow of his fist, tied a rope round his neck, and hoisted him

on his back, where the wretched victim kicked and writhed till he expired. A happy epitaph was suggested for this Hepenstall, who died in 1800, of the *morbus pedicularis* :—

> "Here lie the bones of Hepenstall,
> Judge, jury, gallows, rope, and all."

Duigenan was raised to the dignity of privy-counsellor by the Duke of Richmond, when Lord Lieutenant, to the indignation and disgust of all the Catholics of Ireland. Alluding to this selection, O'Connell said that "bigotry had covered itself with eternal ridicule in the person of its chosen apostle." But the Duke of Richmond was very indifferent to the national feeling on that or any other subject. His sole mission in Ireland appears to have been a mission to set the best example of habitual drunkenness that was ever exhibited even in the viceregal chair in those hard-drinking times. Duigenan commemorated his noble patron's weakness in appropriate verses :—

> "If your Grace has a mind to be gay,
> And we know you're the devil at that,
> You'll come, take a drop of sweet *pea**
> With your own privy-counsellor, Pat.
> Faith, its so tempting, whate'er you may think of it,
> Claret's but sour, and champagne is but ropish,—
> Besides, troth, I've neither to give you, *asthore* ;
> But whisky's the thing, be it ever so popish,
> To lay a right noble duke flat on the floor."

So much for Dr. Patrick Duigenan, the author of the publication signed "Theophilus." It is time that we return to the pamphlet of the Bishop of Cloyne.

This treatise went to prove, that a conspiracy existed in Ireland for the overthrow of the Established Church, and that the conspirators were no other than Catholics and Dissenters. A rare combination, indeed! "The

* Whisky.

Dissenters," his lordship said, "were anxious to pull down all establishments, and the Catholics wished to set up their own." "The Irish Presbyterians," he said, "differ essentially from their brethren of Geneva, Switzerland, and Holland, Germany and Scotland, as they (the Irish) reject the idea of any national church." "They are Independents," he adds, "in a rival view—they are Presbyterians as to ecclesiastical discipline. Their principles do not, like those of the Roman Catholics, tend to set up, but merely to pull down an ecclesiastical establishment." In inveighing, however, against the Catholic portion of this alleged conspiracy, his lordship's language was by no means remarkable for that truthfulness or gentleness that distinguished his personal character. He raked up all the old and long-since refuted arguments usually brought against Catholics in their capacity of subjects; they were essentially hostile to Protestant government—oaths could not bind them—it was lawful to depose and murder princes excommunicated by the pope—no faith was to be kept with heretics—with all the rest of this exploded rubbish. The good bishop knew that, ten years before this date, the Catholics had by oath disclaimed these atrocious charges; but his lordship, no doubt, believed that their oaths could be as easily removed as imposed, by the omnipotence of papal dispensation. In the heat of his hatred, he was betrayed into the approval of some of the coarsest and most calumnious diatribes of "Theophilus," especially that in which the latter described the Whiteboys as a "popish banditti, spirited up by agitating friars and Romish missionaries, sent hither on purpose to sow sedition." It was not, however, without some misgiving that the bishop echoed the vulgar language of the venomous pamphleteer. "His terms as well as reasoning," says his lordship, "I leave to Theophilus to defend,

observing only that a strong conviction of the truth of apprehensions for the safety of religion will naturally excite a warmth, from which indifference is a sure exemption; and I leave it, likewise, to him to make good the assertion that agitating friars and Romish missionaries have been sent here for the purpose of sowing sedition. But though I do not know on what authority Theophilus speaks, I can very well conceive that he may think the letters of Mr. O'Leary *calculated* to sow sedition. I do not say that the reverend author *intends*, much less that he is *sent hither for the purpose;* but, in my poor opinion, which has, moreover, the sanction of every rational man with whom I conversed on the subject, his publications tend, and if such WERE his designs, are *most artfully contrived, to produce that effect.*"

Dr. Woodward's pamphlet caused great commotion amongst all classes of people through the country—amongst the Protestants, who feared that the Church was really in danger—amongst the Catholic clergy, who were described as urging their flocks to rebellion—amongst the Catholic laity, who had reason to apprehend further legal repression, to be justified by the bishop's warning to the government—and amongst the Dissenters, to whom were attributed principles no less seditious than those ascribed to the masses of their fellow-countrymen. The first to take the alarm were the Catholics, and naturally, because the charges brought against them were the most numerous and insulting. The clergy saw with bitterly painful feelings that every attempt which they had been making for years to promote peace, and establish obedience to the law amongst their people, was only rewarded with vulgar abuse and malicious insinuations. They observed with regret, that theological tenets, inconsistent with the duties of subjects, which had been so frequently imputed

to them, and had been as frequently rebutted with indignation and contempt, were again and again flung in their faces; that their truth and honor were suspected; and that they were only believed to wear a mask of loyalty which concealed a visage of disaffection. Dr. James Butler, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, deemed it his duty to take the initiative in redeeming the people of the province wherein he held so exalted a position, from the foul aspersions which had been cast upon them. He addressed a letter to the Bishop of Cloyne, in which he complained of the "unjust and uncharitable reflections cast by his lordship upon the whole body of the Roman Catholic prelates." "Being held out, (from the rank he held among the Roman Catholic prelates of Munster,) as the chief ringleader in the deep-laid plot, which his lordship had discovered against the *Protestant interest* in this kingdom, he felt himself personally called upon to tell Dr. Woodward, that the facts on which he rested the whole of his attack upon the Catholic prelacy of Ireland, had been either most falsely understood, or strangely misrepresented by his lordship." He had felt himself bound to lay the case as it stood before the metropolitan of the Bishop of Cloyne, and could not help regretting that he had been called upon, during his interview with that dignitary, "to state certain facts which could not but depreciate in his eyes a character, which he, (Dr. Butler,) was once willing to believe was the very pattern of benevolence and true Christian charity." In reply to this letter, Dr. Woodward stated that he had reviewed the pamphlet attentively, but could not find a single passage which conveyed the most distant reflection on the Roman Catholic prelates; and that nothing was farther from his intentions than to use language, which, even by remote implication, could be construed to bear such a meaning. Dr. Butler replied,

accepting Dr. Woodward's explanation, but submitting grounds why such explanation was necessary; and the correspondence closed with a rejoinder from the Bishop of Cloyne, in which his lordship disclaimed any intention of using a single expression in his pamphlet, *levelled against the sincerity of the allegiance* of the Catholic prelates. His lordship, however, weakly defends himself against the charge of undervaluing the Catholic's respect for an oath. "My reasoning," he says, "proceeds on the supposition of *any future* oath, to secure the perpetual establishment of the Protestant Church in this kingdom." Shortly after the publication of this correspondence, an interview was arranged in Dublin by Lord Kenmare, between Dr. Butler and the Chief Secretary, Mr. Orde; on which occasion the archbishop sought to vindicate himself and his fellow-prelates from the imputations cast upon their loyalty by the Bishop of Cloyne. The account of this interview is given in a private letter, addressed by Lord Kenmare to the Right Reverend Doctor Moylan, Bishop of Cork, in which we also find allusion to Father O'Leary's intention of replying by pamphlet to the charges brought against himself personally. "I would have answered your letter sooner," says Lord Kenmare, "but I waited to give you an account of an interview I had fixed for this morning, between Mr. Secretary Orde and the Archbishop of Cashel, (Dr. Butler,) who came here three days ago. The archbishop complained of the insult offered to him, you, and us all, by the Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet. He stated the anxiety and pains he had been at in promoting the test act; his correspondence in consequence with the see of Rome; the approbation of it and his and your conduct; the condemnation and censure of the *Hibernia Dominicana*, and the nuncio's letter of 1776; your condemnation and efforts against the riots and oaths last May; and finally, the peaceful,

unimpeachable, and loyal conduct of the Catholic prelacy and clergy under every vicissitude of persecution or indulgence, for the entire of the last century. Mr. Orde assured him then that the Bishop of Cloyne had not consulted him or government on the publication of his book; that he wished it had never taken place, as it gave Dr. Butler and his worthy brethren so much uneasiness, and had lit up a paper war, which the interests of the booksellers would prevent from speedily stopping. He added, that he thought Dr. Butler would do well to publish the vouchers and documents he had read to him, which must convince every candid mind of his laudable line of conduct, and the futility of the charges brought against us.

"Our little friend is quite on fire about this business. I think with Mr. Orde, that the vouchers and documents alone would sufficiently clear up this matter; but he seems intent upon a much larger scale, attacking their Charter School Catechism, (which neither argument nor reason will make them alter,) and refuting every late calumny. I want him to leave most of these to O'Leary, because much may come from him who has been wantonly attacked both as an author and a man, that could not become an archbishop to meddle in. O'Leary's book will be large, and I will endeavour to find an opportunity of sending it to you."

Shortly after these transactions, the Archbishop of Cashel issued a pamphlet, entitled "A Justification of the Tenets of the Roman Catholic Religion, and a Refutation of the Charges brought against its Clergy by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Cloyne. By Dr. James Butler." In our days, points of polemical controversy are discussed in the newspapers, and there seems never to be an end of the discussion. In the alternations of victory, the reader is bewildered, and knows not to whom the prize for truth should be awarded. During

the last century, when newspapers were few and of small compass, the only safety-valve for political or polemical over-warmth was the pamphlet; and no sooner did one appear on the arena, than it was followed by numberless others, until what in the beginning was a hand-to-hand conflict, degenerated into a melée of indiscriminate combatants, where the spectator's vision was distracted, and the issue of the battle was no longer a matter of interest. So it was with the pamphlet of the archbishop's. It was followed by a host of others on the opposite side, in many of which Father O'Leary's name was mentioned in terms by no means flattering, and in which his writings and his conduct were criticized with unsparing severity. He, however, was all this while watching the progress of the contest, and awaiting the suitable moment to appear upon the stage, and decide the fortunes of the day. The public were eagerly looking forward for his appearance; and the general expectation was more than repaid when a bulky pamphlet issued from the press, with the following long title (for long titles were the custom of the day)—"A Defence of the Conduct and Writings of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, during the Late Disturbances in the Province of Munster; with a Full Justification of the Irish Catholics; and an Account of the Risings of the Whiteboys. Written by Himself, in answer to the False Accusations of Theophilus, and the Ill-grounded Insinuations of the Right Reverend Doctor Woodward, Lord Bishop of Cloyne."

It is not my intention to make large quotations from this work, (although the whole might be read with pleasure,) because, at this distance of time, the events referred to therein could not possess much interest for the reader. Such passages, however, as bear upon the personal history of Father O'Leary, or indicate the quality of his mind, I shall put forward; such, also, as show *strong* powers of reasoning, or rise into loftiness of

expression, shall be produced. O'Leary's writings afford a remarkable illustration of the style peculiar to the day, the chief features of which were, a stilted and pompous phraseology, an abundance of classical allusions and quotations, and a humour which, in many instances, would amuse, if it were not so patently elaborate. At the same time, this particular publication of O'Leary's, as a whole, is easy and agreeable, and keeps the reader's interest fully awake to the end—it is replete with humour, and bristles with argument; and while the author never indulges in vulgar abuse of his right reverend opponent, he employs throughout against him a quiet satire, which, if not so violent, is at least an equally crushing engine of destruction. A more complete vindication of a man's character was never placed before the public than this; and its appearance, which was hailed with the warmest greetings of the public, was followed by a ring of such approbation through the country, as the writers of that day seldom had the satisfaction to receive, and the echoes of which did not cease until many years had elapsed after the distinguished writer had passed for ever from the stage of life.

The tendency of Dr. Woodward's pamphlet was to show that a Popish plot existed in the south of Ireland for the subversion of the Established Church, and that Whiteboyism was a manifestation of that insidious feeling. He fastened upon one word used by Father O'Leary in his addresses to the Whiteboys, to prove that that gentleman's writings, if not seditious, were, at least, *well-calculated to sow sedition.* Father O'Leary had told the insurgents, that if they had "grievances" to complain of, the legislature alone was competent to redress them. The word "grievances" was enough—what grievances had the people? or if they had grievances, why remind them of it? Such language smelt strongly of sedition—Father O'Leary

was a rebel, and the Church was in danger! How was the "agitating friar" to defend himself against this serious charge? In the first place, he shows that he could have no interest in a rebellion, whose most wished-for success should culminate in wresting the tithes from the Church; for, he says: "I have renounced every claim to tithes by sacred vows. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne, then, may rest satisfied that I never intended to sow sedition from a rapacious view to his ecclesiastical revenues; and that I can frankly say with Parson Adams to his brother Trulliber, in Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews,'—'*Nil habeo cum porcis*—I have no call to your tithe-pigs.'" Again, what interest could he have in fomenting riots and disorders? On the contrary, "common sense and prudence must acknowledge that a person in his situation could not with propriety stand by as an indifferent spectator of tumults and disorders which threatened the peace of the community, and which he well foresaw would be construed by malevolence into a Popish confederacy against the State, as Theophilus had subsequently construed it." Father O'Leary goes on to show how he could not conscientiously remain silent, while events were passing before his eyes detrimental to the peace of society, and to the religion of which he was a minister. "From one parish in the diocese of Cloyne, the disturbances began to spread to another; and, as bad example seldom ends where it first began, the contagion at last reached the borders of the diocese of Cork; and as a gangrene that eats its way from the extremities of the body to the very vitals, Captain Right's proclamations made their way to the very heart of the city, about five months after they had been published in the diocese of Cloyne. On a Sunday morning, a seditious notice was posted (and breathing nothing but a downright disrespect to the clergy) on the gates of the parish

chapel, inviting such as found themselves oppressed by *pampered theologians, whose God was their belly, and whose religion was a hogshead of wine* (the very words of the notice), to meet at an appointed hour, to regulate their pittance according to the Gospel rule. That very day I was going on business to the country, when, to my surprise, I met with numbers of common people reading a similar notice, posted up against the gate of my own chapel. Was it meddling with the politics of the Protestant country, as the Bishop of Cloyne's favorite Theophilus upbraids me, to make war upon disorder and licentiousness? Or is it because the Bishop of Cloyne was silent and passive during the tumults which had changed his diocese into a scene of disorder and anarchy, that I should be silenced by the clamor of sedition, sounding the trumpet at the threshold of my own chapel? I deferred my excursion, and at every congregation, from eight to one o'clock, I enlarged upon the scandal and impropriety of such proceedings, pointed out to the common people the danger to which they exposed themselves, the confusion in which they were involving the community, and made use of the most persuasive arguments in my power to reclaim them to their duty. If I deserved to be compared to any illustrious character, it was not to Mark Antony working on the passions of the people, in order to arm them against Brutus and his confederates, that the Bishop of Cloyne should have compared me. If he intended a compliment, and wished to tempt my vanity, he should have compared me rather to Junius Blesus appeasing the Pannonian legions, who had been urged to revolt against their officers by a common soldier named Persennius, the Captain Right of his day. I thought it my duty, both as a loyal subject, a clergyman, and member of civil society, to contribute to the preservation of public order, and to guard deluded mul-

titudes against destruction to the utmost of my power."

The interest and honor of the Catholic body, often misrepresented, and become the theme of scurrilous or fanatical writers, were further incentives to the zeal of Father O'Leary. He knew the low ebb at which the popular religion had fallen in the country, and how dangerous to its interests would be any fresh pretext for oppressive legislation: he knew how sedulously the ascendant party kept up, for their own wise ends, the cry of Popery, and all its plots and schemes against the public peace. "In that county (Cork)," he writes, "Machiavelli's maxim, *divide et impera*, has been followed for many years, and the plan for changing the pretended dangers of Popery into so many steps of the political ladder, whereby to ascend to power and consequence, had been for many years invariably pursued. The Catholics, excluded from the senate and councils of the nation, could not be known to every English nobleman who came here to manage the reins of administration during a temporary residence. Chance may bring him acquainted with some individuals, but he must be a stranger to the real state and principles of the body at large. The Catholics, then, could not be known to government but in the colors in which these people painted them. And from such political limners, a just resemblance between the picture and the original could not be expected. Hence, in the county of Cork, scarce could Catholics breathe until the administration of the Earl of Halifax and Lord Townshend, who, upon a closer investigation into their case, removed the film with which the misrepresentation of interested men had overspread the eyes of former rulers. I had then just grounds to apprehend that the disorders of a motley group of insurgents would be made out a Popish confederacy; and I knew

that the silence of a man who stood for his country, in the sight, I may say, of the enemy, and who has as much influence as any individual in his station, would give a colorable sanction to the accusation." Moreover, Father O'Leary had before his eyes the fate of the unfortunate Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, of Clogheen, an innocent man, who had been literally "done to death" some years before by human bloodhounds, and whose terrible destiny should warn him that the semblance of guilt was fatal where innocence itself was no protection. "Under the impressions which such singular events must make on the mind, and in the delicacy of the clerical situation, who could suspect that any Catholic clergyman would blow the trumpet of sedition in the ears of a deluded peasantry?"

He continues to give an account of the Whiteboy proceedings, with a view to showing the part he acted on the occasion. "The associations were now extending, and a notice posted up against the gates of the parish churches and chapels, was a kind of standard to which all parties, without distinction of religion, flocked, and entered into a general confederacy. . . . The notice alluded to is to the following import: 'You are hereby cautioned not to pay ministers' tithes, only in the following manner, viz.: potatoes, 4s. per acre; wheat and barley, 1s. 6d. per acre; oats and meadows, 1s. per acre. Roman Catholic clergy to receive for marriage, 5s.; for baptism, 1s. 6d.; for anointing and visiting the sick, 1s.; for mass, 1s.; for confession, 6d. You are hereby warned not to pay parish-priests clerk's-money, nor any other dues concerning marriages. Be all sure not to go to any expenses at your confession terms, but let them partake of your own fare.'*

* To many readers the last sentence of this notice would be unintelligible without an explanation. It is usual for priests in the country to hold what are called "stations" amongst the people, twice a-year,

Father O'Leary goes on to show how, although this notice was very censurable, its offers of payment to the clergy of either church were rather moderate considering the real distresses of the poor. In vain did the Bishop of Cloyne attempt to justify proctors, tithe-canters, tithe-jobbers, &c., by declaring them to be agents to the clergy, equally necessary as receivers to lay gentlemen. These "ecclesiastical agents," of whom the bishop becomes the apologist, "are so many locusts that eat up the peasant's green herbage, without feeding the wind that wafts them. Several instances could be procured to prove that they gain more than their employers, whilst they distress the cottager. When the potato stalk begins to shoot to a certain distance above the surface of the earth, the sharp-eyed lynx surveys it in the name of God and our holy Mother the Church. On the spot where the stalks crowd together thick and threefold, in order to discriminate the ranks and to avoid confusion, the proctor's hand rears a landmark.

at Christmas and at Easter. A station is held in every townland of the parish, that is to say, the priest and his curate, if he have one, present themselves in the morning at the house of a farmer whose name and place of residence have been published the previous Sunday from the altar, and there hear the confessions of such of the people of that townland as apply for the reception of the sacraments. When all the confessions have been heard, Mass is celebrated in the house, at which the people assist, and receive the sacrament of the Eucharist. The priest usually, on such occasions, delivers an exhortation to those who are present, inveighs against local abuses, corrects scandals, and, in a word, enforces, in the strongest language, the precepts and obligations of religion. After Mass, the people pay the priests their respective dues for the half-year, and retire. The farmer in whose house the "station" has been held, then entertains the priests to breakfast, the meal being generally "furnished forth" with that taste and costliness which may aptly express the esteem in which the host regards his reverend guests. The stations, then, are the "confession terms" alluded to in the notice, and the injunction that the priests be made to partake of the people's "own fare," forbids any expense that may be incurred in procuring a breakfast more *recherché* than that which may suit the palate of a peasant.

The hungry peasant, whose teeth water for the vegetable he had sown and reared up from its infant state, wishes to try its quality; but if he approach within a certain distance of the fatal landmark, he must share the fate of the benighted mariner, who is shipwrecked on the rock whereon a light was held out to decoy him. The bishop's court is the strand on which the proctor gathers the spoils."

Whiteboyism was not confined to the Catholics; nor was it an insurrection merely against the exactions of the Established Church. The demands of the Catholic clergy also, as we have seen, formed no small gravamen of their complaints. Tithes, proctors, and priests were classed in the same category of oppression, and were visited with equal odium by the lower classes of the people. Captain Right's proclamations inveighed with impartial vehemence against priests and parsons. See the result:—"The common people," says Father O'Leary, "who, in time of persecution, used to follow their clergy into the recesses of forests, to hear their prayers and instructions, nailed up chapels in some places against their pastors in the very blaze of toleration. The disorders which would arise from such a proceeding were easily foreseen, and it was requisite that some persons should step forth to stem the torrent. Doctor Mann, the Protestant Bishop of Cork, was absent for the benefit of his health; the Catholic bishop of the same diocese, the present Lord Dunboyne, had been under the necessity of going to Dublin, on the death of the young Lord Dunboyne, his nephew, before the disturbances broke out in the diocese of Cork. The titular Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. M'Kenna, was sinking under the weight of years, and ignorant of what happened in his district. And Dr. Woodward, who had the administration of the two dioceses, was taken up with rummaging pontificals and other old books, in order to collect materials for

his pamphlet, whilst the Catholic peasantry were flocking to his churches, and the lower orders of the Protestants going on Sundays to meet the Catholic congregations in his diocese, in order to swear the people, and give solidity to the confederacy, in support of the regulations of Captain Right. The head pastor being either absent, or infirm, or inactive, and the flocks daily maddening, who was to be applied to? Will the Bishop of Cloyne controvert that in danger every person is a soldier? The Catholic gentlemen, instead of thinking of a confederacy against either Church or State, with the assistance of a 'foreign power,' which so often haunts the bishop's imagination, dreaded that it was rather a confederacy against themselves, by affording such politicians as are hostile to their interest, an opportunity of misrepresenting them to the government. In consequence, after writing to Lord Dunboyne, pressing his return as soon as possible, they deputed five or six gentlemen to the Catholic Bishop of Cloyne, earnestly requesting of him to inquire into the complaints alleged by some parishes in his diocese, to use his efforts with the people of his persuasion in order to reclaim them to their duty, and to remove every pretext for aspersing the Catholic body, as far as his influence could extend.

"Unable from age and infirmity to go in person, he requested of me to make an excursion into the discontented parishes. I set off, in order to allay the tumults in the diocese of Cloyne, the first in the county where they broke out. Here an extraordinary sight was exhibited: the common people, deluded into the belief that by going to church for a few Sundays they would be less liable to punishment, if not entirely exempt from it; and, authorized to carry arms in conjunction with the lower classes of Protestants, to whom proctors, tithe-jobbers, and tithes themselves, had *become* equally obnoxious, they flocked in several

places to the churches; and as they had not David's Psalms in metre, they chose the old ballad of 'Patrick's Day in the Morning' for an anthem, and got a piper to play it as a voluntary on his favorite organ, as a preparation for divine service, in approaching the house of worship. The marriage of Figaro, represented on the French stage, did not raise more humour, nor attract more spectators, than did this extraordinary marriage of the *paddereen** and the Common Prayer Book in the diocese of Cloyne. Irish wives are remarkably attached to their husbands, and follow them wherever they go. Upon this occasion they gave signal proofs of the constancy of their attachment. Joan followed Darby, and Judy followed Paddy to church, where the gay and unthinking were highly diverted with the novel spectacle of hands thrust into the baptismal font in order to sprinkle about the holy water, and beads drawn out near the communion-table to reckon the Ave Marias. To the gay and thoughtless it was like an afterpiece, which creates humour in order to relieve the mind from the impression of terror and pity which it had received during the representation of some serious drama. To me it appeared as a prelude to a tragedy. It struck the serious and sensible gentlemen of both religions in the same light.

"I was happy in an extensive acquaintance, and still more happy that the Protestant gentlemen were convinced of the uprightness of my intentions. My situation was delicate, and without their concurrence my endeavours would have proved abortive.

"They had previous notice of my arrival in their respective districts through which I intended to pass, and I was happy in the full assurance of their co-operation. On a Sunday I arrived in a parish in Dr. Woodward's diocese. The parish chapel was quite

* A Rosary.

deserted. The priest was abandoned by his flock, and the deluded multitude, lulled into a false security, had crowded to the Protestant church as to an asylum of impunity. Thus, in former times, when the privilege of sanctuary was pleaded, malefactors flocked to the temples as a shelter against the pursuit of violated justice. I considered a crowd of peasants, actuated by resentment, brooding over some wild scheme, preparing for nightly excursions, yet saying their beads up near the communion-table, as the 'abomination of desolation in the holy place,' as mentioned by the prophet Daniel. In every bead I figured to myself the war-whoop of the Mexican, ready to sound the nocturnal charge, or the massive club of an Indian, soon to be ornamented with a proctor's scalp.

"I must do this justice to the Protestant clergy, in whose churches this religious farce was carried on, that they did not favor such a proceeding. They could, indeed, have said with the Psalmist: 'Multiplicasti gentem, sed non magnificasti lætitiam.'—'Thou hast multiplied the people, but Thou hast not increased our joy.' But what could they have done? They had no directions from Dr. Woodward to shut the doors of the churches against people who had shaken off every subordination to their own pastors. But, in my poor opinion, that was the time for the bishop himself to appear—(and such was 'the opinion of every rational man with whom I conversed on the subject,' and such will be the opinion of every rational man who shall read this narrative)—he should have published a pastoral letter upon the occasion, and recommended to his clergy not to permit their houses of worship to be changed into the upper galleries, crowded with a mob assembled for the purpose of making a farce of religion.

"Had I been in his situation at the time, I would

have thought it no dishonor to stand at the door of the church, and to harangue the deluded multitude in the following manner:—

"'My good people,—I am a Protestant bishop, and you, it appears, are Roman Catholics. It should be my glory, my comfort, and my joy, to bring all strayed sheep into my fold, to enlighten them with the rays of the Gospel, to dispel the clouds of error, and to enlarge the kingdom of truth. It is my wish, and my sincere wish—it is the wish of every honest man who thinks himself in the right way, that his fellow-creature enjoyed the same happiness. It was the wish of St. Paul that his hearers were not "almost Christians, but altogether Christians;" and it is my wish that you were not almost Protestants of the High Church, but altogether Protestants of the High Church. It is the wish of charity—and if charity were banished from the hearts of all other mortals, it should find its last retreat in the heart of a bishop. Were I then convinced of the sincerity of your motives, I would be not only the first to unlock the gates of this church to give you admittance; but I would be the first to go to meet you at a distance. A bad motive, however, pollutes the best of actions; and as it is not from conviction of truth, nor a desire to aspire to a higher degree of perfection, that you crowd about my house of worship, but from a sinister design to seek impunity for licentiousness, and, under the cloak of a religion in which you do not believe, to conceal the outrages you are intent on committing; I cannot, in consequence, profane the house of God by the admission of persons who, perhaps to-morrow night, will be disturbing the peace of the public, and eluding laws in the dark, which, in all likelihood, will hereafter punish them in the open day, and remind them when too late of the admonition which I now give them from the best of intentions. It is not the chime of my bells,

but the sound of Captain Right's horn, that has kindled in your breasts this flame of extraordinary devotion, which, perhaps, hereafter may be extinguished with your blood. Will you have me change the house of God into a barrack of sedition? I see in that crowd an old man with a set of beads in his hands! My good man, where are you bringing your beads? Do you intend to expose yourself and me, religion and its temples, to the derision of the public? If you come, come from conviction, and leave your beads at home, or bestow them on another. It reminds me of a history that I read in the Scriptures. Assyrian colonists were transplanted to Samaria; they worshipped their idols and the God of Israel by turns in the same temple. It is not, then, a house of worship, but a good life that will sanctify you. Instil this truth into the minds of the young people in your neighbourhood, and caution them against the practices of those who may engage them in outrages. If you are not submissive to your own pastors, but obstinate to their advice, what good can I expect from you? You are, I believe, now too old to learn, and the generality of you all are not much inclined to alter your creeds. I give you, then, the advice suggested by an amiable Protestant prelate, my brother-bishop of Clonfert, in his letter on Sunday-schools:—"I cannot expect to make good Protestants of you, therefore I advise you to be good Catholics." If you have any complaints against your own clergy, your bishops will redress them; but I cannot, nor will I permit you to come to my churches, to erect the standard of sedition, when I have every reason to believe that you have no other motive in view. Nor can yourselves reap any benefit from a conduct which, in the eyes of God, is a prevarication—that God who unfolds the recesses of the soul, who rejects a spotted victim, and accepts of no sacrifice but such as a sincere, honest,

and pure heart offers upon His altars. Nor would my churches grant you any security against the rigor of the laws. The hand of justice stretches into the inmost part of the sanctuary. In vain did Joab, a mighty man, grasp the corner of the altar; he was slain by the sword of justice. And, much more, in vain would you seek for impunity in my house of worship, for the sanctuary itself is no sanction or shelter for crimes. Follow the advice of Mr. O'Leary, who is here on my left hand, as you followed his advice when you imagined that you had more to expect, and were convinced that you had less to lose.

"'And you, my dearly-beloved brethren of my own communion, how am I to address you? I address you with that confidence which my zeal for the peace of society, the preservation of good order, and the purity of good morals should inspire. Recollect the maxim of the heathen sage, a maxim to which the Blessed Paul has given his sanction, "Evil communications corrupt good morals." These poor people are wild olive branches, going to ingraft themselves on the stock of the Protestant religion, in appearance. But, alas! as they intend to use it only as a cloak for temporary outrages, they will be soon disjoined, without taking sufficient time to be cicurated and mellowed by the sap or vital juice which circulates from the stock through the newly-inserted branches. You may judge of their inventions by those of some of your own. Has my diocese ever exhibited such a spectacle as was seen in the parish of Clonakilty last Sunday? Protestants going to a Popish congregation, to swear the people to Captain Right's regulations! Was it to become Catholics? No, neither do these people intend to become Protestants; religious distinctions are often lost in the idea of common oppression—I acknowledge it. And would to God they were for ever lost! The vices and virtues of

all men flow in the same channels. Their hearts are the same, though their opinions be different; and for those opinions to God alone are they accountable. I wish to see all the subjects of every description in my diocese well united. Such a union is the strength of the State, and should be the glory of a prelate. But I foresee that those mutual visits will consolidate a confederacy which the sword of the laws will cut asunder, to the indiscriminate ruin of the associations. For the edge of that sword has no eyes in it, and justice that handles it is painted blind. You all complain of proctors, canters, and tithes. I shall do what lies in my power to remove every complaint you may have against the two first—no more can be expected. But, as to tithes, they are established by law; the legislature alone can modify them or substitute an equivalent in their room. Wait with patience for its decision, and guard against proceedings which must hurt your temporal interest, and injure your consciences. Or, if any of you are already engaged in the confederacy of disorder, break the engagement of iniquity, whose ties cannot bind the conscience. The peace of God be with you all.'

"One pastoral letter or sermon such as this in '85, would have been worth a thousand pamphlets in '87; and few persons are so well qualified for such a part of the pastoral charge as the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, had he been as intent on the discharge of that office which St. Paul enjoins on pastors, 'Preach the word—be instant in season,' as his lordship was intent on writing a pamphlet 'out of season.'"

* * * * *

"Convinced that the Protestant gentlemen, who were acquainted with the uprightness of my intentions, were willing to co-operate with my endeavours, which had no object but the preservation of public tranquillity,

when divine service was over I conferred with them, and presuming with reason that their resemblance of religious conformity was but a mask to cover features which, when exposed to view, would not exhibit an inviting aspect, we agreed to tear it off, and expose the wearers to their neighbours and themselves. I exhorted them to my utmost, in the most impressive manner adapted to the circumstances. The magistrates explained the laws with proper comments. The people recovered from their delusion, returned to their duty, fully determined to desist from those dangerous and romantic enterprises, which had proved equally destructive to themselves and the peace of the community, had not the law of God, which Mr. O'Leary explained, and the law of the land, explained by the civil magistrate, checked them in their pernicious career.

"Thus, with the concurrence of the Protestant gentlemen and magistrates, did I begin my mission in the diocese of Cloyne. *Sedition*, with which mad malevolence has upbraided me, fled as a routed enemy before me, while peace, like a man's inseparable companion, framed by nature, and disciplined by habit to cast its shadow on every side, trod in my steps and humoured my motions. It embraced me so close that the meridian sun could not discover us asunder. I challenge Dr. Woodward, or that infamous libeller, Theophilus, to disprove this assertion."

Sufficient extracts have been made to show how fully Father O'Leary was able to vindicate his character from the imputation of a desire to sow sedition amongst his fellow-countrymen. Passing over a great many pages, which must have been read with great interest at the period when they appeared, and when the events to which they relate monopolized the attention of the public, we come to a passage the subject of which can never fail to awaken the warmest emotions in the

breasts of Irishmen—that is, the unshaken loyalty they have ever manifested to the British crown, even at times when its supremacy was exposed to the greatest dangers. Those sentiments of loyalty might have sprung from love rather than duty, had the rulers of the country ever displayed a correlative affection for the people of the "sister isle." But let the Irish, at all events, get credit for what they have done. If they loved those who loved them, they merit praise; if they loved and supported those who hated and crushed them, not only should they escape the venom of calumnious tongues, but their fidelity and loyalty to the crown under which they lived, should win that applause, at least, which is awarded to the exalted virtue of Christian forgiveness.

"Can any person," asks Father O'Leary, "in his senses, presume that the Catholics of Ireland, after the late indulgence extended to them by the reigning powers, would be so divested of gratitude and common sense, as to expose their necks to the chain with which rigorous laws had bound them for so many years? When their ancestors signed the capitulation of Limerick, and submitted to the son-in-law of their former fugitive and cowardly king, sooner than violate the laws of nations, afterwards so basely violated by the last of the Stuarts, they declined availing themselves of the succour sent by Louis the Fourteenth. When Alberoni sent the son of James the Second to Scotland, the Irish Catholics remained quiet and peaceful, though they had every reason to expect the assistance of Spain, if they joined the son of their former king; when the present family was not sufficiently settled on a throne threatened by foreign foes, and an aspiring candidate who had his father's title to plead, and numbers of his partisans, each ready to join him in support of his pretensions; when the plains of Fontenoy were

dyed with English blood, and George the Second threatened with expulsion from the British dominions by a young pretender marching to the seat of empire, where was any commotion among the Catholics of Ireland? When Thurot landed at Carrickfergus, where were the Catholics who flocked to his banners in the north? where were the Catholics who caused a diversion in his favor in the south? When England was surrounded by a warring world—one of her strongest limbs torn from her body by the loss of America—her fleets pursued by a victorious enemy, displaying their flag on her coasts—and Ireland, destitute of any assistance but the loyalty and courage of her sons, who forgot their unhappy and fatal dissensions in the common danger, did the Irish Catholics stand by as neutral spectators in expectation of the event? Did they not flock to the standard of their Protestant neighbours, and march at the signal, either to defend their common country, or to mingle their blood in the same trenches with their fellow-subjects? Are these the men whose loyalty should be suspected, and whose character traduced?"*

O'Leary, with consummate tact, lays hold of the offensive language used by the Bishop of Cloyne in reference to the Dissenters, whom he makes to remonstrate with their accuser in the following spirited rejoinder, in which, by the way, we discover that famous witticism on the subject of purgatory, which is remembered and laughed over by all those who ever heard of Father O'Leary's name.

"We (the Dissenters) will support the State, not in

* This vigorous excerpt will, no doubt, recall to the minds of many the equally powerful, but far more brilliant passage of Richard Lalor Shiel's speech, delivered in the British House of Commons, February 22, 1837, on the Irish Municipal Bill, when he replied to the taunt of Lord Lyndhurst, who had stated that the Irish were not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen, because they were to them "aliens in race, aliens in country, and aliens in religion."

compliance with your lordship's *charitable admonition*, but because it is our duty and our interest. But we will not make war upon our neighbours for tithes and mitres; we shall not efface from the panels of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's carriage that emblem of ecclesiastical pre-eminence which he has borrowed from the Church of Rome, and which he is now exposing to public detestation; nor shall we diminish the number of his dishes which the Catholic clergy dressed for him ages before they imagined that bishops, instead of praying for them and their successors, would disturb the dead in their graves by attributing to them doctrines they never taught, and exciting the jealousy and resentment of the reigning powers against the living by casting at their threshold artifices of redress which they disclaim. We shall not engage my Lord Bishop of Cloyne in a crusade to make war upon infidels who are not in possession of your Holy Land.

"It is extraordinary in you to alarm the public with the dangers of Popery, when you retain the most oppressive part of a religion from which you are sprung—tithes, that are oppressive to the poor, and pre-eminence, which, in all ages, has not been relished by the rich. We cannot in reason hate a Catholic for his speculative creed—his belief in the real presence affects us no more than if he believed Berenice's tresses were changed into a comet; nor are we much concerned whether, in that immensity beyond the grave, there may be an intermediate place between the two extremes of complete happiness and complete misery—a place where the soul atones for venial lapses, and pays off a part of the debts it has contracted here. It is equal to us where a man pays his debts, whether here or in purgatory, provided he pays ourselves what he owes us; and however clamorous a mitred divine may be about a Popish purgatory, HE MAY GO FARTHER AND SPEED WORSE!

"The proctor's pound where the cottager's cow or calf is imprisoned, is a greater nuisance to the living than thousands of subterraneous caverns beyond the grave. Good sense and the general good of society are restoring to unhappy mortals the inalienable charter which school divinity had usurped—the choice of the religion they think best, and the privilege of being accountable to God alone for their speculative tenets. We look upon any person who would preach or practise a contrary doctrine as an agitator indeed; and an *agitating bishop* is as obnoxious a character to us as any *agitating priest or friar.*"

The following extracts speak for themselves:—

"The ministry of a clergyman is a ministry of charity and compassion. When I see, then, heroes bred in camps, and trained up amidst the clash of arms, sheathe upon several occasions the sword, and hold out the olive-branch; when in the cure of wounds lenitives are preferred to caustics,—I am not ashamed for having addressed a discontented and oppressed people in the style of sympathy and tenderness. But when I see a prelate, whose very robes are by their institution emblematical of extensive charity, exhibit symptoms of joy in the expectation that the poor will not be relieved by their rulers, I should be more inclined to curse the priesthood than to revere it, if I were so blind as to confound the unfeelingness and other defects of the ministers of religion, with the holiness and other duties of their ministry.

"I recommended patience, which softens the afflictions of sufferers, to the distressed, after informing them that the legislative powers alone are competent to redress a general grievance, and that a disorderly conduct was a bad recommendation to their humanity."

"Here are the comments of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne upon the above text:—'To what do these lectures of

Mr. O'Leary tend? To tell the insurgents that though he knows that they are more oppressed than any sect of men in the world; though he is convinced that they had a right to expect redress from the humanity of the legislature, yet the legislature show no compassion for them—they must remain in their misery: they have no remedy but that of *patience, which softens the afflictions of sufferers.*'

"I am not ashamed of the admonitions, but I blush at the censure! I prefer the charitable Samaritan, who did not offer up sacrifices in Solomon's temple, yet relieved the bleeding man on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho—I prefer him to the unfeeling priest and Levite who passed by unconcerned, without pitying a man whom they saw weltering in his blood. I shall ever pity the poor, and shall ever recommend them to their rulers. If this be a crime, may it be the only crime of which I am found guilty.

"I recommend them to their rulers. It would have been more becoming in the Lord Bishop of Cloyne to have done the same, than to censure me for the feelings of pity. I still indulge the hope that the legislators of Ireland will redress the grievances of the wretched, at the period which their wisdom will appoint. And I am very confident that they will glory in feelings congenial to those of Francis the First, who, on hearing that a nobleman had killed a peasant, dressed himself in mourning, bound up his arm in a scarf, and sent for the murderer, to whom he said—'Rebel, you have wounded your king in the right arm, in depriving him of one of the props of the State. For without the peasantry, who will feed my armies, or supply my treasury?'

"The plough, the spade, and reaping-hook, handled by vigorous, healthy and well-fed peasants, are of more benefit to the State than a thousand goose-quills brandished by so many controversialists, puzzling the minds

and dividing the hearts of men and citizens, who, in the interests of society and the feelings of humanity, would soon extinguish the flames of discord, if the sacred fire were not continually fed by the very hands that should preserve the temple of peace from conflagration. 'It is the peasant's labor, and not his catechism, that should be the subject of legislative attention,' says Voltaire."

Again :—

"If the Irish Catholics profess the religion of the greatest monarchs, and the creed of flourishing universities, one would imagine that their faith should not make them objects of contempt. They introduced no new religion into the State, nor encroached upon any man's property. They had the lands of their fathers, and the religion of their education, ages before their sovereigns thought fit to change their creeds. Their blood flows in the veins of the Protestant nobility and gentry of Ireland, whose pedigree is proclaimed the more illustrious, in proportion as they trace it back to Catholic times. Their loyalty at home and their valor abroad, when disqualifying laws and the thirst of glory urged them to dispute the laurel under the banners of foreign kings, cannot disgrace the kindred of affinity the Catholic noblemen and gentlemen may claim to the Protestant nobility and gentry of the land. Had the island been even subdued by the sword of the conqueror, conquest itself has its limits circumscribed by justice. Transfer of allegiance, and the tribute paid to the former sovereign, is all that the conqueror is entitled to. Locke would grant him no more, but would secure, in the unchangeable profession of their consciences and inheritance, the subjects who had changed their masters. They had the prescription of ages to plead for their religion and properties, when the wrecks of both were secured to them by the laws of nations, under the walls of Limerick. This capitulation, which it was in

their power to break forty-eight hours after the interchange of the articles, they adhered to invariably. It was shamefully broken by the daughter of the very king to whom they had sworn allegiance, though, from the day on which it was signed until this very hour, not a pistol was fired or a sword drawn by a Catholic in this kingdom against the State. Such being the case, which no man can contradict, what must not be the indignation of every man of feeling, when he sees about two millions of Irish subjects treated with as little ceremony as if they were a set of negro slaves upon a West India plantation; compared to a pack of hounds impatient at the view of game; and to a set of treacherous, insidious, faithless, Popish rebels, to be cut off by his Majesty's sword.* Could mortals foresee that, in the year '87, a clause could be introduced into the Irish House of Commons, for the purpose of pulling down, levelling, and prostrating Roman Catholic chapels, if one witness swore before two magistrates that an unlawful oath was taken in said chapel, or in any place adjoining thereto! It would be more honorable to banish the whole Catholic body out of the kingdom, after giving them sufficient time and notice for selling their properties, than to offer them the insult of proposing, on the evidence of a single witness, the destruction of their houses of worship, in the course of the same session when a member of Parliament talked of heads of a bill *to prevent the stealing of dogs.* We read of two philosophers in antiquity, the one continually laughing, and the other continually crying, at the scenes of human life. This contrast would unite them both. Christian houses of worship to be demolished, and the kennels of dogs to be protected by law!"

* This was the recommendation of Theophilus, "an able writer," says the Bishop of Cloyne, "against whom it is hard to prove a negative."

O'Leary rebuts the bishop's accusation, that "agitating friars and Romish missionaries may be sent here to sow sedition." His lordship hinted that Theophilus might have some information of such. "Let Theophilus appear," writes O'Leary, "and he shall be branded as a lying witness. I am extremely sorry that his lordship should mention such a slanderer in his pamphlet. As for my part, my landlord, Mr. Augustus Warren, a member of Parliament, and a gentleman who, at the very beginning of the disorders, took an active and honorable part in suppressing them, is now in town; he would not honor me with his friendship, nor give me free access to his house and library whenever I choose to retire from the bustle of cities, if he discovered in me a seditious tenant. The regular clergy of this kingdom are a part of the Catholic body whom they instruct and edify under the directions of the Catholic prelates.

"Does the Lord Bishop of Cloyne intend to raise a persecution against them, and thus through their sides to wound the Catholics at large, with whom they are so closely connected by the ties of blood, and the mutual interchange of good offices? They have not those fine gardens and rich monasteries which excite the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's jealousy; and which the Emperor of Germany would sell to increase his treasury, as he has curtailed the revenues of such bishops as are not foreign princes. The stricter their vow, the less cumbersome they are to society, as they are literally content with what satisfied St. Paul, 'food and raiment;' many of them have left good fortunes to their younger brothers; all have renounced their share of the inheritance; and such of them as had but a small dividend to share, made a generous sacrifice when they renounced all earthly prospects. Should the contempt of the vanities of the world, and a disinterested heart, be deemed objects of censure in ecclesiastics, they should not be held in such

a view by a bishop who finds them recommended in the Scriptures. Neither will they ever be deemed such by the laity, who will esteem the clergy the more as they practise what they preach. I write here of the regular clergy of Ireland, who run the same career with the rest of the Catholic clergy of the kingdom, and whose common ancestors fell prostrate in the promiscuous ruin occasioned by forfeitures and confiscation. If a revival of claims so often mentioned in the senate, and bandied about in flying pamphlets, can tend to render them obnoxious, there is no doubt but that they should be objects of jealousy with the rest of the Catholics, should these claims be ever asserted. For the Catholic clergy, both secular and regular, are descended from the same stock with the Catholic laity, and from ancestors who, in their days, were neither hewers of wood nor drawers of water. But those claims I have done away by Scripture, canon and civil law, and reason, in my address to the common people, when the combined fleets were on our coasts, and a revival was most likely to ensue. For, at that time, the unprotected Catholics had nothing to lose, and on each Catholic clergyman's head hung the naked sword of proscription. I had some time before confirmed the throne in his Majesty's family against the claims of Stuarts, Bourbons, and the House of Sardinia. This I did in my 'Loyalty Asserted,' as far as a writer possessed of abilities which have nothing to recommend them but the sincerity of the author, could confirm the throne of a prince, whose Catholic subjects are compared to a 'pack of hounds impatient to run down the royal game.'

"The only reward I expect for my labor, is not to be insulted by an oblique insinuation, that I am sent here to sow sedition. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne softens the inuendo in these words: 'I do not say that Mr. O'Leary is sent here to sow sedition, but,' &c. If

he did not say it, why mention my name as a dessert, after having regaled his reader with so many courses? *Sent here!* I imagined that Saint Paul recommends hospitality to bishops, and that a prelate would be more generous than to envy an Irishman the privilege of breathing his native air. If Swift were alive, he would not be very thankful to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne; but Swift would be at liberty to indulge his thoughts in their full latitude. I must be cautious under the heaviest provocation. God knows, it is hard for me. I was not *sent here. I came here,* after having been forced in my early days into foreign countries for a small portion of education, which was refused me in the land of my fathers, because I could not couple Tully's Orations with a Charter-School Catechism.

"I was not 'sent here to sow sedition.' I returned here, not as a felon from transportation, but as an honorable exile, who returns to his native land, after having preferred a voluntary banishment to ignorance and the abjuration of the creed of his fathers.

"I appeal to Richard Longfield, Esq., member of Parliament, whether, at the very beginning of the disturbances in the diocese of Cloyne, I did not give the sincerest proof of the most unfeigned determination to co-operate in the restoration of peace and tranquillity. That gentleman soon suppressed the tumults in his own district, because the humanity of the landlord gave an additional weight of respect and love to the authority of the magistrate. I say it not from flattery, to which I am an utter stranger: had all the gentlemen of consequence in the county of Cork exerted themselves as Mr. Richard Longfield and Mr. Augustus Warren have done; had they, in imitation of these gentlemen, rendered their authority as amiable from benevolence to their tenants, as it was formidable from the powers invested in them by the laws, the disturb-

ances would not have outlived the space of six weeks. Wherever the landlords were active and generous, and advised the people, either no disorders appeared, or were soon suppressed; and had the Lord Bishop of Cloyne been as active in visiting his diocese, and publishing pastoral letters, as he was intent upon collecting materials for a pamphlet to surprise the public on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, he would have contributed to the prevention or suppression of the tumults, in concurrence with Mr. O'Leary.

"But the Lord Bishop of Cloyne was secure in the protection of the State; the peace of society was left to the other guardians; the people were wretched, miserable, mad; several gentlemen were not much concerned for the injuries offered to the clergy of either religion; policy, which often expects benefits from popular commotions, so destructive to the simple, might have induced others to remain silent and inactive, in the prospect of providing for their adherents under the extension of a general police bill—a bill which was then expected in consequence of popular tumults, which adepts in political wisdom were more active in magnifying than preventing. It was reported in the city of Cork, that a certain reverend gentleman in the diocese of Cloyne used to go in the night time, with armed men, to sound a horn near a cluster of cabins, in order to make prisoners of such as would appear to gratify their curiosity—an expedient well becoming a minister of the Gospel! But with some persons every expedient is justifiable when *Popish plots* are to be contrived to give it a sanction."

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"The regular clergy have no interest distinct from the general weal. They are as much interested in the preservation of the State, from which they have got their lands and monasteries, as the Lord Bishop of Cloyne is interested in the preservation of Ireland,

where he has very good livings. He would have, I suppose, the regular clergy of the Church of Rome to shoulder a firelock, sound horns, and shoot Whiteboys. In every age since their institution, they have been engaged in a more glorious warfare—civilizing barbarous nations; diffusing the light of the Gospel into remote regions, whither the Alexanders and Cæsars had never carried their arms; contributing extensively to the cultivation of the sciences, and swelling the deep and majestic rivers of European literature with their tribute of the knowledge of the histories, laws, customs, and manners of the most remote and distant nations. I do not talk here of the Jesuits alone, who, in the very centre of barbarism, amongst cannibals feeding on each other's flesh, realize the sublime ideas of a Plato, a Sir Thomas More, or a Fenelon. These great men only dreamed of those political institutions under which man can live happy, without the canker of envy or the stings of poverty. A branch of the regular clergy of the Church of Rome raised the fabric which procured them the compliments of Montesquieu and the admiration of the world. Civilized and Christian Paraguay, from a nation of cannibals, became the only spot on earth where vice and want were equally unknown.

"To this very day the Catholic religion is maintained in Turkey, Abyssinia, and the remotest regions, by the labors of men whom their vows, and a generous contempt of the pleasures of this world, naturalize to every nation and climate. Their method is quite different from that prescribed by the Lord Bishop of Cloyne for the propagation of the Gospel—a method which exposes religion to the derision of infidels, and renders the proposer vulnerable to every arrow that can be taken from the quivers of the learned. His lordship informs us gravely that his religion will extend *in proportion to agriculture!* Bravo! this is literally planting the

Gospel, and making it the religion of the land, in every sense of the word. St. Paul says godliness is a great gain—the Lord Bishop of Cloyne writes as if gain were great godliness: he sanctifies the soil before he sanctifies the soul. Pity that crows and pigeons have not the use of speech as they had in Æsop's time! his clergy would have a great number of fellow-laborers in the Lord's vineyard. The feathered tribe would cry out to the peasant: 'My good man, sow the corn, and I will be with you next year to reclaim you from the errors of Popery.'"

But no stinted measure of praise would satisfy O'Leary's admiration of the regular clergy to which he belonged. They had been accused of blind obedience to foreign powers. He repudiates the charge. "Whether here or elsewhere," he continues, "the regular clergy owe no subjection to a foreign power; they live as corporal societies under their peculiar institutions, confirmed by Church and State; the boundaries are kept distinct; they give God what belongs to God, and to Cæsar his due. Whilst they live as a corporate society they will plead their charter. Hence, the pope himself cannot, in an arbitrary manner, either elect or depose their superiors, or interfere in their religious policy. He may annul their charter, but whilst they live as corporate societies, they will maintain their institutions, which contain nothing obnoxious either to Church or State: otherwise neither would give them a sanction. When they make their vows, it is not to become vassals to the pope; it is to gratify their own devotion under regulations, which, at a competent age, they have twelve months' probation either to adopt or reject.

"They avow no subjection to a foreign power; and I call upon the Lord Bishop of Cloyne to prove his assertion. They are subjects of the State, swear allegiance to their prince, and are as faithful as any

other subjects. Trapolo, a regular, defended the privileges of his country against Pope Paul the Fifth, and immortalized his name. Ximenes, a regular, raised the power of the Spanish monarchy, and paved the way for the splendid conquest of Charles the Fifth. Father Joseph de la Tremblay, after quitting the bar, and becoming a regular, was forced from his cloister to direct the councils of Louis the Thirteenth. He planned those measures, in the execution of which Richelieu appeared as the ostensible agent; and which, by humbling the House of Austria, and lopping off the heavy branches which made the tree of the French monarchy bend too much, gave it that direct posture and firmness which ever since have been proof against so many storms. In Ireland, during the unhappy commotions which distracted the kingdom in the reign of Charles I., who could have exerted himself with more constancy than Father Peter Walsh, mentioned with honor in the continuation of Sir James Ware? Did he not oppose Rinuccini, the pope's legate, who afterwards excommunicated him at Brussels? Under his excommunication, he remained unshaken in his loyalty. Or what is there in a regular clergyman's frame so hostile to his country, as to induce the Lord Bishop of Cloyne to hold him forth as avowing subjection to a foreign power? Is not a man's oath to be believed? And when the regular clergy swear allegiance to their king, is not their oath to be relied on?"

Bishop Woodward, in his pamphlet, had urged on the government the necessity of bringing the Irish language into disrepute, and using every means for its extinction, that the established clergy might be saved the trouble of learning it, and that the conversion of the people might be facilitated by a uniformity of tongue. O'Leary's comments on this proposal are of the most trenchant character.

"This method," he writes, alluding to the suggested abolition of the native language, "is an insult to the people, and cannot come with any propriety from a prelate, who (if I be well-informed) is indebted for his promotion to the descendant of Irish princes, in whose hospitable halls the tuneful lyre was strung to Irish melody, so varied and harmonious that the lying Giraldus Cambrensis was forced to speak of it with rapture and ecstasy. But now, at the awful summons of an English prelate, the Irish harp must be suspended on the branch of some weeping willow, as the Israelites hung up their musical instruments on the willow-trees that grew by the rivers of Babylon. 'How can we sing (cried they) the canticles of the Lord in a strange land?' And the Irishman can say: 'How can I speak the language of my fathers in the land of my nativity?' His language must be abolished at the recommendation of the Right Reverend Dr. Woodward; this language, the study of which the learned Leibnitz and Lhuyd so warmly recommended to the curious inquirers into the monuments of antiquity; this language, studied by a learned stranger, (Colonel Vallancey,) who has reconciled Mars with Minerva, in uniting the sword with the pen, military skill with literary powers; and by his learned labors has rescued from obscurity the history of a misrepresented nation, formerly the Athens of Western Europe. Thus, Cæsar studied astronomy in the camp, while the priest of Apollo snored in the temple. A military gentleman studies the Irish language, to increase the store of the literary public. The prelate, whose function it is to sanctify the souls of the natives, recommends the growth of their grain for the food of the clergyman's body, and the abolition of their language for the good of their souls.

"Thus, the Irish peasant must work double tides to

sail for heaven: he must grow corn for an English pastor's body, and study this English parson's language for the good of his own soul, lest a pair of brogues should be too uncourtly a dress to appear in the antechamber of heaven. Badinage apart—such a recommendation for the abolition of languages, should rather come from a leader of Goths and Vandals, whose glory it was to destroy monuments of literature, than from the bishop of a large diocese, in a philosophical age, when curiosity is on the wing, and the mind active in the pursuit of knowledge. The Lord Bishop's method, then, of propagating the Gospel, is the most extraordinary I ever read of: to sow corn and extend agriculture for the convenience of the clergyman; and to oblige the peasant, after the toils of the day, to learn the clergyman's language, in order to know the way to heaven, which the clergyman would not take the pains of telling him in Irish. A true repetition of Erasmus' echo, *Quid est sacerdotium ?* Echo, *Otium !*

"I have read of a Saracen emperor who, from hatred to literature, burnt the Alexandrian Library; but I never read of a Christian prelate intent on the conversion of people by whom he was fed, who, instead of learning their language, recommended its disuse, until I read the pamphlet of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne. The present Bishop of Llandaff could not speak a word of Welsh when he came to Wales. Instead of recommending to the English government to abolish the Welsh language, he made the knowledge of it his peculiar study. But it is the unhappy and singular state of the Catholics of Ireland to see their names held up as barbarous,* their creed misrepresented, and the

*Theophilus, in his pamphlet, had, alluded to Father O'Leary as "the friar with the barbarous surname."

language of their ancestors threatened with entire disuse for the gratification of a foreign prelate, who proposes, as the means of their sanctification, commodious houses and cultivated spots for the ease and convenience of persons whom his lordship dispenses from the trouble of even learning the language of the people who support them.

"This was not the manner in which the regular clergy of the Church of Rome planted religion in all the nations on earth where they preached the Gospel. Neither was it the method which those who separated from the Church of England adopted to establish their own doctrine, and formed separate communions. They learned the language of the people, and brought them over to their way of thinking, before they insisted on commodious houses and glebe lands. Hence they became ministers of the word; whereas, according to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's plan, making religion and agriculture keep pace with each other, he gives his readers to understand that the minister of religion is more the minister of the soil than of the soul; and that the old adage, which has become so current, to the disgrace of the priesthood, is verified—no penny, no paternoster."

Further on, in allusion to the bishop's proposal for abolishing the Irish language, Father O'Leary writes:—

"If his lordship be so zealous for the salvation of the people, why not learn their language? The Catholic missionaries who penetrated into the vast empire of China learned the Chinese, though there are eight hundred letters in the alphabet, and each letter stands for a word. They converted millions of the people, translated the writings of their philosophers, and brought Europe acquainted with the laws, customs, and morals of that singular country. His lordship is not under the necessity of travelling far to learn the language; it is

at his door; and an English pastor may as well learn the Irish, as Colonel Vallancy, an English officer, did. His lordship will excuse this freedom—it is as a writer who called me forth that I address him throughout; my respect for a bishop's character is a restraint which I would shake off, if a person of an inferior rank called on government to bring into disuse the language of a country. It is what even conquerors seldom have done. The polished Frenchman has never attempted to abolish the low dialect of the Breton; the grave Spaniard leaves the Biscayan to the use of his speech; and the English have not abolished the Welsh or Erse—the Irish must have the badge of scorn."

O'Leary points out the proper sphere for the employment of the bishop's talents, and the most fitting object of his zeal:—

"The Lord Bishop of Cloyne believes two sacraments necessary to salvation. If he could gain over to the Established Church all the inhabitants of Ireland who believe that neither is necessary to salvation, it would be a great acquisition to the established religion. Could he but kindle the flames of piety and fervor in the breasts of such people, it would be of infinite advantage. And if he could keep within the pale of the Established Church such as are willing to form modes of worship for themselves, or reclaim such as have quitted it within those many years without becoming Catholics, he would leave no room to complain of the majority of Dissenters. What a field is open here for pastoral zeal! It is a herculean task indeed, and worthy of a prelate of distinguished abilities! But want of baptism, Deism, separation from the Established Church, and altar against altar, cannot draw forth the pen of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne. The stability of tithes and the downfall of Popery are his only themes."

He compares the bishop's approval of Theophilus's

ranting to the applause awarded to "the wag on the stage, who, on being asked his religion, answered that he loved a pot of porter, and hated Popery!" He finds fault with the bishop for "his address and ingenuity in so often laying a stress upon the word *heretics*," as if the Catholics alone designate by that name such as have revolted from their Church. "Does the Church of England acknowledge that there are no heretics? Have not her bishops pronounced them such after a canonical trial? Has not the civil magistrate, nursed in her bosom, doomed them to the fagot? . . . . Dr. Godolphin, a Protestant canonist, calls heresy a leprosy of the soul, and describes no less than one hundred and thirty-seven heresies. Were he living now he could add many more. Human victims marched to the stake with fagots on their backs, to purge in the flames the pollution of heresy, under a Protestant Elizabeth and a Protestant James, as under a half-Catholic Henry and a Catholic Mary. Those *strange and erroneous* doctrines which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne promises, by his consecration oath, to banish and drive away, banished and drove away effectually Dissenters and Catholics into the wilds of America in the reign of that James whom the Lord Bishop of Cloyne applauds for his wise saying—no bishop, no king. Those strange and erroneous doctrines banished the Catholic Lord Baltimore into Maryland, and the great Penn into Pennsylvania, both of whom, however, forgetful of their religious differences, planted their colonies, where they granted free toleration to all mortals, and where man is now restored to the indelible charter which the free-born mind is entitled to plead."

"The recollection," he continues, "of such melancholy scenes, induces me to applaud my Lord Bishop of Cloyne for declaring, in his introduction, that it is not his object to enter into the defence of ecclesiastical

establishments in general. It would be a heavy task, indeed! Since the beginning of ecclesiastical establishments, until of late, sovereigns, seduced by the counsels of the clergy, became the executioners of their subjects. The ministers of a religion, one of whose principal laws is a law of eternal love, became the apologists of calamities that swept from the face of the earth, or oppress to this very day, God's noblest images—upright, virtuous, and dauntless men. Like the warrior in the Scriptures, they stepped into the sanctuary to grasp the barbarian's sword wrapt up in the ephod. The code of temporal laws, teeming with sanctions against robbers and murderers, was swelled, to the surprise and destruction of mankind, with additional decrees against heretics and papists. The inoffensive citizen, who, from an apprehension of offending the Deity by acting against his conscience, was confined in the same dungeon, or doomed to the fagot or axe, with the parricide, who laid aside every restraint of moral obligation. The Scriptures were adduced in justification of the sanguinary confusion. Out of every contested verse there issued a fury armed with a quibble and a poniard, which inspired mankind at once with folly and cruelty, and Europe became one wild altar, on which every religious sect offered up human victims to its creed. Such are the effects of ecclesiastical establishments in a long succession of ages. The effects ascribed to them by the right reverend author, as infusing morality as a collateral aid to the law, would have been produced in a more heavenly manner by religion uncontrolled by the terror of penal sanctions; and its rays never shone brighter than when its ministers had no other sword to enforce it but the two-edged sword of the peaceful doctrine of its Author. It is not, then, to the lenity of ecclesiastical establishments that men are indebted for the freedom they enjoy, but to the lenity

of the State, and to the exalted souls and enlarged minds of the illustrious senators, who have cast off the sable weeds of priestly bigotry, to put on the radiant livery of enlightened reason, which religion enlarges into an extensive asylum, instead of contracting it into a narrow and favourite spot, which it is penal (but for a few) to look at. The gloom which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet has spread on every countenance, and the mutual distrust and jealousy which have succeeded the strictest sincerity and amity, since the publication of his performance, are no mighty recommendations of ecclesiastical establishments; the blood of fifty millions of men, cut off by the sword of persecution since the State unsheathed it in defence of ecclesiastical establishments—the oppression, imprisonment, and banishment of many more, start up before our horrified vision! The blood of the slain cries under the altar to the powers of the earth: 'Leave your subjects free—let the priests pray—do not draw the sword in defence of their prayers, for they will never pray alike.'"

Father O'Leary concludes by observing that he would not have obtruded himself on public notice, on this occasion, but for an amount of provocation which it was not in human nature to withstand. It would appear from these concluding words that Theophilus had written a second pamphlet immediately subsequent to that of the Bishop of Cloyne.

"I wish," he says, "the bishop had called me forth in more favorable circumstances, and in a general cause; but he calls me forth under the heaviest provocations, after having declared himself the apologist of a Theophilus, who exhausts the glossary of Billingsgate in personal abuse: 'Whoever reads his lordship's pamphlet must consider the Catholic prelates as perjurers—the laity as enemies to the constitution, from a view to the revenues of the Church, with the assistance of a

foreign power—and Mr. O'Leary seditious with a train of agitating friars and Romish missionaries.' If there be a plurality of worlds, I must have been born in the planet of Saturn, if I did not feel a certain warmth after such a provocation!"

It was very generally believed at the period when this controversy took place, that Dr. Woodward had written his pamphlet at the instigation of the government, who deemed it prudent then, as at other times, to sustain and perpetuate the feelings of hostility, on the ground of different race and religion, that had so long existed in Ireland. But they must have been sorely disappointed by the result; for not only had the bishop's arguments been fully and ably refuted by his talented and facetious opponent, but the bitterness with which the right reverend pamphleteer had inveighed against Catholics and Dissenters alike, united them in a common bond of self-defence against all comers, and created exactly the union which the government so heartily deprecated and deplored. Of late years, the public mind had undergone a very remarkable change in its estimate of the Catholic population of Ireland: the stern and bitter animosity of the past was gradually yielding before the march of liberal sentiments. In the Irish Parliament, the voices of Protestants, whose eloquence has become proverbial, had been already raised in favor of the Catholics; we have seen the Protestant Bishop of Derry presenting himself on the field as their most fearless champion, exclaiming that "tyranny is not government, and allegiance is due only to protection." The Presbyterians of the north, during the Volunteer movement, sacrificed all sectarian prejudice on the altar of national union and freedom. The Volunteers of Belfast had given instructions to their delegates in the convention, to support, as one of the essential ingredients of

reform, the free admission of Catholics to all the rights of freemen. Hence, we can understand how much Father O'Leary was instrumental in bringing about the thorough union which soon subsisted between the Catholics and Dissenters, as described by Thomas Moore, in his "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald."*

"This growing coalition," he says, "between the Catholics and Dissenters, to which the one party brought intelligence and republican spirit, and the other deep-rooted discontent and numerical force, had for its chief cement a feeling common to both, of impatience under the exactions of the Established Church; and a demonstration, among many others, of their joint arms against this vulnerable point occurred in the year 1787, when the celebrated Father O'Leary found himself seconded by Dr. Campbell and other Presbyterian ministers, in his well-known and amusing controversy with the Bishop of Cloyne."

This controversy did, in truth, create a very great sensation throughout the country; and the public mind expressed in various ways its satisfaction at the bishop's defeat, and its congratulation on the triumph of O'Leary. Not the least significant style of public comment on these transactions, were the caricatures in the windows of picture-shops, one of which represented Father O'Leary hand in hand with Dr. Campbell, the celebrated Presbyterian divine, alluded to by Moore in the extract just quoted; while, in another he was painted as pressing on a lever, which a Dissenter had just placed under a church; while the Bishop of Cloyne, with a countenance of fear and alarm suitable to the circumstances, was represented clutching the spire, and alarming the country with the cries of "the Church is in danger!"

* Vol. i. p. 109.

"I read," says Lord Kenmare, in a letter dated October 2nd, 1787, "with the greatest pleasure, the *Critical Review* you sent me on the Cloyne controversy. It is the best performance that has yet appeared on the subject, in which opinion I am confirmed by Mr. Grattan and Dick Herbert. Pray, who is the writer? Grattan is violent against the Bishop of Cloyne for his publication, and thinks, with the reviewer, that government is at the bottom of it."

"These, and such like productions," says Hay, in his history of the Irish rebellion of '98, alluding to the pamphlets of Theophilus and the Bishop of Cloyne,* "dictated by the spirit of discord, were refuted by several able pens of the day, but particularly convicted by the irresistible force of the benevolent O'Leary's dignified ridicule. This divine, professing the true spirit of the Gospel, excited by the purest motives of patriotism and Christian charity, steps forward, and, by his exhortations and example, contributed more effectually to quiet the minds of the people and appease the tempest, by bringing them back to a sense of their religion; and without the loss of a life, effected more than a host prompted by prejudiced coercion or a formidable army."

In a debate which took place in the Irish House of Commons in 1787, on Mr. Grattan's motion for a commutation of tithes, Mr. Toler (afterwards Lord Norbury) spoke of O'Leary's "defence," as he designated it, with a bitterness and bad temper for which he was particularly distinguished when speaking of the Catholic clergy. But John Philpot Curran, himself a Protestant, yet one of the most pure-minded patriots of whom Ireland can boast, could not permit the character of a friend, and a man of sentiments congenial with his own, to be thus grossly

* *Duffy's Library of Ireland*, EA. p. 48.

slandered. He rose to reply. He said: "He thought it incumbent on the house to show themselves untainted by the intolerant principles of certain publications. In so doing he was certain they would perfectly concur with the respected author of one of them" (the Bishop of Cloyne). "He" (Mr. Curran) "was satisfied that godly and pious man had long since regretted the precipitate publication of those hasty sentiments, and rejoiced that their natural tendency had been happily frustrated by the good sense of the public; but he saw no reason for introducing the name of his adversary as a subject of censure in that house. Mr. O'Leary was, to his knowledge, a man of the most innocent and amiable simplicity of manners in private life. The reflection of twenty years in a cloister had severely regulated his passions, and deeply informed his understanding. As to his talents, they were public; and he believed his right reverend antagonist had found himself overmatched in him as a controversialist. In this instance it was just that he should feel his superiority;—it was the superiority, not of genius only, but of truth—of the merits of the respective causes. It was the superiority of defence over aggression. It was the victory of a man seeing the miseries of his country like a philosopher and a tolerating Christian, and lamenting them like a fellow-subject, obtained over an adversary, who was unfortunately led away from his natural gentleness and candour, to see these same miseries through a dark and fallacious medium."

Doctor Woodward himself was forced to pay his tribute of admiration to the genius of his adversary, as displayed in the famous reply to his lordship's pamphlet; for he acknowledged in a subsequent publication that Mr. O'Leary "represents matters strongly and eloquently, and that, Shakspeare-like, he is well acquainted with the *avenues to* the human heart." When we couple this

candid confession with the observation of John Wesley, that O'Leary was "an arch and lively writer," we may form a fair estimate of the "wit, argument, and delicate irony" for which his writings were distinguished. One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with Father O'Leary's reply to Doctor Woodward, is that, notwithstanding its length, and compact argumentative force, it was written in the space of *eight hours*—not, however, I would surmise, by the author himself, who always employed an amanuensis, the latter writing with all possible speed, while the reverend dictator walked up and down the room, uttering his sentences with a declamatory air and tone, like a player preparing his part for the stage.

In the course of the reply we have seen how the reverend author alludes to his having presented himself at some country chapels, where he harangued the people, during the Whiteboy disturbances, and brought them over to peace and subordination. I cannot resist the temptation to introduce here a vivid description of the scene at one of those chapels, when Father O'Leary made his appearance amongst the discontented congregation, of whom the most hardened were subdued by an eloquence that none could resist. The passage occurs, to be sure, in the "Private Memoirs of Captain Rock,"* which are the memoirs of a myth; but any one who is acquainted with the character of that work, will know with what fidelity it sketches truth, where it is manifest truth is the aim. Be it observed that the narrator is an outlaw.

"The appearance of Father Arthur at our little chapel was quite unexpected. We had heard, indeed, that he was proceeding through distant parts of the country, but we had no idea that he would pay us a visit. The

* No. 61, April 29, 1826.

mind of man is a strange compound of opposite passions. I had everything to apprehend from the poor friar's preaching; yet, strange as it may appear, I was almost willing to have all my bright schemes overturned, provided I could have the pleasure to see and hear the celebrated Father O'Leary. He opposed our designs, disapproved of our motives, and censured our intentions; yet without having ever seen him, we loved—almost adored him. Fame had wafted his name even to Rockglen; and how could we but venerate a man who had exalted the character of Irishmen, vindicated our oppressed country, and obtained from the ranks of Protestantism friends for our insulted creed.

"Besides, he was peculiarly adapted to our taste. He made the world laugh at the foibles of our enemies, and put us in good humour with ourselves. It was not, therefore, without some slight satisfaction that we were informed from the altar that the good friar meant to address us on our manifold transgressions. Never did men manifest such eagerness to receive reproof. At the sound of his name, there was a general rush towards the altar. The old women, for the first time in their lives, ceased coughing, and the old men desisted from spitting. The short people were elevated on their toes, and the tall people suffered their hats (felt ones) to be crushed as flat as pancakes, sooner than incommode their neighbours—a degree of politeness seldom practised in more polished assemblies. All breathed short and thick; and much as we venerated our good priest, we fancied he was particularly tedious in the lecture he thought fit to read us on our neglecting to go to confession, and on our dilatoriness in paying the last Easter dues. At length he concluded by announcing Father O'Leary.

"The venerable friar made his appearance—looked calmly but inquisitively on the congregation, and after *a pause* blessed himself. His words were solemn and

affecting, and as he proceeded he seemed to glow with a pious fervor. Our hearts were irresistibly yielded up to him when he described the afflictions which had befallen our poor country; but when he adverted to our recent outrages, characterized our proceedings, and painted our folly in expecting a remedy from illegal means, the whole congregation seemed abashed, the people looked as if they were all guilty, and one individual afterwards said to me: 'I know I was never very good; but until I heard Father O'Leary, I had no idea that I was such a wicked reprobate.'

"When the preacher had shown the enormity of our offences, he 'begat a calmness,' proceeded to persuasion, and concluded by calling upon us, if we loved our country, and believed in the truths of our holy religion, to listen to the advice of one who had our interests at heart—who had come amongst us only to save us from destruction, and who would leave us with regret if we did not promise before the altar of our God to amend our lives.

"There is no resisting eloquence from the lips of a beloved preacher. The tears of the congregation convinced Father Arthur that he had not spoken in vain, and when the sermon was over, nearly every man present came forward, one after another, to promise that he would surrender up his arms."

It is interesting to learn that the sentiments entertained by the Bishop of Cloyne on the character and influence of the Catholic clergy of Ireland, subsequently to this controversy, underwent a change, which does equal credit to his honesty and judgment, and vindicates for him the title to wisdom, established by the dictum of Cicero, who has said, "*sapientis est mutare consilium.*" In a charge delivered by his lordship to his clergy, on the 3rd of July, 1793, we read with pleasure the following words:—"It is incumbent on

you (the clergy of his diocese) to keep up the most cordial intercourse with the Roman Catholic clergy of your respective parishes, the better to effect the great object which you have in common—the promotion of piety, good morals, and public order and charity; and by that example to lead your parishioners to meet their Roman Catholic neighbours, in the various departments into which they are now introduced, without discontent or jealousy, for the better execution of the several branches of our internal policy. You should exhort them to do credit to their profession by liberality of mind, allowing to the votaries of the Romish Church the same privilege of private judgment which the founders of Protestantism asserted for themselves when they separated from that communion. You should exhort them to contend with the Roman Catholics, not for enmity, but emulation; to aim at superiority, not by reviling or undervaluing, but by excelling them, by being better citizens and better Christians. In this glorious contest, they who are thus contending for the prize, will not only improve themselves, but learn to love and esteem each other."

Dr. Woodward died in the year 1794. A mural monument in the Cloyne Cathedral commemorates the event, on which it is also recorded that deceased had been, during life, in his place in the House of Peers, "a warm advocate for Catholic emancipation."

The champions of this famous controversy are now no more; but, unhappily, the battle they fought has not yet terminated, though eighty long years have passed since the date of their encounter. During those eighty years, the Whiteboys have risen more than once —rebellion has broken out periodically, like a virus in the constitution—tenants and landlords are on the same terms of antagonism as of old—Orangeism in the north, and Catholicism in the south, typify our pro-

verbial national discord—the Protestant ascendancy banner still flaunts from the pinnacle of the Established Church. When will those evils cease? God only knows. But their final destruction will, no doubt, be accelerated by the clergy at least, of all religions, acting in accordance with the spirit that prompted the Bishop of Cloyne when he exhorted the ministers of his diocese to "keep up a most cordial intercourse with the Roman Catholic clergy, the better to effect the great object they have in common with them—the promotion of piety, good morals, public order, and charity."

CHAPTER VIII.

Character of Father O'Leary—His Personal Appearance—Anecdote of O'Leary and Lord Avonmore—Novel method of finding out where one is to dine—O'Leary at Lady Morgan's Christening—Her Ladyship's opinion of him—Curious issue of a Religious Controversy—O'Leary's Charities—Young Murphy (afterwards Bishop of Cork) reads the Bible for him—Anecdotes—St. Patrick's New Coat—The Quaker and the Guinea—Sir Jonah Barrington's Account of O'Leary—A string of Anecdotes—O'Leary and Michael Kelly, the Composer—O'Leary and Curran—Amusing Introduction to Dr. Johnson—The Irish Language—O'Leary's Tendency to Fits of Gloom—Apprehensions of his Future.

HERETOFORE we have viewed Father O'Leary only in his character of a public man, as a priest and a citizen, enforcing, in this double capacity, the principles of religion, morality, loyalty, and social order; it is time that we should see what manner of man he was in private life. And, first, with regard to his personal style and appearance, a contemporary writer,* who knew him well, and esteemed him even to enthusiasm, tells us that "he was nearly six feet high—a perfect perpendicular, with a kind of rigor in his muscles that seemed to suffer from bending—there was a formality in his bows, which, in some measure, extended to his address. He discovered the cloister in his dress and deportment, not that he exhibited his gown of coarse serge, his cord, or his rosary, but that his out-of-fashion suit of sables hung upon him somewhat monastically, and was stately and inflexible enough to have characterized a fellow of one of our colleges. An original vein of humour and quaint jocularity rendered him gay with the sprightly,

* *Pratt*, the author of a novel entitled *Family Secrets*.

as his more solid powers made him sedate with the grave. It was scarcely possible to meet with a person so universally acceptable to all ranks of people; his society was sought and appreciated by men and women of all persuasions, and his life, in all its changes, from the monk in his cell to the man of the world—from the social friend to the solitary recluse, had been so unspotted and blameless, that to boast an acquaintance with him was an honor, and to possess that honor without love and veneration, impossible."

Whenever Father O'Leary visited Dublin, his society was courted by men of all creeds and classes. The most eminent members of the bar, and the brightest ornaments of the bench, vied with each other in their efforts to secure his company at their tables. His large views and expansive affections, his brilliant conversation, his happy vein of humour, the love of country for which he was so justly distinguished, and which won for him the esteem of the great and the worthy of his day, his well-known spirit of universal religious toleration, and his successful efforts to preserve in the breasts of his fellow-countrymen a well-regulated spirit of loyalty to the throne, and a consequent continuance of peace—all these qualities recommended him to the admiration, respect, and love of those to whom honor, patriotism, virtue, and genius were dear. It is much to be regretted that a faithful record has not been preserved of the anecdotes interwoven by tradition with his history—it would be so interesting now, after the lapse of almost a century, to hear once more those witticisms that won for him the *soubriquet* of the "facetious," and by which he so often "set the table in a roar." Very few of these anecdotes have been preserved, though many float ungathered in the mouths of the public; such, however, as I have been able to glean, and for whose authenticity I can vouch, shall be here set down. It has been

already stated that Father O'Leary, though an honorary member of the "Monks of St. Patrick," never participated in the gay revelries of that association; but at the tables of its leading members he was a frequent and most welcome guest. One of his warmest admirers and most steadfast friends was Lord Avonmore, previously Barry Yelverton, one of the most distinguished judges on the Irish Bench. This nobleman, whose talents as a senator had been of the very first order, is described as one of the most amiable of men, of a very innocent disposition, ignorant of the world, and unpracticed in the arts of deceit. He was so extremely credulous, that he believed in the truth of every statement made to him, and could scarcely discern when the narrator spoke in jest or earnest. Phillips, in his life of Curran, informs us that he was once telling that distinguished lawyer, how, when a boy, coming home from school one day he called into the courthouse, and saw Lord Avonmore on the bench, and how, in the innocence of his young soul, he fancied for the moment that he was just as great a person as the judge. "And you may be sure," said Curran, "that the judge felt all the innocence of a schoolboy." Such a man must have been a cordial friend, and a friend rightly appreciated by the keen discrimination of a man like O'Leary. On one occasion, Lord Avonmore and his reverend friend were enjoying in each other's society the delights of Killarney scenery, when they had the rare good fortune to witness a stag-hunt, a treat which, in our days, was denied to her Majesty Queen Victoria, though "with all appliances and means to boot." The hunted stag ran towards the very spot where Father O'Leary and his noble friend (who was then only Attorney-General) stood. "Ah!" cried Father O'Leary, with genuine wit, "how naturally instinct leads him to

come to you, that you may deliver him by a *nolle prosequi!*"*

On another occasion, Father O'Leary happening one evening to be in Dublin, strolled into the House of Commons, where he was sure to meet some friends, and spend an agreeable hour or two in their society. On the lobby he encountered Lord Avonmore, then Barry Yelverton, who was engaged conversing with two other members of Parliament, to whom O'Leary was very well known. The courtesies of conversation usual on a casual meeting having been got over, a contest arose between the three gentlemen, as to which of them should enjoy the honor on the following day of extending to the distinguished priest the hospitality which particularly reigned in the metropolis during the sessions of Parliament. Each being equally solicitous as the other of the honor, it was at length decided that the matter should be determined by lot. The fortunate winner was congratulated on his success, while those who lost consoled themselves with the reflection that they should meet at dinner the guest whom each ambitioned for his own. Next day, when the hour for dinner arrived, Father O'Leary having been sorely puzzled by the spectacle of the previous evening's lottery, quite forgot which of the three gentlemen was to be his host. In this dilemma, what was to be done? He luckily remembered that all three lived in the same Square, and, accordingly, he despatched his servant with orders to inquire at the house of each, whether Father O'Leary had yet come. The servant went with all speed, and inquired at the first and second houses whether Father O'Leary was there. He was answered in the negative, but on asking at the third, the response was:

* This anecdote is recorded in Lord John Russell's "Memoirs of Thomas Moore," vol. iv. p. 112.

"No, but he is expected every moment—dinner has been kept waiting for him." It is needless to say that Father O'Leary, who was all the while hard on the heels of his valet, soon made his appearance at the right house, which proved to be Mr. Yelverton's, and that he narrated the cause of his delay, which created much laughter, and aptly inaugurated an evening of pleasure and amusement.

Lady Morgan tells us, in her Memoirs,* that Father O'Leary was at her christening, and in enumerating the guests who enjoyed that (no doubt in her ladyship's opinion) very distinguished honor, she gives him the first place. When her ladyship arrived at the use of reason, and long after, she had many opportunities of knowing and admiring the great man, and it must be confessed that she is not sparing in her praise of him. She tells us that "Father John, (the chaplain of the Prince of Coolavin, in her 'Wild Irish Girl,') was modelled on the character of the Dean of Sligo, Dr. Flynn, one of those learned, liberal, and accomplished gentlemen of the Irish Catholic hierarchy of that day, whom foreign travel and education, and consequent intercourse with European society and opinions, sent back to Ireland for its advantage and illustration, thus turning the penalties of its shallow and jealous government into a national benefit. At the head of this distinguished order stood the illustrious Father O'Leary, the Catholic Dean Swift of his time, the champion of Ireland, the advocate of peace, and the eloquent preacher of Christian charity. His noble works live to attest his fitness to counsel his country for her good, while his brilliant wit kept up her reputation for that splendid gift which penal statutes can neither give nor take away."†

* Vol. I. p. 2. † Appendix to *Wild Irish Girl.*

Ardent and thorough-going as O'Leary was in his devotion to the religion of which he was a minister, no man was more averse than he was to entering, either in company or in his writings, on subjects likely to provoke controversial disputation. He knew the acrimony with which such contests are, for the most part, conducted, and how the combatants are invariably prepared "though convinced to argue still." But there are times when a conflict of the kind cannot be shirked. Thus, when a man of one religious creed honestly seeks information from another of a different persuasion, on some subject of a theological nature; when he suggests his doubts, and shows the grounds for their inherence in his mind, and displays a sincere desire to be enlightened, it is the duty of him who is questioned to supply the information required, and solve his interrogator's doubts to the best of his ability. A contingency of this precise description obliged Father O'Leary, for once, to enter into the arena of controversy, despite the aversion with which he naturally regarded such an encounter.

One day he received, in Cork, a letter bearing the Cork postmark, from an anonymous correspondent, who informed him that he was a clergyman of the Established Church, and that, having perchance heard a sermon preached by Father O'Leary, doubts of the truth of his own religion had arisen in his mind, which, sorely perplexed him, and whose solution alone could restore him to happiness. He stated that his love of truth was intense, and there was no sacrifice which he would not make in defence of it—that, unhappily, his professional education had been too scanty to enable him to wrestle with these doubts, and he trusted that Father O'Leary would, with that kindness for which he was remarkable, afford him the means of satisfying his mind by removing the difficulties that disturbed him. The writer added that, for certain reasons, he was unwilling to give

his name for the present, but that he was confident the "good father" would not, on that account, be deterred from complying with his request.

The "good father" replied, stating his readiness at once to grant his correspondent all the information he would require; and, thereupon, some eight or ten letters on each side were exchanged, in which almost all the disputed points between Catholics and Protestants were urged on both sides with a force and precision which none but the most practised and enlightened disputants could display.

The Protestant clergyman, however, in each succeeding letter evinced a gradual leaning to Catholic views, and at length conveyed his entire conviction, accompanied by a desire to be at once received into the bosom of the Catholic Church. During the controversy, Father O'Leary, who, through fear of the law, as well as other prudential motives, had observed a perfect reticence on the subject, could now no longer contain himself, and imparted to his bosom-friend, Father Laurence Callanan, already alluded to in these pages, and a few others, his delight at the distinguished conversion he had succeeded in making. A day and hour and place had been appointed where the grateful convert was to reveal himself to his benefactor, and solicit at his hands the last favor of formal reconciliation. Donning his "suit of sables," and fixing with becoming grace his orthodox wig, the *padre* sallied forth to meet his vanquished opponent, about whom so much romance had hung. On arriving at the house he knocked, and was ushered into a chamber, where he was requested to wait for a few moments. Soon after it was announced to him that a clergyman in the adjoining room wished to see him. O'Leary entered, and found seated at a table, with the entire correspondence before him, "the friend *of his* bosom, the man he loved"—*his brother-friar,*

Laurence Callanan! The joke had been carried too far—O'Leary's indignation was very great; and it was only by a sacrifice of the whole correspondence that a reconciliation was effected. Any subsequent allusion to the affair was regarded as offensive; and it is doubtful whether Father Callanan ever regained the place he had lost in the affections of his friend and brother.

Father O'Leary's private benevolence was bounded only by the deficiency of the means to practise it. His biographer, the Rev. Mr. England, assures us that he was informed by Dr. Murphy, late Bishop of Cork, that when he (the bishop) was a young man, he was frequently made Father O'Leary's almoner, and that a number of reduced roomkeepers and tradesmen were on every Monday morning relieved by the good friar. "The general average of his weekly charity amounted to two, sometimes three pounds. The unostentatious exercise of benevolence is one of its most interesting traits; and when it is recollected that the poor Capuchin had no income, except what was derived from the contributions of those who frequented his chapel, the charitable disposition of his heart and mind will be duly appreciated."

We thus perceive that, when Bishop Murphy was a mere youth, Father O'Leary was much attached to him. The sonorous voice and clear enunciation for which the prelate was afterwards famous, (he was a very popular preacher,) had made themselves observable at that early period of his life; and it was one of Father O'Leary's choicest delights to summon the lad to his room, and make him recite aloud whole chapters of the Bible, to which the worthy friar listened with the devout and rapt attention of one who fully understood and appreciated the sublimity of God's holy Word, and felt that it was delivered with rare and truly apt felicitousness of elocution.

"There was a time, however," says Mr. Maguire, in his admirable Life of Father Mathew, "when the resources of the good priest were not so flourishing, as the following incident will prove." The biographer of the Apostle of Temperance tells the story so well, that I prefer giving it in his own words:—"Father O'Leary had many Protestant friends who admired his ability, and sympathized with his opinions, so full of liberality and Christian charity. One in particular, Mr. Joseph Bennet, a well-known lawyer of the day, was most intimate with the distinguished friar, and frequently visited the little chapel to enjoy the pleasure of hearing his friend preach. On a certain St. Patrick's Day, Mr. Bennet was in his accustomed place, listening with delight to a noble discourse on the life and labors of the national saint. The preacher and his Protestant admirer dined together the same day. During dinner the latter remarked: 'Father O'Leary, that was a splendid sermon of yours on St. Patrick.' 'Didn't I give him a beautiful new coat to-day?' said the preacher, in his usual jocular tone. 'Indeed you did,' replied his friend. 'And how much do you think I got for my work?' 'I can't tell; I've no notion—only I know it deserved more than it got.' 'Well, let us see,' said Father O'Leary; 'there is the box on the chair near you; turn it up and count its contents.' The box was turned up, and its contents were counted. '*Eighteen pence halfpenny!*' exclaimed Mr. Bennet, in disgust. 'Well, my dear child,' said the priest, with a smile, 'that's what St. Patrick gave me for his grand new coat.'"

Father O'Leary's sermon on St. Patrick, were we to judge of its merit by its reward, was not at all to be compared with a certain joke by which he betrayed a member of the Society of Friends into an act of extraordinary munificence. One day, going his rounds through

the city collecting money for the support of his little church, he entered the shop of the Quaker, and solicited a contribution, which was coldly and peremptorily refused. "Then," said Father O'Leary, leaving the shop, "I know for whom it will be worse!" The poor Quaker now became a quaker indeed. Either his superstition was aroused by the apprehension of some impending misfortune implied in the mysterious words of the friar, or, what is more likely, he dreaded that a man of so much influence with the public would diminish the number of his customers by narrating the circumstance of the refusal. Whatever his feelings were, he rushed out after Father O'Leary, and stopped him in the street. "Friend," he cried, "what didst thou mean by saying that thou knowest for whom it will be worse—tell me, and here is a guinea for thy chapel." "Why," said O'Leary, pocketing the coin, "of course, it would be worse *for me if I did not get this guinea.*" The disconcerted, but amused Quaker returned smiling to his shop.

A remarkably witty observation was that made by O'Leary to a Protestant rector, who was, on a certain occasion, conducting him through the parish church, a building of great architectural beauty. While the admiring priest surveyed the lofty walls and massive pillars, the rector surmised that he was contrasting their nakedness with the embellishments so profuse in the churches of Roman Catholics. "You perceive, Mr. O'Leary," he remarked, "that, different from you, we are very sparing of ornaments in our churches; we have neither paintings nor statuary to attract the worshipper's attention." "Ah!" replied O'Leary, with a smile, "you are young housekeepers, you know."

Many anecdotes of this kind, short but piquant, are told of this remarkable man. Thus, one day, some one said to him, "Father O'Leary, have you heard the news?" "No, what news?" "Why," said his friend, who was a

Protestant, "the bottom has fallen out of purgatory, and all the Papists have been precipitated into hell." "Lord save us!" cried O'Leary, "what a crushing the Protestants must have got!"

Again, while walking in the suburbs of the city (Cork) he met two of his most intimate friends sauntering along together. These were the Rev. Mr. Flack a Protestant clergyman, and Mr. Solomons a Jew and jeweller. A dog, that of the Rev. Mr. Flack, was trotting on before them. "Good morrow, friends," cried O'Leary. "Well, what interesting topic engages your attention now?" "To be candid with you," replied the parson, "we were just conjecturing what religion this dog of mine would be likely to embrace, if it were possible for him to choose." "Strange subject indeed," said O'Leary; "but were I to offer an opinion, I would venture to say he would become a Protestant!" "How," asked parson and Jew, with one voice. "Why," replied the friar, with the usual merry twinkle in his eye, "he would not be a Jew, for he certainly would retain his passion for pork—he would not become a Catholic, for I am sure he would eat meat on a Friday. What else, then, could he be but a Protestant?"

On another occasion, Father O'Leary was conversing with some gentlemen, each of whom represented a different religious persuasion, one being a Protestant, another a Methodist, a third a Quaker, and so on. "Friend O'Leary," said Mr. Lecky, the Quaker, "why is it that the Church of Rome has been called the Scarlet Woman of Babylon?" "My dear friend," replied O'Leary, "for an obvious reason—because she had the misfortune to give birth to a spurious brood, such as you, and the rest of you."

Again, a clergyman of his acquaintance having just *returned* home after the honeymoon, met Father O'Leary *sauntering* one evening, after dinner, near his house.

The clergyman was accompanied by his wife, who, we are bound to suppose, was young and interesting. The priest welcomed the young couple home, and wished them every happiness. "Now, Father O'Leary," said the reverend Benedict, "you see what an advantage I enjoy over you. Here is my pretty little wife to keep me company, and make my life sweet and pleasant; while you, unhappy Cœlebs, must jog on through the world solitary and discontented." "My friend," replied O'Leary, "you forget that I too am married. The Catholic Church, young, spotless, and unwrinkled for ever, is my wedded wife." "What!" retorted the bridegroom, "why, if you go to that, I am still better off than you, for the Church is my wife also as well as yours." "Eh!" said the priest, with his usual arch expression, "then you have got two wives! If so, I know a very uncomplimentary name that must belong to some one of the two." "Surely, it does not apply to me," cried the lady. "Then, madam," said O'Leary, "God help the Church!"

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Personal Sketches," does not omit to present to us a picture of Arthur O'Leary:—*

"I frequently had an opportunity," he writes, "of meeting at my father-in-law Mr. Grogan's, where he often dined, a most worthy priest, Father O'Leary, and have listened frequently, with great zest, to anecdotes which he used to tell with a quaint yet spirited humour, quite unique. His manner, his air, his countenance, all bespoke wit, talent, and a good heart. I liked his company excessively, and have often regretted I did not cultivate his acquaintance more, or recollect his witticisms better. It was singular, but it was a fact, that even before Father O'Leary opened his lips, a stranger

* Vol. ii. pp. 130 et seq.

would say, 'That is an Irishman,' and, at the same time, guess him to be a priest.

"One anecdote in particular I remember. Coming from St. Omers, he told us, he stopped a few days to visit a brother-priest in the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer. Here he heard of a great curiosity, which all the people were running to see—a curious bear that some fishermen had taken at sea out of a wreck; it had sense, and attempted to utter a sort of *lingo*, which they called *patois*, but which nobody understood.

"O'Leary gave his six sous to see the wonder, which was shown at the port by candlelight, and was a very odd kind of animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all to be performed at the keeper's word of command. It was late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky; the keeper, however, with a short spike fixed at the end of a pole, made him move about briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was, with his paw; and distinguished the men and women in a very comical way: in fact, our priest was quite diverted. The beast at length grew tired—the keeper hit him with the pole—he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen; his master coaxed him—no! he would not work! At length, the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp pricks with the goad, when he roared out most tremendously, and rising on his hind-legs, swore at his tormentors in very good native Irish." (N.B. The "Irish" must have been the *Pat-ois* alluded to above.) "O'Leary waited no longer, but went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the blackguard fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bear's-skin, and were showing him about for six sous! This civic dignitary, who had himself seen the bear, would not believe our friend. At last, O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival, the bear was still on duty, and

O'Leary stepping up to him, says:—'*Cianos tha'n thu, a Phadhruig?*' ('How d'ye do, Pat?') '*Slan, go raimh math agut!*' ('Pretty well, thank you,') says the bear. The people were surprised to hear how plainly he spoke—but the mayor ordered him directly to be ripped up; and after some opposition, and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth stark naked out of the bear's-skin wherein he had been fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women made off—the men stood astonished—and the mayor ordered his keepers to be put in gaol unless they satisfied him; but that was presently done. The bear afterwards told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and did not care much about the clothing; only they worked him too hard: the fishermen had found him at sea on a hen-coop, which had saved him from going to the bottom, with a ship wherein he had a little venture of dried cod from Dungarvan, and which was bound from Waterford to Bilboa. He could not speak a word of any language but Irish, and had never been at sea before: the fishermen had brought him in, fed him well, and endeavoured to repay themselves by showing him as a curiosity.

"O'Leary's mode of telling this story was quite admirable. I never heard any anecdote (and I believe this one to be true) related with such genuine drollery, which was enhanced by his not changing a muscle himself, while every one of his hearers was in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Another anecdote he used to tell with incomparable dramatic humour. By the bye, all his stories were somehow national; and this gives me occasion to remark, that I think Ireland is, at this moment, as little known in many parts of the Continent as it seems to have been then. I have myself heard it more than once spoken of as an *English town*. At Nancy, where Father O'Leary was travelling, his native country hap-

pened to be mentioned, when one of the *Societé*, a quiet French farmer of Burgundy, asked, in an unassuming tone, 'If Ireland stood *encore?*' 'Encore,' said an astonished John Bull, a courier coming from Germany—'encore! to be sure she does; we have her yet, I assure you, monsieur.' 'Though neither very safe, nor very sound,' interposed an officer of the Irish Brigade, who happened to be present, looking very significantly at O'Leary, and not very complacently at the courier. 'And pray, monsieur,' rejoined John Bull, to the Frenchman, 'why *encore?*' '*Pardon, monsieur,*' replied the Frenchman, 'I heard it had been worn out (*fatigué*) long ago, by the great number of people that were living in it.' The fact is, the Frenchman had been told, and really understood, that Ireland was a large house, where the English were wont to send their idle vagabonds, and from whence they were drawn out again, as they were wanted, to fill the ranks of the army."

Michael Kelly, the celebrated singer and musical composer, makes very complimentary allusion to the wit and general conversational powers of O'Leary in his "Reminiscences."*

"I had the pleasure," he says, "to be introduced to my worthy countryman, the Reverend Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic priest; he was a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation. I felt highly honored by the notice of this pillar of the Roman Church; (Kelly was himself a Protestant;) our tastes were congenial, for his reverence was mighty fond of whisky-punch, and so was I; and many a jug of St. Patrick's eye-water, night after night, did his reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that exhilarating and national beverage. He sometimes favored me with his company at dinner; when he did, I always had a corned

* Vol. i. pp. 298 et seq.

shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen who shall be nameless, was marvellously fond of that dish." This is the first and only evidence we have that our worthy friar "was fond of whisky-punch," as it is also the only evidence we have that he was fond of "a corned shoulder of mutton." We should be sorry to defend him against either imputation, having a double *penchant* of the same kind ourselves; but we would guard the rash-judging against concluding that because a man was partial to whisky or mutton, he indulged in the use of either to excess.

"One day," continues the out-spoken Kelly, "the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honor to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, and, as it may be easily imagined, O'Leary versus Curran was no bad match.

"One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, 'Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter.'

"'And why, counsellor, would you wish that I were St. Peter?' asked O'Leary.

"'Because, reverend father, in that case,' said Curran, 'you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in.'

"'By my honor and conscience, counsellor,' replied the divine, 'it would be better for you if I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out.' Curran enjoyed the joke, which, he admitted, had a good deal of justice in it.

"O'Leary told us of the whimsical triumph which he once enjoyed over the celebrated Dr. Johnson. O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Arthur Murphy took him one morning to the doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the

doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; and, at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which the doctor said to him, 'Why do you not answer me, sir?' 'Faith, sir,' said O'Leary, 'because I don't understand the language in which you are addressing me.' Upon this, the doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, 'Why, sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither. Sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language.' O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the doctor with a long speech in Irish, to which the doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing the doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the doctor, 'This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me. Sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom.' The reverend padre then made another low bow, and quitted the room."

Father O'Leary was thoroughly versed in the Irish language, as, indeed, was almost every Irishman of his time, and, indeed, as were most Irishmen up to a very recent period of our history. To us, in those latter days, who hear it so seldom spoken, it will be surprising to learn that, in the year 1829—the year of Catholic Emancipation—the old language of Erin was the common tongue of above half her population. Mr. Anderson, a Scotch writer, and very minute inquirer on this point, in his "Historical Sketches of the Ancient Native Irish and their Descendants," published in the year 1828, says, that of 6,801,827 in 1821, but 3,061,610 spoke English and 3,740,217 Irish. He adds, indeed, that by further information or returns, the inhabitants of Ireland would then be more than the above total, or "upwards of 7,000,000." He subsequently, however,

in the year 1828, when he wrote, estimated, that, of the Irish people, 7,500,000 in round numbers, nearly 4,000,000 daily used the Irish tongue. In other words, or, as an English author notes in 1812, "only a minority of the people speak our language." On the other hand, according to the Irish Census Report in 1861, there were but 1,105,536 speakers of Irish, of whom 942,261 could converse in English as well as Irish, and but 163,275 in Irish only! It is melancholy to think that so splendid a language should expire beyond the hope of revival, as no doubt it must—but this is one of the most signal blessings of *National* Education!

It is singular how exactly all those who have portrayed the character of Father O'Leary, concur in their estimate of him. Thus, Mr. Butler, in his "Historical Memoirs of English Catholics," describes his person and mode of argument exactly as we have seen them sketched by other hands. "The appearance of Father O'Leary," he says, "was simple. In his countenance there was a mixture of goodness, solemnity, and drollery, which fixed every eye that beheld it. No one was more generally loved or revered; no one less assuming or more pleasing in his manner. Seeing his external simplicity, persons with whom he was arguing, were sometimes tempted to treat him cavalierly; but, then, the solemnity with which he would mystify his adversary, and ultimately lead him into the most distressing absurdity—was one of the most delightful scenes that conversation ever exhibited."

And yet, with all this hilarity of manner—this free enjoyment of the social hour, few men suffered more than O'Leary from fits of mental gloom and depression. It is the lot—the miserable lot of thoughtful minds; for the serious thinker must often realize to himself the mysterious future, and the yet uncertain part which he must play in the eternal drama. If the

sensitiveness of his conscience be quickened by frequent religious reflection, he cannot help deploring the delinquencies—the omissions of the past—the days and nights frittered away in frivolous amusements, while the vast plains of intellect with which God has gifted him for industrious cultivation, that they might bear fruit a thousandfold for his fellow-men, have been permitted to run wild and barren. I do not say that O'Leary was guilty of this neglect; but it is usual for men of large minds to fancy they could do more than they have done; and it is the wont of conscientious men to upbraid themselves with neglect, where they should rather accuse themselves of over-zeal. O'Leary frequently reviewed his life through this gloomy medium, and feared that he had squandered or misapplied the talents he had received; and the future of his earthly life had for him its terrors, as well as the past. Swift and others were haunted by the apprehension that they should end their days in an extinguished intellect and hideous imbecility. O'Leary's dread was that his grey hairs should descend in want and wretchedness to the grave. Not that he had a scintilla of the miser in his composition; but that his too vivid imagination peopled the evening of his days with threatening spectres, which, like the illusions conjured up by a diseased stomach, reason may banish from the domain of intellect, but whose grim and ghastly outlines will not be dispelled from the eyes of the soul. The soothings of friendship often sought to dissipate these shadowy bodings, but they as often returned; and, as he expressed himself to an acquaintance in whom he much confided, "they poisoned his hours of innocent amusement."

It is precisely men of this gloomy temperament who, for the most part, in social life, rise to the highest flights of convivial enjoyment. Association with the

jovial, the learned, and the witty, invites them to gaiety, and provokes to the joyous encounter of an intellectual tournament. In O'Leary's time, the clashing of wit and anecdote and repartee, was esteemed the choicest occupation of the social hour, and history and tradition have faithfully handed down to us, with approving comments, specimens of jocular conversation in which the celebrities of the day were wont to indulge their genius. But our respect for the wit of our ancestors is grievously marred by the posthumous discovery of many of their prepared impromptus; and when we read or hear of any new *bon-mots* of theirs, our admiration halts through fear that what purports to have been said at the dinner-table may have been carefully conned in the study. We do not say that Arthur O'Leary ever sailed under these false colors—the witticisms preserved of him appear to have been genuine and prompt—they are few; there are many we could insert, but that we doubt their authenticity, and they do not rise above mediocrity. That he gave ample grounds, however, for being esteemed a wit, amongst the first of his day, there is not room to doubt. In any case, a character for saying smart things is compatible with great deficiency of intellect in other matters. By chance, at dinner-parties, we have heard better things said than have ever been published, and there was no doubt of their unpreparedness. Seeing which, we discover no reason why the witticisms of remarkable men should be made subjects of special commemoration, and should be always regarded with wonder and delight.

Yielding, however, to the common prejudice, we have recorded some jokes of O'Leary's—let the reader judge how far they entitle him to the reputation of a wit; and how far his general reputation would suffer if he had never perpetrated one of them.

CHAPTER IX.

Father O'Leary takes up his Residence in London—He becomes Chaplain to the Spanish Embassy—Account of Doctor Hussey, his Fellow-Chaplain—Dr. Hussey afterwards Bishop of Waterford—His celebrated Pastoral—O'Leary and Edmund Burke—O'Leary and George, Prince of Wales—The Pavilion at Brighton—O'Leary a Guest at the Pavilion—Anecdotes of him—Contrast between him and Thomas Lewis O'Beirne.

SOON after the controversy between Father O'Leary and the Bishop of Cloyne, the former, disgusted with the condition of his country, and hopeless of doing anything by which it could be improved, resolved on quitting it altogether, and living in the free atmosphere of England, so congenial to a bounding and manly temperament like his. He had done a great deal for the good of the people, and had done it unsolicited and in a spirit of perfect disinterestedness. He had displayed the vigor of an intellectual giant in preaching the blessings of philanthropy—he had employed his voice and his pen in exhorting mankind to lay aside religious distinctions, "since," to quote a panegyrist of his, "it was indifferent to the Israelite released from bondage, whether his temple was built by Solomon or Cyrus, provided he had liberty to pray unmolested, and to sleep under his own vine"—he had pleaded for the Protestant in France, and for the Jew in Lisbon, as well as for the Catholic in Ireland—and yet his motives were misconstrued, and his words tortured into a meaning the very opposite of what they were intended to convey—the stern advocate of loyalty to the crown, was accused of "artfully contriving to sew sedition." What honest man, conscious of

rectitude, and sensitive to the least sting of calumny, could bear these attacks of wanton malevolence, and who, against such odds, would persevere in throwing seed on a barren soil, where it was crushed by the heel of every petty, puny-minded wayfarer? In the year 1789, Arthur O'Leary left Ireland for ever, and took up his residence in London as one of the chaplains to the Spanish Embassy. In this capacity he was the associate of one of the most celebrated ecclesiastics of his day, the Rev. Dr. Hussey, afterwards Bishop of Waterford, whom it would be impossible to pass by without presenting more fully to the reader.

Thomas Hussey was an Irishman. In his early youth he pursued his studies at the College of Salamanca, from whence, under strong religious impulse, he withdrew, and buried himself in the obscurity of a Trappist convent, resolved to abide there till death. But the professors of Salamanca, who had seen and admired the wondrous talents of the student, regretted that they should be for ever entombed with the monk, and employed their influence with the higher powers to have the stern votary of religion brought once more into the world, where he might work, not only for his own good, but for the benefit of mankind. Their representations were successful. A papal mandate obliged the novice to lay aside the cowl; he was soon promoted to the priesthood, and for many years was first chaplain of the Spanish Embassy in London. He was a preacher of rare power, and attained a popularity commensurate with his deserts. "A man," says Mr. Butler, the historian of English Catholics, "of great genius, of enlightened piety, with manners at once imposing and elegant, and of enchanting conversation, he did not come in contact with many whom he did not subdue; the highest rank often sunk before him." There was no society in his day however exalted, where he was not a favorite as

well as an ornament. He enjoyed the friendship of the king and of his ministers—was the welcome associate of the great literary men who at that time reflected such lustre on England—was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society of London—and was the bosom friend of the great old Samuel Johnson, as we are assured by the faithful Boswell, who commends Dr. Hussey for his powerful eloquence as a preacher, and for his various abilities and acquirements. At the special request of George the Third, Dr. Hussey accompanied Mr. Cumberland on a secret embassy to Madrid during the progress of the American war.

It was mainly to the endeavours of Dr. Hussey acting in conjunction with Archbishop Troy of Dublin and the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan of Cork, that the Catholics of Ireland are indebted for the establishment of the College of Maynooth. He was the first President of that institution. So distinguished a man could not remain in the ranks of the priesthood, while higher honors were attainable. Accordingly, in the year 1797 we find him elevated to the dignity of the episcopate, as bishop of the united dioceses of Waterford and Lismore. The efforts of the English government were not wanting in securing for him this exalted position; but one act of his, performed in the conscientious discharge of his sacred duties, not only alienated their affections from him, but elicited on their part an amount of enmity which, at this distance of time, appears monstrously disproportionate with the circumstance that provoked it. Bishop Hussey had scarcely assumed the control of his diocese, when he issued a pastoral charge, which, read at the present day, appears to be one of the most dignified, liberal, loyal, christian, and, in every sense, praiseworthy documents that ever proceeded from the pen of a prelate. And yet this pastoral was the *teterrima causa belli!* that converted his friends into foes, and

brought down upon his head a storm of indignation, of which none but a prophet could have forewarned him. He begins by deploring his unworthiness to assume the reins of a diocese, but expresses his consolation at being aided in the discharge of his arduous functions by a clergy of whose piety, zeal, and loyalty he is assured. He exhorts his priests to stand by the poor, and thus pay back that debt of gratitude which was due to them, for their stern and unflinching adherence to the faith at all times, by which a succession of spiritual pastors was preserved throughout the kingdom. Warning them against all "political interferences," as unworthy of ministers of Him whose kingdom is not of this world, he calls upon them to resist all attempts that may be made to withdraw any of their flocks from the belief and practice of the Catholic religion. So far we can see nothing that the most censorious could reprehend. Perhaps what follows was the gravamen. "If," he says, "in any of your districts, the Catholic military frequent Protestant places of worship, it is your duty to expostulate with them, and to teach them how contrary to the principles of the Catholic faith it is, exteriorly to profess one faith, and interiorly to believe another. . . . . In all things regarding the service of the king, their officers are competent to command them, and they are bound to obey; but in matters regarding the service of the King of kings, their officers have no authority over them . . . . In all temporal matters, they are subject to their temporal rulers—in all spiritual matters, they are subject to their spiritual rulers. These two authorities, like parallel lines in mathematics, can never touch each other. By the smallest declination they lose even their name. Guard them from being deluded by the hacknied phrase of liberality of sentiment. Surely, liberality of sentiment does not consist in holding all creeds and all forms of worship to be equal. He who

expresses himself thus is a latitudinarian, who despises all creeds—all forms of worship! The man of true liberality is he who conscientiously believes, and scrupulously follows that creed and form of worship which is conformable to his conscience, yet lives in charity, in concord, in amity with all others of every religious persuasion. The man of true liberality is he who employs his conscience as the helm with which he steers, leaving others to steer theirs by a similar guide. The man of true liberality is he with whom a difference in religious opinions makes no difference in social life—living in equal harmony with all, and frequently bestowing more kindness and more bounty upon those who differ from him in religious opinions, when they want it, more than upon those of his own communion. The man of true liberality is he who, when raised above the rest to govern a great people, scorns to attend to the paltry distinctions of sect or party; spurns from his presence those interested advisers of a dangerous faction, who would dishonor him and abuse the sacred name of majesty, to enrich themselves; but, like a true patriot, raises to power and influence those whom, in his conscience, he thinks of most ability and integrity, to serve his king and his country. To sum up the whole, the truly liberal man is he who makes his religion the guide for his own personal and private conduct, and not a rule to guide, to govern, or to compel others to act against their conscience and their religion." Could the following words have excited the wrath of the writer's former friends? Praising the unvarying loyalty of the Irish people, to which history bears ample testimony, he says:—"If their conduct has been always loyal and peaceable even in the worst of times; if, even when religious penalties made them total strangers to their native land; if, when the ruling party, with insolence in their looks, and oppression

in their hands, ground them down; when some of the most powerful men in the nation declared in the senate, that they hoped to see the day when no Catholic would dare speak to a Protestant with his hat on; when even the course of justice was perverted, and the channels of it dried up, according to the prejudices and party views of the judges who sat upon the bench, and were paid for the impartial administration of it by taxes levied upon the oppressed sufferers; yet, even in these provoking times, if the body of the Catholics remained inflexibly attached to their religion and to their king, what have you to dread from their proceedings, when not only the judges are equitable and humane, but also a great part of these impolitic religious penalties are removed, and the rest of them in such a state of progress to be totally removed? That, however a junto, for their own interested or other sinister views, may raise mobs to try to throw obstacles against the total repeal of them, yet all their efforts must be useless." The pastoral concludes with a general exhortation to fidelity in upholding the national religion.

The torture of mind which Dr. Hussey must have suffered in consequence of the unexpected effect of his "Charge," was greatly soothed by the counsels and consolations of his best and dearest friend, the great Edmund Burke. That statesman addressed to his lordship a long letter, expressing his disgust at the feeling of hostility the document had evoked, and applauding the bishop for the stand he had taken, despite the obloquy to which it exposed him. "From the moment," said he, "that the government who employed you betrayed you, they determined at the same time to destroy you. They are not a people to stop short in their course; you have come to an open issue with them. On your part, what you have done has been perfectly

agreeable to your duty as a Catholic bishop, and a man of honor and spirit."

Dr. Hussey had the melancholy satisfaction of following to the grave the remains of his distinguished friend; and that sad occasion was availed of by an eminent statesman, formerly a most intimate friend of the bishop's, to show the feelings of indignation and hostility which the pastoral had awakened in his breast, if, indeed, those feelings were genuine, and not assumed. The Duke of Portland studiously avoided meeting him; but having by accident caught his eye, he braved the glance, and passed on without opening his lips. The Lord Chancellor (Loughborough) happening to cross his path, asked "what news from Ireland?" But Dr. Hussey proceeding to recount some instances of despotic and sanguinary oppression which had come under his lordship's observation in that country, the offended genius of the woolsack turned aside in unaffected disgust, without waiting for the conclusion. The press teemed with language of the bitterest objurgation on his lordship's unhappy pastoral, and in one periodical, entitled the "Pursuit of Literature," he was denounced as a rebel to his country, and a most unmitigated enemy of the Church Establishment in Ireland. Things have, indeed, changed since then. But, the Bishop of Waterford was high in the esteem of those whose regards he valued more than the "sweet aspect" of the worldly-great. He was amongst those entrusted by the Holy See, in 1802, with drawing up the details of the Concordat between the Pope and the First Napoleon; in which delicate mission he won the applause of His Holiness Pius the Seventh, and elicited the special and enthusiastic admiration of the discerning Buonaparte. He died in the year 1803, closing a long and useful life, much loved and much respected—

"With a sigh, to find
The base ingratitude of low mankind."

Such was the distinguished associate of Father O'Leary in his professional labors in London—two great men—doing what lay in them for the amelioration of their unhappy country, yet encountering, in consequence, the calumny and hatred of those who should only have been glad to discover the means of bringing about a national reform for the good of a long-oppressed, yet loyal people. But they were just, and feared not. They had, notwithstanding, many contemporary admirers, and posterity, that dispassionate arbiter of the past, supplements to them that praise of which the prejudiced verdict of their own day deprived them.

O'Leary was not long in London when his society was courted by the great and the learned of the day. His fame had gone before him, and all were anxious to make the acquaintance of a man who had emerged from the obscurity which then overhung the Irish priesthood, to a height of popularity sufficient to gratify the ambition of the most aspiring. Like his collaborator, he was a special favorite of the great Edmund Burke, who never omitted an occasion of eulogising him for the services he had rendered in promoting the social and religious condition of his fellow-countrymen. By that celebrated man he was introduced to the Duke of York, and to other members of the royal family, who received him with marked urbanity and condescension, and who evinced in their treatment of him the effect of that spell which O'Leary's conversation and general manner never failed to cast around those who came in contact with him.

George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, "patronized" Father O'Leary to such an extent, that popular rumour has whispered, even down to our own time, that it was by him the marriage ceremony was performed between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. There is, I believe, no foundation for this statement. He was, however,

intimate enough with the Prince to lend a helping hand in a matter of the kind, if such assistance could have been conscientiously afforded. At the "Pavilion," O'Leary was an occasional guest. Some account of this royal residence may not be uninteresting. The Prince of Wales, finding that all the mansions at the disposal of royalty were occupied by the king or the younger members of the royal family, conceived the idea of building a country seat for himself. He selected as a site an open field in the neighbourhood of Brighton, where he erected a cottage of a pretty architectural design, surrounded with the choicest shrubs and flowers, and commanding "a distant view of the sounding sea." The Brighton of that day was no more than a fishing hamlet; and was, for all practical purposes, as remote from London as Ireland is at the present day. An ordinary mortal, fixing his residence in so very unsocial a region, should make up for the want of human intercourse by a contemplation of the beauties of nature, by literary pursuits, or a love of solitude; but there be so many that "hang on princes' favors," that the royal cottage soon became a scene of convivial mirth, disturbing from its propriety the simple village of Brighthelmstone. It was found to be much too contracted for the company who visited it, and much too unstylish for an heir-apparent to the English crown. It was, therefore, gradually enlarged and remodelled, until, in the course of time, its jumble of additions presented a ludicrous aspect to æsthetic visitors, and it was at length deemed necessary to effect in it a complete and essential change. From this change grew the famous "Pavilion," which, though it satisfied the requirements of hospitality, could never conciliate the admiration of architectural connoisseurs. Its end, however, was attained. What Sans Souci was to Frederick the Great, the Pavilion was to George, Prince of Wales; only that,

while the Prussian monarch treated the *coterié* of his hermitage more as buffoons than literary companions, the Prince succeeded in gathering round him all the wits and literary celebrities of the day, and in establishing amongst them an ease and freedom peculiarly favorable to the display of intellectual talents, and the most exquisite convivial enjoyment. Here wit and wine circled together round the board; here the great parliamentary leaders were constant guests, and the round was varied by the introduction of celebrated foreigners and other persons capable of adding to the interest of the circle; here the "Hare and many friends," as he was styled by the clever Duchess of Gordon, in allusion to Gay's fable and the esteem in which he was generally held, was then at the height of his conversational fame. He was a frequent guest of the Pavilion—so was Jekyll—so was Fitzpatrick—so were Erskine, Fox, and Sheridan, Curran, Grattan, and Flood—so in fine was—Arthur O'Leary. "An occasional guest," says Croly, in his "Life of George the Fourth,"* "and a sufficiently singular one, was the Irish Franciscan, Arthur O'Leary, a man of strong faculties and considerable knowledge. His first celebrity was as a pamphleteer, in a long battle with Woodward, the able Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, on questions of the Establishment, in which he generally contrived to have what a Frenchman would reckon as a victory, *les rieurs de son côté.* O'Leary abounded in Irish anecdote, and was a master of pleasant humour, rude enough, but novel and characteristic. His chief claim, however, was that he was no unskilful medium of intercourse between his Church and the Whigs, and contributed in no slight degree to the popularity of the Prince in Ireland." The reader must judge from what has gone before, how far this estimate

* Page 129.

of O'Leary is dictated by candour, half-complimentary though it is. To what extent the hospitality of the Prince was owing to O'Leary's political influence, we shall see further on.

"An officer," continues Croly, "of remarkable stature, was complaining at the Prince's table of the neglect of some memorial at the Horse Guards. O'Leary consoled him by observing, that no gentleman *stood higher* in the opinion of his friends, and no man could *look down* on him at the Horse Guards or elsewhere.

"Sheridan said that he considered claret the true parliamentary wine for the peerage; for it might make a man sleepy or sick, but it never warmed his heart, or stirred up his brains. Port, generous port, was for the Commons—it was for the business of life—it quickened the circulation and fancy together. For his part, he never felt that he spoke as he liked, until after a couple of bottles. O'Leary observed, that this was like a *porter;* he never could go steady without a *load* on his head."

One of the most remarkable amongst the Prince's guests at the Pavilion was Thomas Lewis O'Beirne, a brief sketch of whose career, as given by Dr. Croly, we cannot refrain from appending, as it furnishes a striking contrast to the character and conduct of O'Leary; and, at the same time, forcibly illustrates the difficulties with which Catholic talents had at this period to contend, and the allurements held out to clever young Irishmen for the renunciation of a religion, which so effectually retarded their progress in the world.

"Another Irishman, introduced at this period to the Prince, was a memorable instance of the power of accident. This was O'Beirne, afterwards Bishop of Meath, in Ireland. He had been educated at St. Omers for the Roman Catholic priesthood. Returning

to his college from a visit to his friends in Ireland, he happened to stop at the inn of some English village, so humble that its whole stock of provisions was but one shoulder of mutton, which he immediately ordered for dinner. While it was preparing, a post-chaise, with two gentlemen, stopped to change horses; the roasting shoulder of mutton attracted their appetites; they had travelled some distance, were weary, and they agreed that the next half-hour could not be better spent than in dining on what they could get.

"But a new difficulty arose on their being told that the only dinner in the house belonged to a 'young Irish gentleman above stairs.' The travellers were at first perplexed, but, after a little consultation, agreed with the landlady's idea that the shoulder should be theirs, but that, to save the credit of her house, the young Irishman should be invited to partake of it. She was despatched as ambassadress, but returned after an ineffectual attempt at persuasion, announcing that 'the young gentleman was not to be softened, but, on the contrary, protested that no two travellers, nor any ten on earth, should deprive him of his dinner.' This menacing message, however, was followed by the appearance of O'Beirne himself, good humouredly saying, that though he could not relinquish the shoulder of mutton to any one, yet, 'if they would partake of it with him, he would be happy to have their company at dinner.'

"The proposal was pleasantly made, and pleasantly accepted. The party sat down—the bottle went round—none of the three was deficient in topics, and before the evening closed, the travellers were so much struck with the appearance and manners of their entertainer—then a very handsome young man, and always a very quick, anecdotical, and intelligent one—that they asked him 'what he meant to do with himself in the world.'

His destination for the Irish priesthood was immediately set down as altogether inferior to the prospects which might lie before his abilities in English life. On parting, the travellers gave him their cards, and desired him to call upon them on his arrival in London. We may judge of his surprise, when he found that his guests were no less personages than Charles Fox and the Duke of Portland.

"Such an invitation was not likely to be declined. His two distinguished friends kept their promise honorably; and in a short period, O'Beirne enjoyed all the advantages of the first society of the empire. What his graceful appearance and manners gained in the first instance, was kept by his literary acquirements and the usefulness of his services. He was, for a considerable period, on a confidential footing in the Duke of Portland's household, and much employed in the party negotiations of the time. Among his lighter labors were two dramas from the French, which he assisted the Duchess of Devonshire in translating and adapting for the stage; and of whose failure—for they seem to have been blown away by a tornado of criticism—the assistant gallantly bore the blame. But O'Beirne had now securely fastened himself on prosperity, and 'neither domestic treason nor foreign levy,' neither the check of a negotiation nor the overthrow of a drama, could uproot him. On Howe's conciliatory mission to America, O'Beirne was sent with him as chaplain, and in some measure as secretary. The mission was flung into utter scorn by the Americans, as every one predicted that it would be; but the chaplain preached a famous sermon at New York, and brought home the only laurels of the embassy.

"On Lord Fitzwilliam's fatal appointment to the viceroyalty of Ireland, O'Beirne accompanied him as ch[illegible] and private secretary, and with the usual

promise of the first diocese. The viceroyalty lasted but six months; yet, six months which were long enough to lay the foundation of the rebellion. The alternate feebleness and violence of this brief government, of whose results the noble viceroy was probably as unconscious as the babe unborn, made the change one of imperious necessity. Yet O'Beirne escaped from the wreck; floated where all was going down around him; and had scarcely reappeared in London, when he was raised to the peerage, and the opulent bishopric of Meath, valued at £8,000 a year.

"Whether this accession of rank and wealth added equally to his happiness, is a graver question. It may well be presumed that they were not gained without envy, nor, at such a time, held without attack. His change of religion, though at an early period of life, and on conviction, was not forgotten by his fellow-students at St. Omers, who were now scattered through Ireland as priests. His political connexions were at an end; their debt had been paid; and except a solitary letter from the Duke of Portland, his English intercourse was closed. The party fierceness of Ireland are always bitter in the degree of their unimportance; their patriotism tears the country with the passion and the impotence of children. And to this worthless and nameless strife was a man relegated, who had spent the flower of his days in the first society of England, among women, the 'cynosures' of elegance and fashion; in constant intercourse with men of first-rate ability and national influence; and in the centre and living glare of those great transactions which moved all Europe, and which will shape its history for ages to come.

"The restlessness natural to such a life, rather than the necessity for reform, urged him to a hasty reform in his diocese. But there is no operation more delicate, under any circumstances; and no reliance on the value

of his intentions could shield their practice from long and bitter animadversion. He died a few years ago,* after a career which might have made an instructive and curious biography, and no bad manual of 'the art of rising in the world.'"

Of all the arts of rising in the world, surely that is the least to be commended which necessitates the sacrifice of one's religious professions. We are informed by the reverend biographer of George the Fourth, that O'Beirne's change of religion was the result of conviction; but the facts, as recorded by him, afford a strong presumption that the "young Irishman's" perceptions of the truth were very much quickened by the anticipated honors and emoluments insured to him through the patronage of the great. "The destination for the Irish priesthood" was, no doubt, "altogether inferior to the prospects that lay before him in English life," speaking in a worldly sense. These prospects our reverend biographer describes as "the society of women, the 'cynosures' of elegance and fashion; and constant intercourse with men of first-rate ability and national importance." Nevertheless, what different aspects the two men present in the eyes of posterity—O'Leary and O'Beirne! The one, a stern adherent to the faith of his fathers, an uncompromising champion of the Church in whose bosom he was born and nurtured, the vindicator of a nation's rights; the other, bartering his faith, his talents, his good-name, for the applause of men, the admiration of women, the glitter of gold, and the pageant of a title!

* Feb. 15, 1823. He had a brother who studied at St. Omers with him for the priesthood, but remained steadfast to his calling. In after years, it was curious enough to witness one brother as Protestant bishop of a diocese, in which the other discharged the functions of a Catholic priest.

CHAPTER X.

Father O'Leary visits Daniel Danser—Amusing Interview of the Priest and the Miser—John O'Keefe's Anecdotes of O'Leary—The "Glorious Boys"—Father O'Leary "out of order"—The English Catholic Committee—O'Leary and the English Catholics—His Letter to Bishop Moylan—He is accused of Apostasy—Able Letter rebutting the Charge—Lord Dunboyne, the Apostate Bishop of Cork—The Apostate Kirwan—St. Patrick's Church, Soho-square—Effects of Father O'Leary's Preaching.

BUT O'Leary's acquaintance was not confined to the ranks of the great and the learned. We find the guest of the Prince of Wales proffered the hospitality of the prince of misers. The famous Daniel Danser, whose name is so familiar to our ears as the possessor of immense wealth, and the victim of the most sordid avarice, was a contemporary of his, and resided like him in London. O'Leary was very anxious to see with his own eyes this living type of penury, but found access to him very difficult, for in every visitor the miser no doubt saw either a burglar or a guest who should prove painfully expensive. At length the inventive friar found the proper key to the miser's heart. He sent a message to the effect that he had just returned from the Indies, where he had made the acquaintance of a man named Danser, who was very wealthy, and had died intestate, and he had no doubt that deceased was a near relative of Daniel's. The miser's door was opened, and the reverend visitor entered into the presence of avarice personified. What a spectacle! The pale, ghostly, solitary man, breathing amid a filthy mass of disordered furniture, and dust-covered heaps of nameless things

which might once have had their use and their value, and which were preserved because their owner could not have the heart to throw anything away. O'Leary sat down as best he could; and when he had dissipated the fond dreams of Daniel on the expected wealth of his intestate kinsman, he entered into an elaborate historical narrative of the Danser genealogy, tracing the family from David the founder, who *danced* before the Israelites, down to the Welsh *jumpers*, the eccentric religious sectaries of their own day. Daniel was moved —whatever chords of his soul had been wont in early days to respond to wit and humour, now vibrated with mirth as heartily as ever; and his visitor and himself were soon on the very best of terms. He insisted on sending out for a glass of wine—one glass, to show his gratitude and admiration; but O'Leary would not permit it. Daniel then shook his friend's hand with genuine warmth, begged the favor of another visit, and, wonderful to say, for once so far forgot his treasures as to accompany his guest even to the door.

"In 1775," says John O'Keefe,* a distinguished painter of the last century, "I was in company with Father O'Leary at the house of Flynn, the printer, in Cork. O'Leary had a fine smooth brogue; his learning was extensive, and his wit brilliant. He was tall and thin, with a long, pale, and pleasant visage, smiling and expressive. His dress was an entire suit of brown, of the old shape; a narrow stock, tight about his neck; his wig amply powdered, with a high, poking foretop. In the year 1791, my son Tottenham and I met him in St. James's Park, (London,) at the narrow entrance near Spring Gardens. A few minutes after, we were joined accidentally by Jemmy Wilder, well known in Dublin —once the famous Macheath, in Smock-alley—a worthy

* *Recollections of John O'Keefe*, vol. i. p. 244.

and respectable character, of a fine, bold, athletic figure, but violent and extravagant in his mode of acting. He had quitted the stage and commenced picture-dealer; and when we met him in the Park, was running after a man, who, he said, had bought a picture of Rubens for three shillings and sixpence at a broker's stall in Drury-lane, and which was to make his (Wilder's) fortune. Our loud laughing at O'Leary's jokes, and his Irish brogue, and our stopping up the pathway, which is here very narrow, brought a crowd about us. O'Leary was very fond of the drama, and delighted in the company of the "Glorious Boys," as he called the actors—particularly that of Johnny Johnstone, for his fine singing in a room."

Indeed, O'Leary's love of humour never left him. On one occasion in London, at a meeting of the Catholic Board, Lord Petre in the chair, our good friar, while speaking, launched into topics which the noble president deemed remote from the precise subject in hand, when, in the discharge of his duty as chairman, his lordship interposed, and said: "Mr. O'Leary, I regret very much to see that you are *out of order.*" The reverend speaker thereupon feigned great surprise, and addressing the chairman, replied: "My lord, I thank you very much for your concern, but I assure you *I was never in better health in my life.*" The adroit rejoinder excited great merriment, especially when those who heard it had the additional stimulant to laughter, of observing the roguish twinkle in the eye of him who made it.

The proceedings of the English Catholics in their efforts to procure emancipation, at that time, engaged Father O'Leary's most serious attention and co-operation. "We expect," he writes, in a letter, dated June 16, 1789, "that our bill will come on to-day, though we much doubt its success. The general opinion is, that as our

demands are confined to an equality with the other Dissenters, who are disqualified from holding any offices, civil or military, the chance is in our favor. Should it succeed, it will be but a small return for the humiliating steps that have been taken in order to obtain it. The petitioners call themselves *Catholic Dissenters;* and to gratify the framers of their absurd *protestation*, become the implied accusers of all the Catholics upon the earth, in the following words: 'We are not answerable for any wicked doctrine which may be held by other Catholics.' Their maxim is not to quarrel about words."

The Catholic cause, at this time, suffered much at the hands of those who had its best interests at heart. The Catholic Committee, composed of noblemen and gentlemen of the highest respectability, conducted their proceedings with an amount of discord and acrimony, very much to be deplored amongst men fighting under the banner of religion. The oath which it was necessary to take as a condition of relief, was canvassed over and over again, and its orthodoxy disputed in speeches and pamphlets, until the extern friends of the Catholics saw little reason for interfering in their behalf, while they were so divided amongst themselves. The result we find described in the following letter from O'Leary to his friend, the Right Reverend Dr. Moylan, Catholic Bishop of Cork :—

"London, July 12th, 1791.

'My Lord,—The fluctuating state of affairs here, and the uncertainty of the fate of the bill in favor of the English Catholics, have prevented me hitherto from writing anything with certainty. Now, at last, the die is cast; and while the other nations of Europe enjoy the sunshine of toleration, England remains

clouded with the darkness of fanaticism and intolerance. The little share a religious spirit has in these proceedings is manifest (the clamour against Popery excepted) from their general heedlessness of pure religion or morality. The efforts of the Catholics were directed towards obtaining the moderate privilege of being classed with the numerous sectaries who differ from the religion of the State. In the midst of their expectations of success, and when the business was brought to a crisis, Mr. Pitt declared that he would give no support whatever to any bill in their favor during the present session, '*whatever he might do in the next.*'

"The opportunity, however, was favorable; as at the same time a bill passed in favor of the Scotch Episcopalians, who were in the same predicament with the Catholics. Even the nation had not, as on all former occasions, taken the alarm, nor were pamphlets and lying essays against Popery scattered abroad, according to the old system.

"As for Earl Stanhope, from whom the Catholics expected so much, he is an enthusiast, who was reared in Geneva. He imagines that an *English Catholic* and a *Papist* are beings diametrically opposite. He is so averse to the latter, that in his famous heads of a bill for exonerating his Majesty's subjects from the fines and penalties decreed by the statutes of Elizabeth against such as eat flesh on fish-days, he excludes the *Papists*, who alone, by this bill, if they eat flesh on the forbidden days, must pay the fine.

"I know your lordship to be such a lover of discipline, that however unsociable Earl Stanhope may be to a Papist, yet I suspect that you would be glad to have a dozen justices of the peace or bailiffs of his stamp in your diocese. They would keep your Popish beefsteak-

eaters on Fridays and Saturdays under greater control than if you had twelve vicars-general.

* * * * * *

"With respect and veneration,

"Your lordship's humble servant,

"ARTHUR O'LEARY."

Whenever an ecclesiastic of any religion associates very much with the respectable professors of a creed different from his own, the lower orders of the public generally believe and give out that he will soon shake off his own faith and subscribe to that of his adopted friends; as if it were not possible for men of the most opposite religious persuasions to mix in each other's society without attaining a uniformity of religious sentiment. And the more learned and exalted the personage is, the more prevalent and credible becomes the rumour of his conversion. So it was with Father Arthur O'Leary. He was not one year in London when it was stated all through Ireland that he had become a Protestant, no doubt because he mixed in the very best Protestant society, and because he had, all through his life, displayed a broad and philanthropic charity, in the exercise of which he utterly ignored the distinctions of Protestant and Catholic, Dissenter, Heretic, and Papist. The rumour got into the papers, and was for some time in circulation before it reached his own ears. As soon as it did, however, he felt it his duty to contradict it, which he did in the following admirable and very characteristic letter, addressed to a London newspaper :—

"London, June 5, 1790.

"SIR,—A confusion of names gave rise, some months ago, to a mistake, copied from the *Dublin Evening Post* into the *Bath Chronicle*, and other papers in this

kingdom, viz., that 'I had read my recantation in St. Werburgh's church in Dublin.' Thus a mistake has changed me into a conformist, though I never changed my creed.

"If in reality the tenets of my Church were such as prejudice and ignorance proclaim them;—if they taught me that a papal dispensation could sanctify guilt, sanction conspiracies, murders, the extirpation of my fellow-creatures on account of difference in religious opinions, perjury to promote the Catholic cause, by pious breaches of allegiance to Protestant kings, or rebellion against their government;—if it were an article of my belief that a priestly absolution without sorrow for my sins, or a resolution of amendment, had the power of a charm to reclaim me to the state of unoffending infancy, and enable me, like Milton's devil, to leap from the gulf of sin into paradise without purifying my heart or changing my affections;—if it were an article of my faith that the grace of an indulgence could give me the extraordinary privilege of sinning without guilt or offending without punishment;—if it inculcated any maxim evasive of moral rectitude:—in a word, if the features of my religion corresponded with the pictures drawn of it in flying pamphlets and anniversary declamations, I would consider myself and the rest of my fraternity as downright idiots, wickedly stupid, to remain one hour in a state which deprives us of our rights as citizens, whereas such an accommodating scheme would make them not only attainable, but certain.

"Your correspondent does me the honor to rank me with Lord Dunboyne, formerly titular Bishop of Cork, and with Mr. Kirwan. If they have changed their religion from a thorough conviction of its falsehood, they have done well. It is the duty of every sincere inquirer after truth to comply with the immediate dictates of his conscience, in embracing that religion which

he believes most acceptable to God. Deplorable, indeed, must be the state of the man who lives in wilful error. For, however an all-wise God may hereafter dispose of those who err in their honesty, and whose error is involuntary and invincible, surely no road can be right to the wretch who walks in it against conviction. A thorough conviction, then, that I am in the right road to eternal life, if my moral conduct corresponds with my speculative belief, keeps me within the pale of my Church in direct opposition to my temporal interest; and no Protestant nobleman or gentleman of my acquaintance esteems me the less for adhering to my creed, knowing that a Catholic and an honest man are not contradictory terms.

"I do not consider Lord Dunboyne as a model after whom I should copy. With his silver locks, and at an age when persons who had devoted themselves to the service of the altar in their early days, should, like the Emperor Charles V., rather think of their coffins than the nuptial couch, that prelate married a young woman. Whether the glowing love of truth or Hymen's torch induced him to change the Roman Pontifical for the Book of Common Prayer, and the psalms he and I often sang together for a bridal hymn, his own conscience is the most competent to determine: certain, however, it is, that, if the charms of the fair sex can captivate an old bishop to such a degree as to induce him to renounce his Breviary, similar motives, and the prospect of aggrandizement, may induce a young ecclesiastic to change his cassock.

"Having from my early days accustomed myself to get the mastery over ambition and love—the two passions that in every age have enslaved the greatest heroes—your correspondent may rest assured that I am not one of the trio mentioned in his letter.

"I have the honor to be, &c.,

"ARTHUR O'LEARY."

Some special notice of the two remarkable men alluded to in this letter as having apostatized from the Roman Catholic faith, cannot but be interesting.

John Butler, the twelfth Lord Dunboyne, had for twenty-three years filled the Roman Catholic see of Cork, when he renounced his creed and mitre—thus affording the first instance on record of an Irish Catholic bishop changing his religion, with the exception, perhaps, of Brown, Archbishop of Dublin, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, took the oath of supremacy to her, and signed the Book of Common Prayer. Lord Dunboyne, at a very advanced age, inherited the title and estates of his family by the death of his nephew, Pierce Edmund Butler, an infant; and, professing a desire to perpetuate his lineage, sought from the Holy See a dispensation to marry. The reply of the Supreme Pontiff was of course a refusal, and was marked by the strongest expressions of astonishment and disgust at the unprecedented proposal. The bishop, however, took his case into his own hands, and espoused a blooming girl in her teens, a relative of his own, the daughter of Theobald Butler, Esquire, of Wilford, in the county of Tipperary. He never officiated in a Protestant church, though invited to do so; nor did he frequent Protestant services with that regularity or devotion that would imply a sincere conversion. Dr. Butler, Archbishop of Cashel, already alluded to in these pages, availed himself of his near relationship by blood, as well as by ecclesiastical superiority, to wait on his unhappy suffragan, with the hope of deterring him from taking the final step, before it was yet made. His lordship's remonstrance was vain. He produced the pope's reply to Lord Dunboyne's request for a dispensation to marry, which had been addressed to him. The result he communicates in a letter to a friend.

"I have been this day," (Aug. 11th, 1787,) "with Lord Dunboyne. The interview was, by his own appointment, at Dr. Fogarty's; and we were alone. He read the brief with great attention, and appeared somewhat, I cannot say much, affected by it. He promised me an answer for his Holiness after the assizes. He still thinks that a dispensation may be obtained; and that it is cruel to refuse it to one circumstanced as he is. I said a great deal to him, but in a perfect spirit of fraternal charity, gentleness, and mildness—not to 'extinguish the smoking flax.'" In spite of the remonstrances of his friends, the unfortunate prelate persisted for many years in his affected apostasy; until the "great teacher, Death," warned him of the eternal danger to which he was exposed, and the Church won him back at the eleventh hour.

Of Dean Kirwan we gather some interesting facts from Mr. Fitzpatrick's work entitled "Ireland before the Union." That clever author informs us that this celebrated apostate was grand-nephew to Anthony Blake, successively Roman Catholic Warden of Galway, Bishop of Ardagh, and subsequently Primate of all Ireland. Walter Blake Kirwan was educated at Louvain, where, at the termination of his college course, he was ordained priest, and elected to the chair of natural and moral philosophy. His uncle the primate displayed none of those qualities that should characterize a successor of Ireland's Patron Saint. On the contrary, while his moral character was stainless, he evinced a disposition more becoming a man of the world than the Lord's anointed. His hospitality was boundless, and was extended to the most convivial of the nobility and squires of the day, who emulated each other in feats of hard drinking that excite our modern incredulity. He resided altogether in Galway, whence he drove twice a year to visit his diocese of Armagh, in

all the pomp of a splendid equipage and liveried lackies. He was also wont to treat his priests with a degree of *hauteur* disgusting in one holding so high an ecclesiastical office. The clergy of his diocese, pained and scandalized by the conduct of their prelate, despatched two representatives to Rome to complain of the manner in which they were treated, and of the neglect religion was suffering amongst them. The issue was that the primate was suspended, and the Rev. Richard O'Reilly, parish-priest of Kilcock, near Maynooth, was appointed in his place. Dr. Blake retired to Galway, where, in 1786, he died, to the great regret of the surrounding gentry, whose orgies were so rudely thwarted by the event. Before his death he heard the news of his nephew's change of religion, when, it is said, to the lady who made the announcement he replied: "Tut, woman! the coxcomb had no religion to change; I wish he had never been made a priest." Kirwan's change was not, as O'Leary insinuates, attributable to the influence of Cupid or Hymen, for several years elapsed after his apostasy before he married. His wife was a Miss Richards, sister to the celebrated surgeon of that name. That his adoption of another faith was from motives of conviction is extremely questionable. Shortly after he had conformed, his mother asked him whether he would advise her also to become a Protestant, when he replied: "Remain as you are, mother, and never again speak to me on the subject of religion." The Orange Corporation of Dublin presented him a congratulatory address for having renounced the errors of Popery, and accompanied the tribute by the presentation of a gold box, in which was a document conferring on him the freedom of the city. On that occasion, however, he had the manliness to say: "I am not aware that the Church of Rome has greater blemishes than other churches." The late

Dean of Limerick was the son of Dr. Kirwan, and had this gold box in his possession.

A volume of Kirwan's sermons was published by his widow in 1814, from which one remarkable discourse was omitted more through prudence than candour. It was a "Discourse on Religious Innovations," delivered by him previous to his apostasy—indeed, strange to say, considering the subject, a very short time previous to it—in the Neapolitan Ambassador's chapel, London, March 20th, 1786. The sudden defection from the Church of a man who had so ably decried religious innovations, heightened the scandal occasioned by his fall, and, no doubt, caused the exclusion from his published collection of sermons of this too forcible reminder of his backsliding. "His family had no reason to be solicitous for its publicity—his fall must, to them, have been a subject of grief and humiliation; and they felt poignantly that it could not exalt his memory, since the talents and impressive truths it displays are not more conspicuous than that deplorable frailty which so often afterwards induced himself to become a striking example of what he had therein so wisely and eloquently deprecated."*

Take a passage or two from this admirable discourse, and think how was it possible for the speaker to act so diametrically opposite to his teachings: behold another of those mysteries that hang round our corrupt and perverse human nature. "In what terms," he cries, "of sufficient indignation shall I speak of that profaneness which has branded her (the Church's) ceremonies and discipline with the foul and opprobrious epithets of pageantry and abuse? I believe, nay, I am confident, when I assert that such ill-founded and scandalous

* Extract from the *Laity's Directory* for 1822, published at New York, and alluded to in Mr. Maguire's *Irish in America.*

reflections are received, even by those who dissent from us—by the thinking and informed part of the Church of England, with the utmost contempt for the person who utters them, with a perfect detestation of his perfidy."

Again, referring to a point in the service of the Catholic Church—the constant and universal use of the Latin tongue, which has been so great a stumbling-block to many within the fold and without it, he says: "The service is performed in Latin because natural languages are subject to decay and corruption, and in the space of a century may have undergone a total change as to the meaning and acceptation of words and phrases; the consequence must be that error and obscurity might insensibly steal into the liturgy." "Because," he adds, "in the same kingdom, for instance in this island, which is but a speck upon the expanse of Europe, public service would be read in three different tongues—English, Welsh, and Erse. Hence, what confusion would arise even in the liturgy of this nation; insomuch that were one of you to be present at the Mass in Wales, or in some part of Scotland, not to speak of Ireland, you might as well hear it in the language of Hindostan." "The liturgy of the Western Church," he says, "has always been in Latin. The Church was planted in the West whilst subject to the laws and arms of the Roman Empire. The language of that empire survived its fall, and is to this day the most universally understood through all Europe. There is no individual of decent education ignorant of it, and in many parts of the Continent it is familiar even to the peasantry, such as Hungary, Bohemia, Holland, &c. Yet, as the case is not general, to obviate that inconvenience, the liturgy is literally translated into every modern language; and those who cannot read are carefully instructed by their ministers as to the purport

and import of divine service. I conceive the present practice to be *conformable to the sense of antiquity;* nor can I induce myself to believe that the alteration so wisely recommended would be a salutary amendment."

Further on he says: "In whatever point of view I consider this matter, I am persuaded that to alter the present practice would be an unwise and dangerous reform. That such a measure might have been demanded in too insolent a manner, may, perhaps, be true; but that it has not been acceded to because we are irritated by petulant reflections, or not disposed to pray in the language of a Luther, a Calvin, or an Elizabeth, is not the case, but because the Church judges it expedient to preserve uniformity in her service, and secure it from change, corruption, and confusion."

He concludes thus: "May you continue to be penetrated with a due submission and humble acquiescence to the doctrines and practices of our holy Church; may the divine Spirit, which has promised to be with her until the consummation of time, give you grace to revere her decisions, obey her precepts, and imbibe her councils. Let them sink deep into your hearts; they will conduct you to immortality: in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Mr. Fitzpatrick quotes a letter from Dean Kirwan, in which he gives an account of his change of religion to a friend:—"Ere-yesterday," he writes, (the letter is dated June 19th, 1787,) "formed an era in my life—it gave me to the Established Church. I went through the usual ceremonies in the hands of the Rev. Dr. Hastings, Archdeacon of Dublin, a gentleman of distinguished worth and integrity, and to whom I am indebted peculiarly for every mark of politeness. On Sunday next I am to preach at St. Peter's, and for the

first time in a Protestant place of worship. But, though I have changed the sphere of my exertions, they shall still be invariably directed to the same object—to improve the human heart, to enlarge and enlighten the understanding of men, banish religious prejudice, and diffuse through society the great blessings of peace, order, and mutual affection. Such I conceive to be the duty of every Christian teacher."

On the occasion of his first sermon, a vast concourse of hearers assembled, fully expecting that he would launch forth into a tirade of abuse against the Church he had abandoned, but they were disappointed; he never indulged in controversy—there was little of acrimony in his nature, and too much honesty to vilify an institution of which he inwardly thought so well.

Kirwan was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest pulpit orators Ireland ever produced. The language of eulogy in which Mr. Phillips, in his "Curran and his Contemporaries," speaks of his eloquence, appears extravagant in the highest degree; but he assures us the picture is not overdrawn. Mr. Phillips heard him preach, and describes the effect produced as absolutely miraculous. He was a consummate actor, and sometimes had recourse to arts which, so far from opening, would rather shut up the sources of charity at the present day. For example, on one occasion, while preaching for the Female Orphan Asylum to a vast and closely packed audience, he either felt or feigned an illness, which expressed itself in the external pallor of his countenance, and a violent tremour of his whole person. Suddenly he buried his face in his handkerchief before he had well begun: turning with tears in his eyes to the little children, who were congregated in a gallery near him, he exclaimed, "My children, I cannot plead for you!" and then left the pulpit. The effect was magical—an enormous collection was

realized, much more than the grandest oratorical effort could have extracted.

Indeed, his philanthropy was no less wonderful than his eloquence—overzeal in advocating the cause of the poor hastened his end; or, as Grattan, speaking of him, beautifully observed: "In feeding the lamp of charity, he exhausted the lamp of life." He died on October 27, 1805, in the Protestant faith. There is an anecdote which claims for him the desire, on his death-bed, to receive the services of a priest, but it is not sufficiently authentic. Similar stories are told of several persons who have left the Catholic Church, of which many, no doubt, are true; the facts, however, must be well established before they become entitled to belief. But to return to O'Leary.

He was not long in London when he found that the Catholics of the metropolis stood very much in need of churches where they might, with ease and decency, perform their public religious devotions. He determined to build a church for the wants of those amongst whom he was to minister. Saint Patrick's Chapel, Sutton-street, Soho-square, was for many of the latter years of his life his place of residence, and the theatre of his exertions in the cause of religion and morality. This church was not, as some suppose, built by him—a previous edifice was rather converted by him into the present building. In his time the Catholic places of worship in London were very few and insignificant, (there has been some improvement since that time, but scarcely commensurate with the vast increase of Catholicity in the metropolis,) and it was deemed advisable by some leading members of that communion to procure a church of suitable dimensions and general respectability, where they might offer their devotions with that ease and decorum conformable to the decencies of religion. In Sutton-street there was a large hall, which

was used for fashionable purposes, for balls, concerts, lectures, and general gay and fanciful exhibitions. The idea occurred to a Mr. Olivier, a highly-respectable Catholic gentleman, that, with comparatively little expense, this hall could be converted into a church for public worship. He communicated his thoughts on the subject to Mr. Keating, the publisher, with whom Father O'Leary then lived. After some deliberation on the subject, it was agreed that O'Leary should draw up an address to the public, soliciting their assistance in forwarding the project. It was taken up by Bishop Douglas, who lent it all the weight of his position and influence; and it was advocated from the pulpit by the Rev. Mr. Archer, one of the ablest and most popular preachers of the day. The work went on—the expense increased; but the money came in. At length the change was effected; and what was once a temple of folly, the scene of the gay frivolities of thoughtless worldlings, the theatre of vice, and its countless train of evil deeds, became a consecrated sanctuary, dedicated to the service of the Most High, where prayer ascended as incense before His throne in heaven, and His blessing was invoked upon His children on earth. The new church was for many years after, like its fellow-church in Old Friary-lane, Cork, known to the world as "Father O'Leary's Chapel"—apt monuments for a minister of God.

The admirable labors of the great priest in this church, and their glorious results, are well portrayed in the splendid panegyric preached over his remains by the Rev. Morgan D'Arcy, which will be found in the appendix of this work. It is a remarkable fact, that the moment an Irish Roman Catholic of the humbler class leaves his native country, and settles in England or America, withdrawn from the salutary influence of his clergy, he evinces a strong tendency to an utter neglect

of all his religious duties; but once that he is again subjected to the sacred spell, he returns to the paths of virtue with an earnestness all the more devoted because intensified by the bitterest repentance for past misconduct. We are assured by the eloquent panegyrist of O'Leary, that while hundreds of Irish, men and women, ran riot in the streets of London, freed from all pastoral control, the burdens and terrors of society, no sooner were they brought within the sphere of their reverend fellow-countryman's influence, no sooner did they hear his powerful preaching, and witness his astounding zeal, than they sought, through him, the blessing of reconciliation with the offended Deity, and became models of good conduct, self-respecting and respected, sober, industrious, and orderly. To those who know the character of the Celtic Irishman this will be perfectly intelligible. The religious element seems blended with his very nature, as we find it interwoven with his history—we can scarcely think of him without thinking also of his creed. Under peculiar circumstances he may become the victim of indifference, the slave of immorality; but the faith he never loses. Let him persist in crime, he is never insensible to the pangs of remorse; let him but hear the familiar voice of a native clergyman, and he becomes thoroughly reformed, bowing with a marvellous submissiveness to the most humiliating yoke religion can impose—brought within the magic circle of priestly care, (so much abused by those who understand it not,) he displays the genuine qualities of a heart naturally disposed to virtue, where the sacred flame, obscured for a season, but never quite extinguished, blazes forth as of old in a congenial sanctuary.

CHAPTER XI.

Father O'Leary's Hidden Life—Effect of the French Revolution on his Mind—He assists the French Refugees—His great Sermon on their behalf—Extracts from it—He ridicules the Predictions of the Expiring Papacy—Pius the Sixth—Announcement of the Pontiff's Death in London—Father O'Leary preaches his Panegyric—Magnificent Audience—Extracts from the Sermon—Opinions of the Press on it.

FATHER O'LEARY'S sermons attracted large and eager audiences; nor were his hearers confined to persons of his own persuasion, but every sect supplied its contribution. For his discourses were, for the most part, of that description, which, while vindicating the truths of what has been called "our common Christianity," did not hurt the peculiar religious susceptibilities of any one. And, while defending the doctrines of the Catholic religion, he delivered himself with such fairness and candour, and his manner was so destitute of heat, so free, apparently as in fact, from wilful, unreasoning prepossession, that while, perhaps, no stranger to the fold was convinced just then, all listened with pleasure, and took away food for serious afterthought. He had the grand qualities of the preacher enumerated by the pious Cowper: he was

> "simple, grave, sincere:
> In doctrine, uncorrupt; in language, plain,
> And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
> And natural in gesture; much impressed
> Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
> And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
> May feel it too; affectionate in look,
> And tender in address, as well becomes
> A messenger of grace to guilty men."

His life was as incorrupt as his doctrine; we can find no blemish in the purity of his character. To himself he was a stern disciplinarian, save when the exigencies of the society in which he mixed necessitated a moderate indulgence, lest he might seem to parade with unbecoming ostentation that self-denial which he practised in private, and which was thoroughly congenial to his own taste. Witty and gay, "brilliant and bright" as the wine that circled round the board, no man loved solitude more than he, or sought the charms of it more eagerly. His early conventual training had given him this taste for seclusion, and had fashioned his mind to the art of contemplation. He did cherish, at a late period of his existence, the hope to end his life in solitude, that he might the better prepare his soul for eternity; but it remained a hope. However, in his own chambers, he sought a frequent retreat from the world, which he always turned to good account. He read and wrote, and, no doubt, prayed; thus presenting to mankind a glorious model to admire or copy—an upright Christian man working for the good of the whole human family; a Christian minister of spotless reputation working until death in the cause of his Master.

While Arthur O'Leary was thus toiling on in the great cause of religion, events were passing in France which saddened and embittered his mind, devoted as that large mind was to the best and truest interests of all mankind. It was the period of the great Revolution, the very memory of whose horrors, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, still shocks the world—the period when infidelity slew the souls of its thousands and tens of thousands, and when the lust for blood discovered in the inhabitants of a civilized country a depth of savage brutality theretofore unknown in the constitution of the human race. O'Leary, brought up from his youth in that great country, imbued with its learn-

ing, polished by its manners, admiring its institutions, and venerating its ancient nobility, could not realize France in any other light than that of a nation characterized from the earliest days of its civilization as the land where honor, and chivalry, and religion, found their most sacred home—the land of learning, of eloquence, of the arts and sciences, of military glory. Alas! how changed! Monarchy dethroned—the aristocracy murdered, butchered, annihilated—religion supplanted by reason—the hand of the assassin raised against the helplessness of age, the innocence of childhood, the weakness and purity of womanhood; men revelling like demons on blood to-day, and their own shed for new revellers to-morrow; the whole country delivered over to uncontrolled human passions, sacrificed to crime, dishonor, poverty, bankruptcy, and ruin.

O'Leary felt intensely for the miseries to which the country he loved so well had become a victim, and continued so to feel to the very end of his life. Naturally a lover of religion and social order, he here, to his horror, beheld the most abominable subversion of both. But there was no help for it—the ordeal should be gone through. He could only show the depth of his sympathy in the cause of suffering France, by extending to the thousands of emigrants who flocked from her shores to England, all that kindness which it was possible for him to bestow. He called public attention to their desperate condition, by frequent and vigorous appeals through the press. He went about seeking for them occupation and employment, and with many he shared the hospitality of his table and the contents of his purse. His sermons, at this time, were strenuously directed to the suppression of that infidel growth of opinion, which, springing from France, appeared likely to spread its baleful shadow over the whole face of Europe. On the 8th of March, 1797, a day of solemn

fast and humiliation, he delivered a powerful discours in St. Patrick's Chapel, which, at the desire of th congregation, was subsequently printed.* In this ser mon there are some fine bursts of eloquent indignatio against the authors of the French Revolution, and man able arguments against adopting their example eithe in politics or religion. "By their decree," says he, "th French declare that they are willing to give assistanc to all who wish to procure liberty. By this decree, th desperate, the licentious, the dissolute of all nations who would wish the overthrow of their respective countries, in order to enrich themselves with the spoils o the peaceable and virtuous, were sure to find allies an confederates. And yet those allies have not enriched the malcontents or disaffected of any State subdued b their arms. The spoils of towns and cities were appropriated to themselves, or sent to Paris; and the blessings conferred by such conquerors are visible in al those provinces where former scenes of peace and plent are changed into deserts, and the prospect of smokin ruins can alone distinguish the solitudes of nature fro the desolation of the Vandal.

"Our hardships are temporary, and to be borne wit as other calamities with which God in His justice sometimes visits mortals, either for the punishment of thei sins, or the amendment of their lives, or the trial o their patience. Let an all-ruling Providence, by a change of times and circumstances—by the energy an wisdom of rulers, and means best known to Him wh

* A discourse "well adapted," says the *Monthly Review*, (vol. xxiii. 1797, p. 119,) "to a Catholic congregation, and to keep alive a high degree of good, warm, Christian hatred of the French, on whom the preacher is very severe—with now and then a stroke of pleasantry, sarcasm, and rough wit, happily fitted to fortify the audience against any attacks of drowsiness, which might happen during the delivery of a long discourse. The abilities and peculiar turn of Mr. O'Leary are sufficiently known."

protects, sets up, or pulls down kingdoms and empires, remedy the evils of which peoples may complain. But to attempt to remove them by deeds of darkness—by opposition to lawful authority—by the assistance of men abandoned to irreligion and licentiousness, is to plunge into the gulf of destruction."

In a subsequent part of this sermon, O'Leary ridicules the absurd predictions and anticipations, then for the thousandth time expressed, of the approaching dissolution of the Papacy. The misfortunes of Pope Pius the Sixth, deprived of his realms, and a prisoner in the hands of Buonaparte, afforded grounds for these prophetic announcements, as the reverses to which Pius the Ninth has been subjected in our own day, have evoked similar forewarnings of his expiring monarchy. The extremities to which the former pontiff was reduced were the theme of pulpit and platform orators all through England; and every preacher and declaimer who did not sympathize with Rome, pointed with triumph to the early day, when the figures in the Book of Revelations being fulfilled, the boasted line of popes should be broken, and the Rock of Peter be riven for ever.

"I know," says O'Leary, "that the unexpected success of licentious infidels, who have destroyed religion in the unhappy land that gave them birth, seems to shake the faith of the unsteady, and to increase, with additional shades, the darkness of fanaticism, prophesying the impending destruction of the Catholic Church, and the final close of the succession of her pastors in the person of the present pope.

"Such foretellings are proved by time to be the deliriums of an imagination bewildered by the prejudices of education, or overheated by enthusiasm, or they are the artifices of impostors who sport with

the weaknesses of the ignorant and credulous, to render them subservient to their designs.

"Luther prophesied that in the space of two years after his revelation, there would be no more popes. The number of popes who have appeared since his time, are proofs of the credit such prophets deserve. Who could take a review of the motley group of prophets, who have started up since: some of them divines, some mathematicians and astronomers, and a greater number mechanics, all prophesying, and with equal authority, the speedy end of the pope and the Catholic religion?

"Volumes may be written, and libraries filled with books against Popery—fanatics may prophesy—modern Goths and Vandals may desolate provinces, and bury cities in ruins—the temporal sovereignty of Rome, originally the gift of temporal princes, may be destroyed, and Rome herself undergo the fate of Carthage, and be known only in history—the pope's head may be carried on a pole, and the Turkish Solyman's threat, that he would feed his horse with oats on St. Peter's altar, may be carried into execution; but the spiritual supremacy of Rome, and the succession of the lawful pastors, with whom Christ promises to be to the end of time, can never be destroyed by all the powers of the earth. It is not riches, or opulence, or temporal power, or grandeur, that their Master has promised them. Should one pastor be beheaded, another, with the same spiritual power and title to the chair of unity, will be elected, either on the brink of a lake, where Peter received a commission to feed Christ's flock, or in some subterraneous vault in times of persecution, (if such should happen,) as well as in the magnificent palace of the Vatican."

Never, indeed, before did the fortunes of the Papacy

present to human eyes so irretrievably hopeless an aspect, as under the reign of Pope Pius the Sixth. Few pontiffs reigned longer than he; and there were few whose reign was so distinguished for adversity and disaster. In his pontificate, the adage was truly verified, *Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.* It had its gleams of glory, but they were snatches of sunshine shed by the beneficent rule, the enlightened improvements, the vast and successful undertakings, and the marvellous equanimity of the pontiff in the darkest hour of misfortune as in the calmest interval of repose. He repressed numerous abuses; he greatly enlarged the noble museum of the Vatican, by adding to it a vast collection of vases, medals, statues, and monuments; made considerable additions to the Church of St. Peter; embellished Rome with new palaces, fountains, and monuments, and founded hospitals for the relief of the sick and the indigent. He showed his regard for the interests of commerce by repairing the port of Ancona, and erecting there a magnificent lighthouse, an ornament to the city, and a welcome guide through the dangers of the Adriatic. But his greatest undertaking was the draining of the Pontine Marshes, with a view to removing the cause of their pestilential vapours: this gigantic work he was not able to complete. His mildness was unparalleled—his hospitality was the theme of universal admiration. He viewed with horror the atrocities of the French Revolution, and received with open arms the banished priests of France who sought his protection. This drew upon him the vengeance of the French rulers, who directed Buonaparte to attack the Roman States in satisfaction, which that unscrupulous general did with the vigor and success that distinguished his martial enterprises at that period. Having taken Urbino, Ancona, Bologna, and other towns, he offered peace to Pius on

condition that the pontiff would pay a large sum of money, and send to Paris some of the choicest specimens of painting and sculpture that adorned the Eternal City.

Peace ensued, but it was shortly broken. The Roman people in their indignation assassinated the French ambassador, and the Papal States were again invaded. Rome was taken by order of Buonaparte, and Pius VI. was conveyed as a prisoner by the French soldiery, first to Sienna, and then across the Alps to France. The insults and cruelties to which he was subjected by his ferocious captors were discreditable to humanity; but at least on one remarkable occasion, (at Briançon, in Dauphine,) by his mildness and sweetness, when an enraged multitude threatened his life, he brought them on their knees to do him reverence, and implore his forgiveness. From Briançon he was removed to Grenoble, and from Grenoble to Valence, from whence he was subsequently transferred by the Directory to Dijon. But his extreme age, and the fatigue of this constant travelling, terminated his life, on the 20th August, 1799, in the eighty-second year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his pontificate. His murder—for it can be called by no other name—was portentous to the destinies of Europe. In his sacred person were united the monarch and the pontiff; and he was therefore a suitable victim for the vengeance of men leagued together for the destruction of the throne and the altar. The ferocity of his tyrants excited mingled sentiments of pity and alarm in every thoughtful breast; and all over Christendom his virtues were proclaimed, and his fate deplored, with a unanimity at once honorable to his memory, and valuable to the cause of religion and humanity.

On the announcement in London of the pope's death, his auditor, Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Erskine, happened to be in the metropolis, and at his request, or

rather under his direction, a solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated for the eternal repose of the deceased pontiff, in St. Patrick's Chapel, on the 16th of November, 1799. The ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church, magnificent and imposing as it is, supplies no grander or more solemn spectacle than a High Mass for the dead; and majestic and sublime as is the music in which her liturgy is oftentimes chanted, her *repertoire* supplies nothing to surpass the deep-sounding, soul-thrilling, awe-inspiring melody in which her ministers swell the anthems of supplication for the departed faithful. Those who have once heard the solemn cadences of the *Dies Iræ* will realize what we say on this subject—the impressions produced by that wondrous dirge cannot be easily effaced. On the occasion to which we refer, the whole church was hung with black, the drapery of funereal sorrow, and other internal arrangements were made calculated to excite emotions suitable to the solemnity of the ceremony, and the cultivated taste of the enlightened audience who assisted at it. Amongst those present were Cardinal Erskine, Dillon, Archbishop of Narbonne, the Bishop of St. Paul de Leon, and a number of other prelates; the foreign ambassadors; several of the most distinguished English nobility, including the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, as well as a large sprinkling of the exiled French aristocracy. At the conclusion of High Mass, Father O'Leary ascended the pulpit, and pronounced the funeral oration on the deceased pontiff, in a strain of eloquence rising to the grandeur of the subject, and awakening in the breasts of all who heard him a sympathy responsive to the sufferings of so exalted a victim, and to the triumph of a patience worthy of the Vicar of Christ. The panegyrist's text was wonderfully appropriate—it was chosen from the 102nd Psalm: "Thou hast lifted me up and cast me down. My days are like a shadow that

declineth, and I am withered like grass; but thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever."

The religious character of Pius VI., as sketched by the preacher, was worthy of so holy a pontiff; but as he was anxious to exhibit the pope under the guidance "of a wisdom that could accommodate itself to a variety of conjunctures without deviating from the path of virtue, and which could reconcile the maxims of the Gospel to the engagements and duties of sovereignty," he dwells with peculiar emphasis on the temporal rule of the Holy Father. "Of his love and encouragement of the arts," says the preacher, "the *Musæum Pio Clementinum* was one of the noblest monuments this or any other age could boast. But it was not by the encouragement of the sciences alone that Pius VI. signalized his pontificate. Under his fostering hand, the arts and manufactures raised their drooping heads; commerce was extended; coasts infested by pirates were protected; harbours fortified; roads cut through marshes and deserts before impassable; communications formed between distant places; new asylums opened to helpless indigence; and plenty reigned in those places which had before been barren. There was no calamity in his States to which he did not administer relief, when it came to his knowledge; nor was there any calamity unknown to him, but such as eluded the inquiries of the most attentive vigilance." Having described the energy and anxiety manifested by the pontiff in draining the Pontine Marshes, the panegyrist proceeds: "Europe admired a pontiff and prince, in the decline of life, adequate to such undertakings. Emperors, kings, and princes flocked to Rome to see something greater than Rome itself—a pontiff uniting in his person the experience of age with the vigor of mind and the enterprising genius of youth—the outward charms of the most fascinating figure, with the improvements of the most cultivated mind—and the

magnanimity and magnificence of a temporal prince, with all the meekness and piety of an apostle."

It would have been impossible to preach the panegyric of Pope Pius VI. without denouncing the French "philosophy," as it was called, but French infidelity as it was, which caused his ruin, in the hope that it would eventuate in the ruin of the Christian religion, and the triumph of Reason, so desirable for the gratification of human passions. "It was this philosophy," says O'Leary, "whose insatiable thirst for blood could not be satisfied with hecatombs of human victims; amongst whom kings, queens, princesses, aged and venerable prelates, priests and levites, were offered on its polluted altars, until it chained to its triumphal car and sprinkled for the sacrifice a high priest and prince, before whose majestic countenance and silver locks a victorious Alexander would have fallen prostrate, as that conqueror did when he met Jaddeus the high priest, clad in his pontifical robes, with the prophecies in his hand, at the gates of Jerusalem. The other victims were slaughtered near their habitations, or at a small distance on the high roads, where they were met by their executioners; but him they led to the sacrifice far from St. Peter's shrine, where he requested to be permitted to die, and where he wished for the crown of martyrdom.*

"The 'staff of old age' is always mentioned with veneration; and when propping the drooping body of a hoary sage, it ever was considered, by savage as well as civilized nations, as the sceptre of reverence. It commands respect under the hand of a grey-haired Indian addressing his savage warriors. But without any regard to the propriety which nature itself suggests to the uncultivated savage, his enemies deprived

* The remains of Pius VI. were interred in Valence by order of Buonaparte; but in 1802 they were removed to Rome, and were there deposited with great funeral pomp in the Church of St. Peter's.

Pius VI., bending under the weight of years, of the support of his tremulous steps, and sent his cane, as a trophy, to the French Directory, in whose hall it is exposed, as the poles on which the sacred ark was carried in procession were put up in the temple of Dagon, in the unhallowed land of the Philistines!" The catastrophe of this tragic history is well portrayed by the eloquent preacher. "The member died as the Head—the servant as the Master—the vicegerent as the King who had delegated the power. He died, as Christ died on the cross, and Saint Stephen on his knees; he died, praying for peace to the world, and forgiveness to his enemies. The tear starts in the eye of pity at the recital of the unmerited sufferings of fallen greatness, and the wanton persecutions raised against unoffending innocence. Yet, weep not for him who died a death which kings themselves might envy. He died the death of the righteous; and may our last end be like to his."

This discourse was subsequently published, and excited great admiration in the minds of the public. The following opinion of the press will serve to show how favorably it was received.

"Effect being much studied," says the *Monthly Review*,* "in all the ceremonials of the Romish Church, it was to be presumed that, on so solemn an occasion as that to which this pamphlet relates, every preparation would be made with sable drapery, dirges and processions, with a decorated cenotaph, artificial darkness, and wax tapers, to impress the mind. Such, it appears, were the ceremonies observed previously to the delivery of this funeral oration on the late pope; which, as might be expected, is composed in a strain of panegyric. The virtues of the unfortunate Pius VI. were indeed entitled to praise; and one of his own clergy is surely

* Vol. xxxii. 1800, page 97.

to be pardoned if, at a moment when his obsequies were solemnized, he should paint those virtues with all the warmth of coloring derived from eloquence, animated by affection and the most pious veneration. Posterity will not seek for the true and discriminating character of the late pope in Mr. O'Leary's oration; but as a composition it is a proof of talents. Mr. O'Leary often alludes to the 'Memoirs of the Life of Pius VI.,' lately published, as not doing justice to his memory. He lived certainly in a very critical period; and the enemy and the friend will differ considerably in their representations of him. The unfeeling behaviour manifested towards him by the French, is here deservedly reprobated."

CHAPTER XII.

Father O'Leary Pensioned by the Government—Was it "Hush-money"?—Plowden's Opinion on the Subject—The Question examined—England's Account of it—What was the Secret Condition?—Brought to light at last—Pitt's Part in the Transaction.

DURING the latter years of Father O'Leary's life, he enjoyed a pension from the Irish government; and as the conditions on which this pension was supposed to have been awarded have formed a subject of controversy, seriously involving the integrity of Father O'Leary's character, it becomes the duty of his biographer to set the case fairly and candidly before the public, that, by a strict investigation of the truth, he may receive the praise or blame to which he is entitled.

It has been said that the pension was granted on the secret condition, that O'Leary should live for the rest of his life in London, and abstain from any political writing that might reflect on the conduct of the government in their management of Irish affairs. If this be true, it is a very serious imputation indeed, and forms another sad illustration of the influence of the *auri sacra fames;* it adds to the black catalogue another victim of seductive pelf, principally British. Mr. Francis Plowden, O'Leary's particular friend, speaks very plainly on the subject, in the Introduction to his "History of Ireland." He tells us that O'Leary's writings were so successful in establishing concord amongst all classes of Irishmen, that his silence was purchased by the government, who, for the furtherance of their malign policy, deprecated concord amongst Irishmen above all things.

But let Mr. Plowden speak for himself. "His (O'Leary's) writings became popular even with Protestants, and produced so much toleration and cordiality between them and the Catholics, that created a serious alarm in those who studied to perpetuate their division and consequent weakness. With much art, they endeavoured to stop the progress of this terrifying liberality and harmony amongst Irishmen of different religious professions. The Rev. Arthur O'Leary was thanked by the British minister for the services he had rendered to the State, by frightening away the bugbear of Jacobitism, and securing the allegiance of the whole Catholic body to the illustrious House of Hanover. A pension of £200 was granted to him for his life in the name of a trustee; *but upon the secret conditions that he should for the future withhold his pen, and reside no more in Ireland:* in such dread was holden an evangelizer of tolerance and brotherhood in the country. Two or three payments of this *hush-money* were made. Afterwards an arbitrary refusal for many years threw the reverend pensioner upon the voluntary support of his friends for subsistence. After a lapse of many years, by importunity and solicitation, and repeated proofs of his having complied with the secret conditions, he received a large arrear; and in order to make himself independent for the rest of his days, he purchased with it an annuity for his life from a public office, and died before the first quarter became due."

Now, from what we have already seen of Father O'Leary's character, it is highly improbable that he bartered for gold his talents and his patriotism, as here described. We have seen how, at an earlier period of his career, when overtures of the same kind were made to him in Ireland, after the publication of his celebrated papers on Loyalty and Toleration, he spurned with indignation the attempt to win him to taciturnity

or to gain him over to the ranks of the pro-government party. We recall with admiration his reply—"I shall never be silent whilst my exertions can be of the least service to my country or my religion." The leopard does not so easily change its spots, and O'Leary at sixty was not likely to think differently from O'Leary at fifty. Again, he was not an avaricious man; on the contrary, as has been shown, benevolence, charity, philanthropy, hospitality, were synonymous with the name of O'Leary. The pension he no doubt received, and few men deserved it better; but we cannot believe that his acceptance of it was hampered with conditions involving a sacrifice of those great principles to the upholding of which his life and labors were devoted. But let us see. Mr. England, the first biographer of O'Leary, who lived nearer to his time, who must have spoken with many of his contemporaries, and thus acquired accurate knowledge on the remarkable events of his life, gives the following history of the pension:—

"Soon after he (O'Leary) had fixed his residence permanently in London, one day whilst dining with his attached and valuable friend, Mr. Keating, the bookseller, he was informed that Lord Sydney's secretary was in the adjoining parlour, and had a communication to make to him. He immediately left the table; and when, in a short time, he returned he related the substance of the interview. The secretary stated to him that government had observed with much satisfaction the good effects which Mr. O'Leary's writings had produced in Ireland—peace, good order, and unanimity, amongst all classes of his countrymen, had been promoted and advanced by his exertions; and that, in consideration of the services thus rendered to the empire, it was determined to manifest the approbation of such conduct by offering him a pension suitable to his circumstances, and worthy of his acceptance—that, with

a delicacy arising from the ignorance of his means of subsistence, they had as yet hesitated fixing on any specific sum, choosing rather to learn from himself what would answer his expectations, than to determine on what might be insufficient for his claims. The secretary took the liberty of asking a question to which at the same time he did not insist on receiving an answer: whether in the event of any popular commotion in Ireland, as it was dreaded would be the case from the diffusion of American republican notions, O'Leary would advocate, as formerly, principles of loyalty and allegiance? To this latter question an unhesitating reply was given, confirmatory of the known inflexibility of O'Leary's political conduct; with regard to the pension, he never had sought for one, though, at a former period of his life, something of the kind had been hinted to him; in the present instance he was grateful to the government for the recollection of him, and suggested that the utmost of his claims would be answered by £100 a year. He was afterwards officially informed, that his presence in Ireland was necessary for the purpose of having the pension placed on the list of that country. He repaired thither, and, after the necessary formalities were gone through, he became entitled to £200 per annum. It has been stated that a secret condition was annexed to this grant, binding O'Leary to reside in England, and preventing him from further interference in the political concerns of the empire. The fact, however, is that O'Leary had made previous arrangements for a permanent residence in London, not only as being more favorable to his health, which generally suffered by his visits to Dublin, but from a rational conviction that the great seat of influence and power was the proper sphere of his benevolent exertions; and so far was he from resigning any right to his freedom of opinion as an author, that one of the last

subjects which employed his care before his death-sickness, was a general refutation, which he intended to publish, of all the calumnies against his religion and country which grew out of the political distractions of the year 1798. True it is, that for some unexplained cause, his pension was, after one or two years, arbitrarily withheld; and it was only shortly before his death that, by the kind interference of his friend, Mr. Francis Plowden, the arrear was paid to him: then, in order to make himself independent for the rest of his days, he purchased with it an annuity for his life, from a public office; but he died before the first quarter became due."

So far Mr. England. From the panegyric pronounced over the remains of Father O'Leary, to which we have already referred,* it will be seen, on the authority of the preacher, one of the great man's most attached friends, that while O'Leary was in Dublin proceeding through the form which was necessary for the obtainment of the pension, a large additional annuity was offered to him, if he would become the supporter of an important newspaper, then and long after, probably still, published in Dublin, which was the "foul vehicle of misrepresentation, slander, and calumny, on the Irish people." He rejected the proposal with indignation and contempt, though certain by the refusal to incur the displeasure of the so-called "great," and to apprehend a discontinuance of his pension. This was not the conduct of a man who would sell his honor for gold.

But was there a secret condition? There was; and the reader must judge how far the acceptance of it was prejudicial or favorable to the good name of Father O'Leary. What that condition was I shall for the first time produce before the public. I procured the information from a gentleman of great respectability resi-

* See Appendix.

ding near London, whose name I do not publish, because I have not solicited his permission to do so. Neither shall I, for the same reason, give the names of the gentlemen mentioned in his letter, though I am confident I might do so without incurring their displeasure or disapprobation. Knowing that the gentleman in question was a relative of Father O'Leary's, I wrote to him acquainting him of my intention to publish O'Leary's life and writings, and begging for any information it was in his power to bestow. With an urbanity for which I hereby tender my gratitude, he replied immediately as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter; and as particulars of note touching the life of O'Leary must be based on good authority, I feel I can only give you from *one good authority*, but now dead, the *one idea* which haunted him, on account of the part he took, by the advice of Pitt, in the union of the Irish Parliament with the Imperial. Pitt promised the emancipation of Catholics and repeal of the penal laws, if he (O'Leary) would acquiesce, &c. He did; and so silence was deemed consent. Pitt obtained the Union; then resigned his office; and, tricky enough, said he could not keep his promise, &c. &c.

"The memory of this disaster weighed upon his mind, so that, dying, he exclaimed often: 'Alas! I have betrayed my poor country!' I had this of Mr. T——, of Weybridge, Surrey, who was with him in his last illness, and at his death. Had he written one of his stirring popular appeals, he would have foiled Pitt's measure. His mind failed much in his last illness. Mr. T——'s son is alive still, and remembers him. The father, who is dead, often told me the above fact."

Here, then, was the secret condition: Arthur O'Leary accepted from the British government a pension of £200 a-year for life, stipulating that Mr. Pitt should keep his word as a man of honor, promising that he would bring about the emancipation of the Catholics and the repeal of the penal laws, in case O'Leary consented to write nothing against the union of the Irish with the Imperial Parliament! It is for the world to judge how far such a bargain damages his character as a patriot, and redeems him from the imputation of venality. For our part we must say, that there are even at the present day many pure-minded patriots who would regard a union with England on terms of perfect equality, as the greatest boon Ireland could enjoy; and it is, therefore, easy to conceive how such a blessing would be regarded by a man so essentially loyal as O'Leary was. At his time, any concession made by England was accepted by Ireland with the gratitude of a Lazarus for the crumbs of a Dives: how joyfully, then, would the patriot stake his all for the promise of a minister that Lazarus should be admitted to the rich man's table, and participate in the luxuries of his palace, not as a guest, but as a member of his household! But O'Leary was not acquainted with the proverbial perfidy of statesmen; and the man least likely in his eyes to reduce to practice the policy of a Machiavelli, was the minister whose genius and integrity seemed superior to every "tricky" device, and equal to the obligations of every honorable compact. We see that O'Leary's pension was withheld for a few years: what the reason for this withholding was it is not easy to ascertain; but, from an observation in the "Life of Henry Grattan," by his son, we surmise that it must have been because O'Leary refused to comply with a request made by the minister, that he *would*

write in support of the Union. "Colonel Kelly," (of whom more anon,) says Mr. Grattan, "related that, at the period of the Union, Mr. Pitt offered a considerable pension to O'Leary, provided he would exert himself among his Roman Catholic countrymen, and write in support of the Union, but every application was in vain: O'Leary steadfastly resisted Mr. Pitt's solicitations, and, though poor, he rejected the offers of the minister, and could not be seduced from allegiance to his country."

It may be said in defence of Pitt, that he honestly meant to keep his promise made to O'Leary; and there is little doubt that it was his intention, immediately after the Union had been effected, to propose to the United Parliament the emancipation of the Catholics, and the repeal of the penal laws. But from the performance of this duty he was deterred by a weakness as discreditable as a broken promise. When the subject was mentioned to George III., he positively went mad. Here was the time for Pitt to stand up and say that he would hold the premiership on no conditions incompatible with those of his honest conviction and his plighted word; but no; he resigned the office to Addington, and did not resume it for three years. He feared the loss of royal favor, though it was the favor of royalty gone mad with religious bigotry.* And yet it is but just to say, that had he brought forward the measure just then, it is questionable whether it would have passed into law, as

* Mr. Elliott, writing to Lord Castlereagh, in November, 1798, says: "I cannot be easily persuaded that if more firmness had been displayed here at first, a union might have been accomplished, including the admission of the Catholic claims; but Mr. Pitt has, with a *lamentable facility*, yielded this point to *prejudice*, without, I suspect, acquiring a support in any degree equivalent to the sacrifice."—*astlere a gh's Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 29.

he had to encounter the opposition of some members of the cabinet, and to defy the No-Popery cry which still rang through the length and breadth of England, with all the acrimony and vigor of the past.

Such, then, is O'Leary's case. Let him stand or fall by the verdict of an impartial world.

CHAPTER XIII.

Father O'Leary the Guest of Colonel O'Kelly, owner of "Eclipse"—Sketch of O'Kelly—Turf Morality—The Prince of Wales and Chifney, the Jockey—O'Leary uncontaminated by his associations—Contrasted with the celebrated Dr. Alexander Geddes—Sketch of Geddes—His "Modest Apology"—O'Leary is requested by Lord Petre to review it—Which he does—Lord Petre's severe Letter to O'Leary in Reply—His Lordship's subsequent Change of Opinion—Lord Moira the Friend of O'Leary.

FATHER O'LEARY lived for some years in London with Colonel O'Kelly, already mentioned. The colonel was known to the world, and his name will be remembered for ever by the sporting fraternity, as the owner of the celebrated horse "Eclipse," that won the Derby in 1782. How our worthy friar contracted so close an intimacy with a man of tastes and habits apparently so little congenial to his own, we are left to conjecture. Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his work entitled "Ireland before the Union,"* suspects that O'Kelly's attention to O'Leary was rather an act of political design than an impulse of private generosity or friendship. "O'Kelly," he adds, "was the prince's confidant; and Croly, in his 'Life of George IV.,' tells us that intimate relations were maintained with O'Leary because 'he was no unskilful medium of intercourse between his Church and the Whigs, and contributed in no slight degree to the popularity of the Prince in Ireland.'"

Colonel O'Kelly, though enjoying the character of a highly-bred gentleman, of manners "courtly and imposing," unhappily presents to posterity a few blemishes,

* Page 106.

which, however they may be reconciled to the morality of the turf, can scarcely stand the test of stricter ethics. With the assistance of Mr. Fitzpatrick,* we shall place an outline sketch of him before the reader. He was immensely rich—"Eclipse" having won, altogether, as was supposed, £124,000. He was not the original owner of the horse, but inherited it from his uncle Denis, the colonel's own name being Denis Andrew. He was distinguished for "pluck." On one occasion, while walking on Usher's-quay, Dublin, he jostled against a military officer, who kicked and insulted him in return. O'Kelly, strong as a lion, caught the offender by the nape of the neck, and pitched him, as if he were literally a puppy, over the quay into the river. The unfortunate officer, cooled by his ducking, was picked up into a ferry-boat which happened by good luck to be near. O'Kelly soon after went to London, where fortune, with her proverbial caprice, first imprisoned him in the Fleet, and next introduced him to the *coterie* of the Prince of Wales, then a "fast young man." The gay prince found in the Irishman a congenial spirit—he gave him a commission in the West Middlesex Militia, and soon after had him promoted to a colonelcy. The prince *used* O'Kelly on one occasion in a manner equally discreditable to his Highness and his Highness's colonel. But Mr. Fitzpatrick must tell the tale in his own language, which I here subjoin:—

"The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, won the Derby in 1788, and, crowned by other triumphs on the turf, he soon obtained the reputation of being lucky. According to a statement recently made to us by a gentleman officially entitled to know the facts, it seemed to have suited the Prince's 'book,' on some subsequent occasions, to bet against his own

* *Ireland before the Union*, pp. 211 et seq.

horse, although bestrode by the greatest jockey of the day, Chifney. Enormous bettings were made on the prince's horse, and his Royal Highness, on the other hand, backed opposition horses with still higher sums. With that deplorable unscrupulosity which characterized the time, the prince deputed his friend O'Kelly to negociate with Chifney for the purpose of inducing him to lose the race designedly. The great jockey, we believe, at first, recoiled with indignation from the proposal; but 'saint-seducing gold' at last did its work, and Chifney consented to lose the race in consideration of £300 a year for life being settled on him, with a reversion to his son, aged six years, as compensation for any loss of professional character and income he might sustain. Colonel O'Kelly, having acquainted the prince with Chifney's terms, he replied: 'It is impossible that my name can appear, but do *you* execute a deed to Chifney for the annuity, and of course I shall fully reimburse you.'

"The deed was perfected accordingly, and the astute attorney who drew it up was, we believe, the Sham Squire. The race was run under the eyes of all England, and the prince's horse, as designed, lost. How little was it dreamt by the thousands who, with palpitating hearts and straining eyes, intently watched the progress and issue of that seemingly fair and noble emulative struggle, that so dark a fraud lay crouched within its shadow! Some experienced turfmen seemed to have suspected the cheat; but the great body of betters who thronged round the course remained in ignorance. Year after year O'Kelly paid the annuity; but the prince, when reminded of his obligation, invariably turned the conversation with a pleasant laugh. O'Kelly died, and his representatives found the property encumbered with the charge of £300 a year to Chifney."

The younger Chifney lived up to a few years ago, the

annuity being paid to him by the successors of Colonel O'Kelly to the day of his death. O'Kelly himself died about forty years ago, having never married. His house in London was situated in Half Moon-street, Piccadilly.

It is needless to say that O'Kelly's reverend guest was altogether ignorant of those betting transactions, at least such of them as involved dishonesty like that just described. O'Leary clearly saw in his host, a rich, jovial, genial fellow-countryman, the nucleus of fashionable society, a devoted friend, a gentleman of "courtly and imposing" manners. Who amongst us would refuse the hospitality of such a man? If the secret sins of hosts were to be laid bare before their guests as the dishes were uncovered, how little mirth would prevail around the festive board, and how soon would that great element of social harmony and good-fellowship—the dinner-party—cease to exist altogether!

However Father O'Leary may have mixed with the wealthy—in what atmosphere soever of scepticism, infidelity, or irreligion he may have been forced to breathe—how many times soever he may have been exposed to temptations threatening his faith, his virtue, his purity of purpose or morality, it is a proud thing for his biographer to say that he passed through the ordeal unscathed; and that the chevalier of old never won by worthier title than did this great champion of Christian rights, the magnificent epithet of *sans peur et sans reproche.* We have already contrasted him with ecclesiastics of his own Church, whose religious valor broke down before the assaults of worldly wealth, honor, and fame; while he stood within the lists, *defiant of all comers, prepared for every encounter.* It now becomes our duty to place beside him one recreant still, in rebutting whose attacks on his faith and doctrine he incurred the risk of losing

a friendship which any man might covet, and none but the rash or foolish would despise. The recreant was the celebrated Dr. Alexander Geddes—the friend was the Lord Petre of the day.

Alexander Geddes was born of Catholic parents, in 1737, at Ruthven, in Banffshire. Having studied in his boyhood at the Catholic seminary of Scalan, he repaired in his twenty-first year to the Scotch College of Paris, where, besides other literary attainments, he acquired a knowledge of the French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Hebrew languages. To produce a correct translation of the Bible became the ambition of his life. Returning to Scotland in 1764, he was ordained priest, and became private chaplain to Lord Traquiar, in which position he had abundant leisure for the promotion of his great work. But a lady-relative of Lord Traquiar, residing in the house, excited in his bosom the tender emotions so hostile to literary pursuits, and so fatal to the purity of the priesthood. To his honor be it said, in the struggle between passion and duty, he found refuge in flight. Having spent some months in Paris, he returned once more to Scotland in 1769, when he officiated as pastor in his native parish of Auchinhalrig, and won by his charity and zeal the warmest attachment of his flock. In the efforts to complete the parish church he fell into debt, from which, however, he was released by the munificence of the Duke of Norfolk. Soon after, with that quick succession of fancies that so often distinguishes genius, he abandoned the care of his parish, having purchased a farm, with a view to living in solitude and pursuing uninterruptedly the darling studies of his heart. But ignorance of agriculture, or perhaps neglect more than ignorance, involved him still deeper than before in debt, from which he again emerged by publishing a rhythmical translation of the Satires of Horace. This publication, so foreign to the duties of a

priest, excited the indignation of his bishop, Dr. Hay, who made several ineffectual attempts to recall him to his duty, but, failing, at length suspended him. Geddes next becomes Doctor of Laws of the University of Aberdeen, being the first Catholic that ever received that dignity since the time of the Reformation. He repairs to London, where he has the good fortune to win the friendship of Lord Petre, one of the greatest patrons of literature of his time. His lordship, deeply interested for the welfare of the Catholic religion, to which he belonged, gave Geddes an annuity, and assisted him with books for his translation of the Bible. The prospectus of this work appeared in 1782, but the first volume of the work itself did not appear until ten years after, when it startled, with a more tremendous shock than the famous production of the modern Colenso, the Catholics and rigid Protestants of the day. With unparalleled boldness, the translator denied the inspiration of the Scriptures and the divine legation of Moses, whose account of the creation he pronounced "a most beautiful mythos, a philosophical fiction, contrived with great wisdom, and dressed up in the garb of real history." Moses he ranked as a great legislator, with Numa and Lycurgus; and accounted for his miracles by saying that the Hebrews were so ignorant, that Moses cleverly convinced them that several natural results which he produced were really miraculous. This was turning the great author of the Pentateuch into a common juggler. Geddes was denounced by all professors of Christianity as assailing the very foundations of religion. So he was. He was only ventilating in England the sentiments he imbibed amongst the German Rationalists, of whom Paulus and Eichhorn were his particular friends. It is needless to say that he was denounced by the Catholic clergy and hierarchy of England as an infidel, and that he was again suspended from

the exercise of all priestly functions. He published an "Address," however, in which he proclaimed himself a "sincere though unworthy disciple of Christ," and denounced those as the real enemies of the Church who "sought to support her by rotten props, which moulder away at the first touch of reason, and leave the fabric in the dust." He soon after issued another publication, known as his "Modest Apology," in which, while he strove to uphold the dignity of the Church, he frittered away Christianity to a system of *theism* or arbitrary latitudinarianism, at once repugnant to the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and opposed to the best interests of revealed religion in general. This work was denounced by the Catholic authorities with the same vigor they had shown in repudiating his former productions. Dr. Geddes, though attaching himself to the Catholic communion, had virtually withdrawn himself from it; while professing these doctrines he was no more a Catholic than if he were a disciple of Mahomet. The Catholic Church is essentially conservative—she runs in a straight line; and he who diverges an iota from that line ceases to be of her. Lord Petre, the friend and patron of Geddes and O'Leary alike, although a stern Roman Catholic, yet seems to have felt a desire common in his day, that the Catholic Church should bate something of its unflinching adherence to old objectionable doctrines, and, as one would say, "go halfway" to meet Protestant prejudice, and thus bring about a happy blending in a *common Christianity.* He did not realize the temper of the Church—he had not correctly studied her charter. He sent a copy of the "Modest Apology" to O'Leary, with a desire to learn his opinion of its merits. O'Leary well knew the critique that would please, but he preferred the critique that would bear the stamp of truth. He condemned the doctrines of Geddes as wholly at variance with the

teachings of the Church, and quite untenable by any one professing the Roman Catholic religion. Lord Petre, however, was not convinced; and in a letter, which we subjoin, conveyed his feelings on the subject with a warmth of which there is reason to suppose he afterwards repented:—

"*To the Rev. Arthur O'Leary.*

"REV. SIR,—I am sorry to find by your letter, which I received a little while ago, that the 'Modest Apology,' written by Dr. Geddes, did not meet with your approbation. I imagine you have not read it with the same view with which it was written; but, considering this apology as a controversial work, you seem to have lost sight of the political effect it was intended to produce.

"This excellent work for the purpose it was intended, has already, to my certain knowledge, reconciled some great and eminent characters to the safety of permitting the professors of the Roman Catholic religion to be placed on the same footing with Protestants. This great object of the 'Modest Apology' is, at present, the only point of view in which the work ought to be considered. Having noticed generally the object of the book, I cannot remain totally silent on the points contained in your letter, in which I profess I do not agree with you in a single instance. The historical applications mentioned in your letter are forced and irrelevant to the subject; and equally unconnected with the present question, as all you have introduced relative to John Knox and the Gordonian Association.

"With regard to the author bewildering himself and his readers, few writers can vie in clearness and perspicuity with Dr. Geddes; and, I believe, I shall only join the universal opinion if I say, that in point of writing, clearness, simplicity of diction, and facility of comprehension, no work of the kind scarcely ever

surpassed the 'Modest Apology.' All the religious part of your criticism on Dr. Geddes' orthodoxy is foreign to the object of his work; and wherever his own opinions seem to differ with those generally received by Catholics, he distinctly takes the responsibility upon himself, where we will leave him to make his defence whenever he thinks proper.

"With respect to our Church ceremonies and other pious practices, I am free to say, that Dr. Geddes has treated them with full as much respect as could be expected, when he was endeavouring to keep up a strong distinction between what are ceremonies and points of discipline, and what are fundamental articles and tenets of the Roman Catholic religion.

"As to the celibacy of the clergy, so far from censuring severely that point of discipline, he seems rather to adopt the idea, that some imperfection is connected with the holy state of matrimony incompatible with the priestly duties, and, therefore, recommending those priests who marry to retire from officiating at the altar.

"After all, I do not perceive that your objections to Dr. Geddes' work, go much further than to the disrespectful style in which he appears to you to treat our religious discipline and many of our pious practices. This manner of writing may shock some Catholic ears; but the candidly acknowledging and not defending our ecclesiastical discipline on all occasions, are the only effectual methods of reconciling Protestants to our religion, and of doing away not only any real objection to our religious tenets, but to the wilful misrepresentation of the first Reformers. For that purpose, the 'Modest Apology' is admirably calculated. Viewing it in that light, I cannot perceive, after the fullest consideration, the least ground for censuring the work; but, on the contrary, I have the strongest

reasons, as well as my own judgment, to induce me to believe that the work has already gone, and will go greater lengths in doing away the political prejudices against what Protestants call *Popery*, than any work written or any steps taken since the Reformation.

"I hope no mistaken zeal for polemical disputation, will attempt to weaken the general political effect to be expected from the 'Modest Apology.'

"I remain, Rev. Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"PETRE.

"Thornden, Aug. 18, 1800."

We do not find that O'Leary replied to this letter. Such a task, indeed, would have demanded abilities little above those of a mere school-boy. It is wonderful how Lord Petre should have regarded Dr. Geddes in any light as the apologist of Roman Catholics eight years after that theologian had rejected the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures. "With respect to our Church ceremonies and other pious practices," they have been respectfully performed by the universal faithful for centuries, established by the consummate wisdom of our founders, and approved by a succession of the holiest and sagest ministers of religion the world ever saw. Why, then, should they not "be defended on all occasions," even though the "not defending" them be "the only (?) effectual means of reconciling Protestants to our religion, and of doing away any real objection to our religious tenets"? Are we to set ourselves up against the wisdom of the Church, asserted and confirmed by the experience of nineteen hundred years? If Protestants are to be reconciled to the Church, they must take her as they find her. The "political prejudices" against *Popery* cannot injure the

Church; they are like the wave that dashes against the rock, and finds itself driven back, shattered into countless drops of spray. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.* Lord Petre, before he died, did atoning homage at the shrine of truth, having joined his voice to the entire body of English Catholics in their denunciation of Geddes, as an exponent of their political conformableness, or of their religious creed.

There was another nobleman of this day, Lord Moira, who, though a Protestant, was a warm friend and intense admirer of Father Arthur O'Leary. The Irish people have just reason to respect the memory of that worthy man; for, at a period when most men regarded this country, and the miseries which beset it, with indifference or disdain, his voice was lifted, both in the Irish and English parliaments, to assert the rights of humanity in our favor, and to declaim against the tyranny that ground us.

During the rebellion of '98, the cruelties exercised by the Executive at Dublin Castle, and the minions of that high office, were degrading to human nature; but, by the terror which they inspired, they were effectual in repressing all attempts at national reclamation or complaint. In England, however, one man was found courageous and honest enough to raise his voice in defence of his barbarously persecuted fellow-countrymen—that man was Lord Moira. Besides his rare talents, his amiable character, and social respectability, he had one other quality, which, in that corrupt age, most strongly recommended to favor its fortunate possessor—he was a most intimate friend of the heir-apparent to the throne.

In March and November, 1797, he brought the state of Ireland before the English House with great earnestness.

"My Lords," he said "in such a contest as we are

engaged in, I am astonished that any portion of the kingdom should be suffered to hang like a dead weight upon the rest. I will not, on the present occasion, discuss the heart-burnings which have reduced Ireland to her present calamitous condition. I may discuss them elsewhere; but, in lamenting them, I will state that, to my conviction, these discontents arose from a mistaken application of severities. I have myself been a witness in Ireland to cases of the most absurd and the most disgusting tyranny." He was answered by Lord Grenville and outvoted. In the February of the following year, he brought the subject before the Irish House of Lords, in a truly spirited and patriotic speech. He had, since his previous reference to the subject in England, been heartily abused by letters and speeches, on platforms and press, and had been upbraided with giving a factious and disaffected opposition to the government. His reply was as crushing as it was eloquent:—

"Slander," he said, "is like the mephitic vapors of the *Grotto del Cane* at Naples—it suffocates the animal that grovels, but cannot reach the man that stands upright."

He then drew a touching picture of the series of cruel disappointments to which the hopes of the Irish had been for fifteen years subjected, and pointed to reform of parliament, and concessions to the Catholics, as the political measures that should express to the people a change in the sentiments of the government of England towards them.*

* See the *Life of Lord Plunket*, by his Grandson, vol. i. p. 84.

CHAPTER XIV.

O'Leary's "Address to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the Parliament of Great Britain; to which is added, an Account of Sir Henry Mildmay's Bill relative to Nuns"—Extracts from the Address—His Hopes of what the Union would Effect for Ireland—Two Dangerous Papists—Two Thousand Servant-maids Converted in London by French Priests in one Year!—Father O'Leary cannot Convert One—He is Attacked by Sir Richard Musgrave—Collects Materials for a History of all the Irish Rebellions—His Health Fails—His Part in Plowden's "Historical Review."

ON the 30th of June, 1800, there appeared from the pen of O'Leary his last literary production, which equals, if it does not surpass, all that went before it for vigor and effect. It was entitled "The Reverend Arthur O'Leary's Address to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the Parliament of Great Britain; to which is added, an Account of Sir Henry Mildmay's Bill relative to Nuns." The chief ground for issuing this publication, was the appearance, shortly before, of a scurrilous pamphlet, bearing the name of a "very considerable person," in which the Catholic clergy of Ireland were assailed with a violence worthy of a pot-house politician. Enumerating the advantages likely to accrue from the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland, the author had said: "It will entice the clergy (Protestant) to more constant residence, by which means the pernicious influence of the vagrant Catholic priest, who goes about selling absolution for felonies, and all sorts of crimes, even murder itself, would be lessened, and in a great measure done away." "If our lineaments," writes O'Leary, "bear even the slightest resemblance to the portrait he has drawn, we ought to be swept from

society, as serpents horrid to the sight, and pests deadly to human nature."

From the following extract we will learn the advantages, to the enjoyment of which O'Leary, and politicians of his stamp, looked forward as necessarily resulting from the Union as it was proposed to them,—we will see a thorough justification for his conduct in accepting the condition before alluded to, imposed on his receipt of a government pension,—we will have presented to us a striking specimen of the perfidy that characterized the statesmen who brought about the Act of Union; and, if I am not mistaken, we will conclude, that, were O'Leary alive to-day, to witness the results of that nefariously-concocted measure, he would outdo the most strenuous efforts of the O'Connell agitation in favor of the cause of Repeal!

"I am," he writes, "as great a friend to the Union, and have reconciled, I believe, as many to it as the person to whom this publication is attributed. I am a friend of it from, as I imagine, a well-founded expectation that it will close the tumultuary scenes which have distracted my ill-fated country for ages, and make the natives, of every religious description, happy—a people united, not in league against Great Britain, but united with her and amongst themselves in interest, prosperity, and power, by a free and equal participation of all benefits and advantages arising in the State, and by the removal of those jealousies which ever subsist between kingdoms or states standing in the same relation to each other as England has stood hitherto in respect to Ireland—the one subordinate to the other, and *governed by viceroys, and both but half united.** Divisions, jealousies, and their concomitant evils must be the natural consequence. Such was the state of

* The italics are ours. O'Leary clearly never contemplated a continuance of the viceroyalty.

Norway with regard to Denmark, until united. Such was the state of Portugal with regard to Spain, and of Flanders with regard to Austria, until separated. And such would be the state of Ireland with regard to England, until wedded together in the bands of *a close and intimate union, or divorced from each other by a solemn irrevocable deed of separation.*"

"For," he continues, "the calamities of Ireland are not originally and radically owing to difference in religious opinions. The kingdoms and states above mentioned professed the same creed. There is nothing unsociable in the character of Irishmen any more than in the character of the Germans, amongst whom, in some places, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Catholics perform their respective worship on Sundays in the same church. Amidst such a multiplicity of penal laws, some of which persecuted the dead body to the grave, in forbidding, under certain penalties, to bury any Catholic in the ruins of an old abbey, though built ages before by his ancestors; a Catholic could scarcely have breathed outside the bars of a jail, had it not been for the liberality of our Protestant neighbours, who were too generous to enforce them. All the liberal-minded Protestants in Ireland are for the Emancipation of the Catholics to this very day. And such as are under any bias now, would soon give up their prejudice, or rather would never have indulged any, if the law had made no distinction.

"Long before the magic sound of Protestant and Papist, like the Trojan trumpet, had given the signal to marshal them as hostile armies against each other on account of their creeds, an insidious and destructive policy was at a loss how to divide the natives of Ireland, after they had sheathed the sword, and coalesced into one extensive and friendly family. It had not then the plea of difference of religion, for their religion

was the same, nor the plea of interest, for it is the interest of the inhabitants of the same land to live in peace and harmony. At last, it compassed, by playing on the passions, what it could not have effected by religion or interest." O'Leary refers to the Glib Act, passed in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., by which Irish noblemen, whether of English or Norman descent, were to forfeit the privileges of their original country if they did not shave the upper lip. Thus, those warlike fools renewed their bloody contests "for the splitting of a hair!" "And I," says O'Leary, "consider such of the Protestants and Catholics of Ireland full as great fanatics and fools as the former, if their creed be the cause of their quarrel; not that I am such a latitudinarian as to believe all religions alike. But true religion, instead of inspiring rancour and hatred, commands us to love and pity those who are in error.

"The fleecy beard and the glib or smooth lip were both forgotten a few years after the Reformation, in the appellation of *Protestant* and *Papist:* and thus the same sanguinary system has been continued, with few interruptions, for too long a time, to the destruction of a kingdom, which, from its happy situation, the commodiousness of its harbours, the temperature of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the manly and generous disposition of its inhabitants, would realize whatever poets have feigned concerning Fortunate Islands and Hesperian Gardens. To do away the jealousy which may hereafter operate to the same destructive effect, by playing off the natives against each other, to their mutual provocation and obstruction to the happiness and prosperity of their common country, was the chief motive which influenced my mind in recommending the Union as the only effectual preventive.

"As to the happy effect of the Union, by making the

residence of the clergy a check on the pernicious influence of the vagrant Catholic priest, who sells his absolution for all sorts of crimes, it is fancifully imagined, as it is delicately expressed. The parson hereby assumes the office of an exciseman to seize the contraband absolutions of the priest, who becomes a smuggler—a well-conceived plan for increasing the revenues of Ireland, and refining the manners of her inhabitants. The Protestant and Catholic clergy of Ireland have lived together, for years, in the habits of freedom and friendship; when, by the laws of the country, the latter were doomed to transportation for performing their religious functions, the clergy of the Established Church never turned informers, nor applied to members of Parliament for the purpose of swelling with new laws, the enormous penal code, on account of literary disputes; it is not from each other they have anything to fear; but both have everything to dread from the disciples of the New Philosophy, which has made a rapid progress, amongst their respective flocks. At the root of this system, and not against any branch of the Christian religion which professes obedience to the laws, the axe of power should be laid; and nothing cherishes the growth of infidelity more than publications which tend to expose the pastors to the derision and contempt of those who were accustomed, and whose duty it is, to respect them.

"It is needless to have recourse to France, where the priest's cassock began to be considered by the higher orders as an antiquated dress; and the lower classes, who afterwards burned the castle, and shed the blood of the nobles, learned disrespect for their teachers from those teachers' example. Ireland has of late afforded but too melancholy an instance of the truth of this remark. The habit of respect and submission to their clergy was in such a manner an earnest pledge of the obedience of the common people to the State, that,

amidst so many wars and rebellions, since the Revolution, until the destruction of monarchy in France, Ireland was not, one single hour, tainted with the spirit of rebellion. Lord Chesterfield, on his return from his viceroyship, informed George II. that he had met in Ireland but two dangerous Papists, of whom his Majesty should be aware—two ladies of the name of Devereux, who had danced at the Castle on the King's birthnight. All the viceroys of Ireland, from Lord Chesterfield to Earl Camden, could have made much a similar answer, if interrogated concerning what is called the danger of Popery.

"If a number of the common people, in some countries, were seduced from the peaceable line of conduct which they had hitherto pursued, the chief cause will, as it ought to, be ascribed to their disobedience to their pastors; in consequence of the industrious propagation of Tom Paine's pernicious principles, and the artifices of people in power and consequence—of a religion, if any they had, different from the Catholic persuasion. Other collateral causes can be assigned, which it is the province of the impartial historian to detail, when he lays open the hidden springs of public transactions. But means were used to weaken the confidence of the people in their pastors, by representing them as so many impostors, leagued with government for their oppression.*

* "This is so true, that the United Irishmen universally execrated the Catholic clergy, as concurring both to disunite and prevent any accession of strength, by their sermons and pastoral instructions; and impute partly the frustration of their plans to those very priests so cruelly libelled by others from whom more candour and justice might be expected. In all appearance, had the rebellion succeeded, there would be none but constitutional priests and ministers, as immoral as their Republican flocks."—*O'Leary.*

How aptly does all O'Leary says here, wheth r in note or text, apply to the circumstances of the present day in Ireland. The priests are by many as foully traduced as ever. It is by decrying their authority, and by that means only, success is supposed to attend revo-

"In the American war, when the combined fleets of France and Spain were riding triumphant in the British Channel, almost all the English forces engaged beyond the Atlantic, and Ireland destitute of any regular defence, except a few dismounted dragoons—the loyal and peaceable conduct of the common people, attentive to the instructions of their pastors, could be equalled only by the union and exertions of the higher orders for the protection of the kingdom.

"Many instances could I adduce, in which the peaceful voice of the priest was more effectual to quell riots and disturbances, than the thunder of the cannon could have been. In proportion as this influence is weakened in a kingdom situated as Ireland is, the spirit of infidelity and insubordination will strengthen. Remove the restraints of religion from men of strong passions, irritable dispositions, and desperate courage—let the influence of their priests be destroyed, they will become infidels. The kingdom will then be chiefly divided between the infidels of the south, who will have no religion, and the Dissenters of the north, whose religion breathes freedom and independence from hierarchical government.

"The maxim laid down by Dr. Law, a Protestant bishop equally eminent for learning and liberality, is, by far, more consistent with Christianity and sound policy. 'By far the greatest part of my diocesans,' said the illustrious prelate, 'are of the Roman Catholic persuasion. I cannot make good Protestants of them.

lution. Fenians is another name for United Irishmen—the cause is the same; the way by which their ends are to be attained are similar; infidelity is as rampant in Europe, in the world, as it was in the age of Paine or the French Revolution; an American war is concluded; an Irish republic is the dream of the revolutionists. Would to God the English government would, even at the eleventh hour, by just legislation, dispel the clouds that lower more darkly than ever on the pathway of Ireland.

I wish to make them good Catholics; and with this intention I put into their hands the works of Doctor Gother, an eminent Catholic divine.'

"If Doctor Law's maxim be followed,—if, instead of having the people eternally harassed on the score of religion, every one rests in peace under his own vine and fig-tree, a Catholic priest, respected by his flock, will be a safer guard to a Protestant clergyman, than a regiment of the best disciplined soldiers.

"'Let us uncatholicize France,' said Mirabeau, 'otherwise we can never establish a Republican government.' It is then much safer for the State to continue the Catholic Catechism in the hands of the common people, who are accustomed to it, than to expose them to the danger of having Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason' substituted in its room. And his Majesty will be more secure on his throne, when a Catholic clergyman recommends him and the Royal Family to God from the altar, than when a Fifth Monarchy Man after reading in his Bible, *Thou shalt bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in fetters of iron*, acknowledges no king but King Jesus; when regicides inscribe on the muzzles of their guns, *Lord, thou shalt open my lips, and my mouth shall announce thy praise.* The history of England affords but too many melancholy proofs of it.

"As to the blessings of civilization which are to be extended to Ireland by the Union, any insinuation that the Irish stand in need of it more than their neighbours must hurt their pride.

"I suppose he means the lower orders of the Irish people. All philosophical and unprejudiced travellers, who have observed with attention their customs and manners, acknowledge that they surpass the lower orders of any other country in generosity, wit, vivacity, manliness, and activity. It is not at St. Giles's or Wapping, where their manners are vitiated by the

contagion of example, that the character of the lower orders of the Irish is to be known. It is in the inland and mountainous parts of Ireland, where barefooted boys study the classics; and where the civility of the common people to strangers, and to each other, distinguishes them as much from Dutch boors, and the rustics of other countries, as education distinguishes a well-bred man from a clown. It is not civilization but bread and employment they stand in need of; and if it be true that language and music were the first civilizers that softened the savage manners of unpolished man, it seems, from the inharmonious style of the author of a publication which identifies, by a grammatical opposition, a Catholic priest and a vagrant, that he has not such a stock of civilization to spare as to be enabled to divide it with others without impoverishing himself, though his rank in life entitles him to range in those circles, one of whose first rules is that of good-breeding, if the name which the editor has prefixed to the publication be not fictitious.

"The Catholic clergy of Ireland, my lords, are not vagrants; they claim their descent from the most ancient and noble families in that kingdom; and, though pride of birth attaches no consequence either to their persons or profession, in the eyes of the patrons of *liberty* and *equality*, yet it must have weight with your lordships. For, in monarchies, where, according to Montesquieu, there must be gradations of rank, and nobles, like your lordships, whose titles and privileges are descendible to their posterity, a certain regard must be paid to lineage and pedigree: and if the day should ever come (which Heaven avert!) when the gentleman should be confounded with the clown, and the priest with the vagrant, away with the coronet and the armorial bearings. 'My name is *Equality*,' said the late Duke of Orleans,—the unhappy man prophesied. His head

fell with equal honor, from the edge of the guillotine, into the same basket with the head of the *sans-culotte.* If, then, the author of the worse than illiberal publication alluded to in this address, be that man of consequence whose name the editor prefixed to it, he forgets himself, and the regard due to the dignity of rank, and the rules of common decency, when he treats gentlemen of family, and of a liberal education, such as the clergy of Ireland, with a million times less ceremony than it would be in his power to treat a pilfering crew of strolling gipsies.

"The ancestors, my lords, of the Catholic clergy of Ireland, had the religion which the Christian world professed, and the estates and castles of their fathers, ages before Tudors and Stuarts had ascended the British throne. From the contemporary historians of their own and other nations, and ancient monuments daily rescued from ruins and watery wastes, their character must be drawn; not from Hume, and similar historians, as unfaithful in their narratives with regard to Ireland, as they are infidels with regard to Revelation.

"Amidst the various changes that happened in Europe, the descendants of those Catholics preserved their religion, which persecution contributed to rivet deeper into their minds; as the more the wind attempted to strip the traveller of his cloak, the closer he held it. But their estates and castles they lost, rather than renounce their duty to God, and their allegiance to their kings; one of whom had the base ingratitude to confirm to Cromwell's soldiers, tinged with his royal father's blood, the lands of the nobility and gentry who had fought his father's battles and his own."

He goes on to trace the progress of penal persecution under Queen Anne in words which we have quoted elsewhere,* and warns "those to whom the destinies

* See Page 11.

have been more propitious," against aggravating our calamities, by loading us with gross slander, and worse than degrading epithets, especially as "this is not an age for the triumph of overbearing contempt towards the descendants of the victims of the revolutions of former times, when Europe is threatened with a more extraordinary revolution than that which has reduced the Catholics of Ireland to their present situation."

"Solomon," he continues, "said in his time, there's nothing new under the sun. About a century and a half ago, England's king was brought to the scaffold; her princes and nobles and other loyalists, emigrants in France and other countries, where they were hospitably received as the emigrants of those countries are now in their turn generously received in England; and, in derision of the peerage, draymen were placed by an usurper in that very house where your lordships shine with such lustre.

"Little was it expected about a century ago, when a Prince of the House of Orange was seated on the British throne, after having placed a guard over James the Second, his father-in-law, in the palace of Hampton Court, that his successor in the Stadtholdership of Holland, dethroned by his rebellious subjects, would be under the necessity of taking up his residence in the very same palace where a king of England had been a kind of prisoner before. An awful instance of the vicissitudes of human affairs, which should inspire princes themselves with humanity and compassion for the oppressed, when they not only know that they are doomed to die as other mortals, but are, moreover, exposed, from the inconstancy of fortune, to survive their power. 'Go,' said Marius, once the master of Rome, and conqueror of the Cimbri, 'go and tell the Governor of Africa, that you have seen Marius perishing with hunger on the ruins of Carthage:' alluding to the instability of human grandeur, in the

downfall of such a State, and the change of his own fortune.

"When we see kingdoms and empires fall, as it were, one upon another—when we see kings and queens, a few years back the idols of their subjects, eclipsing in splendor the pomp and magnificence of oriental grandeur—when we see them bleeding on scaffolds, and their bodies deprived of those funeral rites which decency owes to humanity, we are convinced that uncertainty, inconstancy, and agitation are the proper portions of all sublunary affairs; and that the greatest abuse of power is to triumph and insult over oppressed innocence.

"The Catholic clergy of Ireland, then, should not be singled out as objects of defamation and invective for having fallen victims to those reverses of fortune to which crowned heads, princes, and nobles are exposed—in their poverty they have birth and honor which neither revolutions nor penal laws can affect; no immoral man is ever allowed to officiate at their altars; when their prelates, who are ever watchful over the inferior clergy, discover any who depart from the line of duty required by the sanction of their profession, they suspend or excommunicate them, and thus cut them off from the communion of the Catholic Church."

Such are the general style and reasoning of this address, the force of which must be evident to the most casual reader; and such was the mode of argumentation by which this remarkable man removed prejudices, and smoothed the way for tolerant legislation. Appended to the address is a strong denunciation of the principle involved in a motion brought before the House of Commons by Sir Harry Mildmay for the suppression of monastic institutions in England. This worthy baronet would seem, like some well-meaning but strongly-biased senators of our own day, to have got into his

head that monks and nuns dream of little else than laying toils for the capture of Protestant children, whom they, by some mysterious process, convert, chiefly under threats of imprisonment in underground cellars, and gradual starvation in those "deep solitudes and awful cells." All kinds of stories, no matter how monstrous and absurd, were related about those conversions, and swallowed by a credulous public. "Two thousand of the common people," it was said, "chiefly servant maids, were converted by the French clergy in one part of London in the space of two years." "That is to say," says O'Leary, "more than all the Catholic clergy of England have converted since the reign of Elizabeth."

"The French clergy," he continues, "mostly half-starved and half-naked poor people, in spite of the generosity of the government, on account of the smallness of their allowance, and the dearth of provisions, are ill-qualified for making converts. They sleep five or six, or by trios, in poor places that cannot afford to have servant maids—they do not know English; servant maids don't know French. These poor priests make their own beds, and cook their own soup and vegetables. I have preached in the chapels in London near twelve years, and I have not reconciled one single servant maid to the Catholic Church. More of them are ruined in London in one month, than will be converted in ten thousand years. It were much better they were converted than cast on the town; and little would the state suffer if a London cinder-woman embraced the religion of so many empresses and queens."

It is unnecessary to follow him in his treatment of this subject. The eyes of honest English and Irish Protestants have long since been opened to the absurd lies and puerile inventions with which it has been sought to vilify monastic and conventual institutions. All candid men, whatever be their religious predilections,

acknowledge that those who shut themselves up in monasteries do so to promote, in the manner they think best, their own spiritual welfare, and the welfare of their neighbours, as far as their rule permits; and that there are few institutions in the world that present to humanity a spectacle more sublime than those convents where ladies of birth and fortune reside, teaching the children of the poor the way of salvation—rescuing the youthful of their sex from miseries worse than death—throwing the shield of their protection around the houseless orphan, and the drifting outcast of the streets; and never quitting their enclosure, save to assist at the bed-side of the sick and the dying, to cherish if possible the flickering spark of life, and, when all hope fails, to attune the last sigh into a note of penitential sorrow, and an aspiration for mercy at the throne of the Almighty.

We have alluded to the insurrection of '98. The excesses that took place in Ireland during that eventful year filled O'Leary's mind with intense sorrow. An attempt was made then, as often before and since, to give a religious complexion to the contest—to show that it was a war of Catholics against Protestants, instead of the spirited uprising of an oppressed people against tyranny and exaction. Well-known as O'Leary's feelings were for years on the subject of loyalty to the ruling powers, his name was maliciously calumniated by at least one writer, as a fomenter of rebellion—a proof that the very purest character is not safe from a malignant tongue. Sir Richard Musgrave, in his libellous compilation of the Irish rebellions, introduced his name most wantonly and insultingly, and in such a manner as to demand a direct and comprehensive reply. To the work of self-vindication O'Leary proceeded with all the fire and elasticity of earlier years. He collected materials for a full historical account of

all the rebellions that had taken place in Ireland since the Conquest, and was about weaving them into a voluminous narrative, when the near approach of his last hour warned him to desist, and turn his thoughts to higher speculations. His labors, however, were not vain; for his friend, Mr. Francis Plowden, who was engaged just then in preparing, at the request of Mr. Pitt, his "Historical Review of the State of Ireland," was glad to avail himself of O'Leary's notes, which were copious and authentic, and to interweave them with his own—thus producing one of the best and fullest treatises on the political history of Ireland that ever issued from the press. O'Leary did not live to enjoy the satisfaction which the publication of so important a work was calculated to give him; but it is well posterity should know how far the author was indebted to his co-operation.

CHAPTER XV.

Father O'Leary's Health declines still more—He proceeds to France for Change of Air—Shocked by the Changes resulting from the Revolution, he returns—The Ship driven to Ramsgate—He proceeds to London—His Death—His Obsequies and Interment—Eulogies of him in the Press—The Author's visit to St. Pancras' Churchyard—Account of the Present State of Father O'Leary's Tomb—The "Sham Squire's" Legacy to O'Leary—O'Leary's "Tracts"—Conclusion.

WE approach the last scene of O'Leary's busy and useful life. Disease and increasing age were beginning to produce their inevitable effect. The gloom that in former years overshadowed his mind only intermittingly, now became permanent. To most men the final hour comes darkly and excites no fears, because a failing mind cannot behold its terrors in all their formidable proportions; but O'Leary's intellect was clear and vigorous to the last, and his keen religious perceptions invested death with all its tremendous realities; not that he feared to die, through a cowardly apprehension of pain in the act or thereafter, but that he felt, as all good men will feel, that he must be pure indeed who can stand without trembling before the all-just God. Earthly considerations, too, intensified this gloom. He had had, during life, to contend with bad men,—disgusted with the perfidy of statesmen, he had, perhaps, regretted not having taken a higher standard of honor and self-respect for his guidance in the acceptance of government liberality and royal patronage—he had witnessed the selfishness of mankind, and the instability of human friendship, and "the vain pomp and glory of the *world;*" and yet, he had led a life of which any man

might be proud—on his fair name there was no blot—he was a thorough churchman, and yet a citizen of the world—he scourged vice, and exhorted to virtue—he was a patriot to the heart's core; no monarch ever had a more loyal subject, and mankind never so devoted a friend. The epitaph ambitioned by a more modern and not less patriotic Irishman, Thomas Davis, might well be inscribed on the tomb of O'Leary:—

> "His name was writ on his country's mind,
> He loved his country, and served his kind."

Towards the close of the year 1801, his health had declined so perceptibly, that his physicians recommended him to winter in the south of France, and he proceeded to follow their instructions. Accompanied by Dr. Magrath, a medical friend, he crossed the Channel. He did not go far into France, but he went far enough to be shocked by the deplorable contrast which the country presented with its condition in the experience of his youthful years. The whole aspect of society was now changed—democracy was rampant—passion had wrought ruin, and piled monuments of the *debris* it had made. O'Leary was disgusted. "There is not now," he cried, "a gentleman in all France!" He could not regain his health in a country which he loved so much, and could not bear to see so sadly defaced. He returned to England, not with the ease and rapidity so agreeable to the valetudinarian of our day, but tempest-tossed and tediously. The vessel which made for Dover, was driven to Ramsgate. There he landed, and drove to London, where he arrived on the 7th of January, 1802. The extreme fatigue and sea-sickness he had endured aggravated his sufferings, and it was now manifest to his friends that the fatal hour was nigh. He died the following day, at 45, Great Portland-street. His demise was almost sudden. Only that a

friend, Mr. John Murphy, of Howland-street, chanced to enter his room, he would have expired without receiving the rites of the Church. Mr. Murphy seeing his dangerous condition, procured the attendance of the Rev. Mr. Gaffy, who administered extreme unction to his dying friend, and in whose presence he breathed forth the sigh of dissolution.

From the newspapers of the day, we gather a full and accurate account of Father O'Leary's obsequies. On the evening of Wednesday, January the 13th, his remains were removed from Portland-street to St. Patrick's Chapel, the place founded by his zeal and consecrated by his talents and virtues. The chapel was hung with black, and on the pall spread over the coffin were seen the emblems of the Catholic faith, with the cap and other insignia of the order to which the deceased had belonged. High Mass was celebrated with becoming solemnity, and the "Grand Dirge" (as the chroniclers of the event call it) was performed in the most sublime style of sacred music; Mr. Webb, a very distinguished musician, presiding at the organ, accompanied by an orchestra, filled with the first vocal performers of the day in London. But, however impressive the sacred music was, and though every heart strongly vibrated to the plaintive notes, yet the triumph of eloquence came last, and forced from every eye the gushing testimony of real sorrow. The Rev. Morgan D'Arcy ascended the pulpit, and delivered a magnificent funeral oration. He enlarged on the memorable events of a life devoted to the cause of religion and humanity, to national services and private beneficence. The strong emotions of the speaker were felt by the whole audience. He alternately melted them into tears for the dead, and elevated their souls to heaven.*

* See *Saunders's News-Letter* of Jan. 20th, 1802.

A congregation of nearly two thousand real mourners, including a vast number of Catholic clergy, and gentry of all persuasions, concurred in this tribute of regret for the loss of so great and so good a man—the funeral was attended to the place of interment, at St. Pancras', by four mourning coaches and a vast concourse of people.

In the *Dublin Evening Post* of January the 26th, 1802, we find the following:—"The Reverend Doctor O'Leary's* body, after having been interred at St. Pancras', in England, a few days ago, was taken from the grave at the desire of his particular friend, Lord Petre, who insisted that he should be interred in his lordship's family vault, at Thornden, in Essex."

Whether this be true or not, certain it is that Father O'Leary's body lies in the Old St. Pancras' churchyard, London, where a monument was erected to his memory, by his faithful and admiring friend, Lord Moira. It is remarkable that, for many years, by some strange oversight, the words *Requiescat in pace*, usually inscribed on the tombs of Roman Catholics, was omitted on O'Leary's monument—it was subsequently supplied by a friend, who could scarcely find room for it, and, consequently, had it inserted in a part of the monument where it seems strangely out of place.

A monument was also erected to the memory of O'Leary in St. Patrick's Chapel, which may be seen by the visitor, inserted in the wall on the right hand side, on entering. It bears the following inscription:—

* It may be here remarked that Father O'Leary was entitled "Doctor" by many who have spoken and written of him. There is no evidence to show that he had any claim to the appellation except intrinsic merit, and the courtesy of his friends.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REVEREND ARTHUR O'LEARY, O.S.F.,

WHOSE USEFUL LABORS IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD,
IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND IRELAND HIS NATIVE COUNTRY,
DURING THE SPACE OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS,
AND THE GREAT IMPROVEMENT OF THE MORALS OF THE POOR,
WHEREVER HE PREACHED THE GOSPEL,
BEAR TESTIMONY OF HIS FERVID PIETY, DISCREET ZEAL,
AND STEADY LOYALTY.
HE DIED IN LONDON, THE EIGHTH DAY OF JANUARY, MDCCCII.
AGED 72.
REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

The journals of the day bore high testimony to the character, talents, and influence of O'Leary. Had he been a distinguished minister of state, they could not have referred to his death in terms of more profound regret, or lauded him in language more eulogistic. *Ab uno disce omnes.* We copy the following from the *Dublin Evening Post* of January 14, 1802:—

"Friday last departed this life, at one o'clock, at his residence, Great Portland-street, London, the Reverend Arthur O'Leary, a Roman Catholic clergyman of singular endowments and the most distinguished urbanity of manners. His literary talents had long acquired for him the esteem of the man of learning, the accomplished, classical, and literary scholar. Conversant in all the languages, deeply read in philosophy, and perfectly acquainted with the *belles lettres,* his correspondence was sought throughout Europe; and whether he lolled in the easy chair of Cervantes, or employed his pen in the polemics with those who differed from him on topics of religious toleration, yet a happy vein of humour enli-

vened his writings without staining his pages with anything approaching to licentiousness or grossness of diction. In his manner he was bold, energetic, and luminous. He disdained the turgid style of the phlegmatic monk, and while his reasoning was close and convincing, a happy playfulness decorated his style and rendered topics of a nature the most dull and gloomy both pleasant and interesting to the reader. In the pulpit, though he spoke the broad provincial dialect, he was still followed by an English auditory, who admired the moral doctrines which he inculcated, and esteemed him as a pastor who, in enforcing a system of general morality, never disturbed the faith of others. Such was Doctor O'Leary, whose writings and tracts procured for him the esteem and veneration of the first characters. On his removing to the British metropolis, he displayed the most unceasing exertions for indulgence of religious worship to his flock, and succeeded in erecting the Chapel of St. Patrick, where he was frequently a most powerful advocate imploring relief for those in want. He was more than a faithful trustee, as he seldom had in his possession a second shilling, and perhaps little of wearing apparel but what he bestowed on the distressed, who in numbers thronged around him, assured of relief. His company was sought by the most fashionable ranks of society, as his conversation and simplicity of manners endeared him to that extended circle which must ever remember him with a tear of regret, and who can never forget him but with the termination of their existence."

Sixty-six years have passed since the body of O'Leary was deposited in the earth, and it may be interesting to know in what condition is his tomb at the present day. I shall satisfy the reader's curiosity on that subject.

On Sunday, the 7th of July, 1867, accompanied by a friend, I paid a visit to the churchyard of Old St. Pancras, in order that I might see with my own eyes the spot

where lay the remains of the great and good Arthur O'Leary. I fancied that we should experience little difficulty in discovering the tomb, but it was only after a long and careful search, and when we had almost given up the task in despair, that we chanced to fall in its way. Service was going on in the church at the time, otherwise we would have solicited the assistance of the sexton; but as the day was fine, and we were naturally curious to inspect the whole churchyard, we preferred making the search unaided. For some reason or other—it is said because the rector of the church was the last to yield to the change established at the Protestant Reformation—the churchyard attached to the old Church of St. Pancras was, prior to the closing of London graveyards, the favorite burial-place of the Catholic Irish, and here some of the most distinguished clergymen and laymen were interred. During the French Revolution, the French Catholic refugees who died in London were also buried here, and one sees in the place tombs to some of the most illustrious of the French noblesse. So holy is the cemetery deemed, that it is understood that, even to this day, prayers are periodically offered up at St. Peter's at Rome, for the souls of those whose bodies are mouldering there. The ground, being overcrowded, was closed years ago, and thus passed under the protection of the government. Unfortunately for the sacred quiet of the spot, the Midland Railway, in its advance into London, found this churchyard in its way. Forthwith the Midland Railway Company and the trustees of the burial-ground meet and agree, and an act is quietly got from Parliament to allow the railway to pass over the pauper end of the ground on a high pillared elevation. This was bad enough, but finding that not sufficient, the Railway Company got another act, in the same silent way, which empowered them to

tunnel under the graves at not less than twelve feet from the surface.

In the process of tunneling, many coffins and remains fell through, which were transferred to another portion of the graveyard with their respective tombstones. Between the two lines of railway, lies the body of Father O'Leary, or at least as much of it as time has spared, and over it is a fine square monument, in very good condition, but which stands so close to one railway line that the grave narrowly escaped desecration. The original monument, which was erected by Earl Moira, was repaired by public subscription in 1851. The inscription is less remarkable for its glowing panegyric, than for its bad English—"Sacred to the memory of the REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY, O.S.F., a man eminently gifted by nature and learning; he employed those talents in promoting the glory of God, and the good of any fellow-creature without distinction. He prayed, wept, and felt for all: of whom it may be truly said, that his life was the best comment of his writings, as the benevolence they breathe was enlivened and recommended by his example even in the moment when he was called to receive the reward of both. Obiit 8 Jan., 1802. Ætat 72." On the other side of the tomb are these words—"This monument was erected at the sole expense of the Right Hon. Earl Moira, as a token of respect from him to the virtues and talents of the late Venerable Father O'Leary, O.S.F."

I have been informed that a Cork gentleman of considerable influence, residing in London, conceived, a few years ago, the idea of setting on foot a movement to have Father O'Leary's remains brought over to Cork, where he lived and labored so long, and where his name is cherished as a household word. Certainly, now that the resting-place of so many distinguished

men and women has been so much encroached upon by public highways, as to become almost a common, it were well that the remains of at least one great man should find a fitter repository than St. Pancras' churchyard; and surely no more suitable spot could be selected for their re-interment than the Botanic Cemetery, opened for public use by the great Apostle of Temperance, the brother in religion and distinguished successor of O'Leary in that city, to which, though strangers, they both providentially converged, and which they honored by the most exalted virtues, and which they have graced by the most hallowed memories.

From a copy of the last will and testament of Francis Higgins, the "Sham Squire," kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Fitzpatrick, we find that that worthy left the sum of one hundred pounds to the Reverend Arthur O'Leary, whom he styles, in odd language enough, his "long and faithful friend." The grounds of this strange friendship we are at a loss to discover—but the "Sham Squire" had many respectable acquaintances, and by his clever hypocrisy succeeded in concealing from public gaze the deformities of his character, which have been only recently exposed to public view by a too candid biographer. O'Leary, however, never touched a penny of the "Sham's" money, inasmuch as they both died within a few days of each other. To Colonel Andrew D. O'Kelly, also O'Leary's friend already alluded to in these pages, the "Sham Squire" left the sum of £300, adding, in testimony of his extreme regard for that gentleman, that if he did not know him to be in great affluence, he would have freely granted him all his property.

Father O'Leary's "Tracts" were first published in a collected form in the year 1781, and his subsequent publications were added in new editions. A volume of his sermons also passed through the press. From

those admirable discourses, many excellent extracts could be made; but our main object in the present work has been to place this remarkable personage before the world, not as the mere priest or preacher, but as the great advocate of man's social rights, and the expounder of man's social duties—the apostle, by excellence, of religious toleration—the just delineator of the reciprocal obligations of loyalty and legislation. We now bid him farewell. Ireland may be justly proud of him. He had all the qualities of a genuine son of Erin—the name, the accent, the quick wit, the true humour, the keen intellect, the indifference to wealth, the warm friendship, and the indiscriminate hospitality, but, above all, the steadfast adherence to the "old faith," in the cause of which he displayed the valor of a hero, and the love of country which was second only to the love of his Creator. Would that this faint echo of his words, and this dim reflection of his example, might tend, in some measure, to bring about amongst Irishmen of all creeds and classes that union which is strength, that mutual charity and forbearance which is the golden rule of our common Christianity. In the words, then, of Arthur O'Leary, let us address all the world, and particularly Irishmen: "Let not religion, the sacred name of religion, which, even in the face of an enemy, discovers a brother, be any longer a wall of separation to keep us asunder."

APPENDIX.

*A Funeral Oration on the late Rev. Arthur O'Leary, O.S.F., pronounced at St. Patrick's Chapel, Sutton-street, Soho-square, Jan. 14th, 1802, by the Rev. Morgan D'Arcy, late R. C. Curate of St. Mary's Parish, Dublin, now a Chaplain of St. Patrick's Chapel, London.**

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE author of the following discourse thinks it incumbent on him to submit a short statement as an apology for presenting the public with so unfinished a production.

The venerable and regretted subject of the discourse having departed this life on Friday, the 8th instant, the solicitous apprehensions of some of his friends had determined them to have his remains interred on the Tuesday following. But as the Solemn Dirge was appointed for the following Thursday, and many having expressed a wish that the poor of that quarter, to whose spiritual advantage he had so long devoted his labors, might be gratified with even a sight of his remains, it was resolved they should be removed, for that day, to St. Patrick's Chapel, thence to be conveyed to the place of interment. It was not until late on the evening of the intermediate Sunday that the author had the honor of a note from the Right Rev. Dr. Douglass, Bishop of Centuriæ, intimating a wish that something might be said from the pulpit on the approaching melancholy occasion. Unexpected as was the request, and arduous as must have appeared the attempt, to a person unsettled from a very recent arrival in London, and unprovided with documents which could assist in the undertaking; still, a respect for the venerable prelate, and affection for the memory of his departed friend, were imperative in determining him to arrange

* We give the Oration from a printed copy in our possession, published in London by Keating, Brown, and Keating, 37, Duke-street, *Grosvenor*-square, and bearing date 1802.

in his mind the following ideas, which the shortness of the time did not then permit him to commit to paper. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the discourse, it seems, gave general satisfaction, and it was not long before many and reiterated applications were made to him, from different and respectable quarters, to give it to the public. To the solicitations of his friends he has reluctantly yielded; and though conscious of having no claim whatever to public indulgence himself, he presumes to hope that the errors which may be found in the course of this publication, like spots on the sun's disc, will be lost in the lustre of those virtues that emblazon the name of the venerable O'Leary.

Bateman's Buildings, Jan. 30th, 1802.

Funeral Oration.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—2 *Tim.* iv. 2.

How consoling for the minister of religion, after having, with conscientious regularity, discharged the arduous and painful duties of a long and laborious ministry, to be thus able, towards life's close, to express those heaven-cheering dictates of a self-approving conscience! Such was the language of the great Apostle of Nations, at the eve of his mortal dissolution, to his beloved disciple, Timothy; and such, with justice, after a useful and honorable career of upwards of seventy years, might have lately been the language of the great and good man to whose revered memory we are now assembled to pay the last sad and sacred honors, the zealous minister of a Saviour-God, and ever attentive to the salutary admonitions of the same Apostle, "he preached the word, he reproved, rebuked, and exhorted, with all long-suffering and doctrine; he fought the good fight, he finished his course, he preserved the faith."

To shed a tear on the tomb of departed worth, to recall to our minds and propose to our imitation the generous exertions, the noble struggles, and heroic virtues of those distinguished friends and benefactors of mankind who have finished their course, and disappeared from off this world's busy theatre, must be grateful to our feelings, and is, doubtless, highly befitting our ministry. Grateful, however, as is the task to the best

feelings of my heart, unfavorably circumstanced as I am, and intimately convinced of my inability, I should have shrunk from it with becoming diffidence, nor should I have presumed to come forward the panegyrist of a man, to do justice to whose character no less than the abilities of an O'Leary would be necessary, had not an intimation of the will of my illustrious and venerable prelate rendered my compliance a sacred duty. I shall offer, then, a few words on the melancholy occasion as a tribute of obedience to his respected authority; I shall offer them, brethren, to your consolation, I shall consecrate them to virtue, to religion, to the honored dead.

Arthur O'Leary, descended from an ancient and illustrious family of the province of Munster, was born in the county of Cork, of pious and respectable parents, who, with a tender solicitude, sowed in his infant mind those seeds of virtue and religion which afterwards produced so fair and abundant a crop. He was trained up, from his infancy, in the way he should go, nor did he depart from it in his old age.

At an early period he was added to the long list of honorable exiles who were obliged to seek in foreign countries that education which was denied them in the land of their fathers. Having finished the ordinary course of academical studies in the college of St. Malo, in Brittany, he embraced the austerities of the monastic life in the most mortified branch of the Franciscan Order. Here it was, in the silence and solitude of the cloister, sequestered from the allurements and dangers of a vain and deceitful world, that he acquired that sway over his passions which he ever after so uninterruptedly maintained through life, and here it was that he enriched his capacious mind with those treasures of sacred and profane science, that he sedulously improved those virtues, and cultivated those talents which have procured for him an undisputed place among the best benefactors and brightest ornaments of his country. Nothing as yet appears to have occurred capable of disturbing the peaceful tenor of his way in the conscientious observance of the rule of his order, until after an interval of some years, when we find him called from his retirement to a more active discharge of the duties of his ministry, being entrusted, by his ecclesiastical superiors, with the spiritual conduct and consolation of those of his country and communion whom the fortune of war had then crowded into the prisons of Brittany. And here let us not pass over in silence an occurrence which, while it exhibits to our view the manly and enlightened

inflexibility of his principles, furnishes us at the same time with a proof of that love of his country, and unshaken loyalty to his sovereign, which ever through life marked his conduct. Repeated overtures had been made to the Catholic soldiers and sailors, then prisoners, to abandon the cause of their rightful sovereign, and enlist under the banners of the French monarch; nor can it be a matter of much wonder, if, among men of that description, many of whom are too often found but ill-instructed in the true principles of religion, and smarting under the accumulated miseries inseparable from their calamitous situation, some were found ready to purchase liberty by the sacrifice of principle, and rally round the standard of a prince of their own communion; but no sooner had their enlightened chaplain received intimation of these proceedings, than, soaring above all human and selfish considerations, as a true evangelical descendant of St. Patrick, who, most assuredly, did not announce to the Irish people a gospel different from that which St. Paul had before preached to the Romans, even under a Nero, he, without hesitation, explains to them their duty as men and Christians, pointing out to them, in his own energetic manner, the incompatibility of the conduct proposed with the eternal principles of the Christian religion, and the invariable doctrine of the Catholic Church. Forgetful of the disqualifications and penalties that awaited him in the land of his nativity, and unbiassed by the many obligations he felt himself under to the government and country which afforded him an asylum in his exile, and threw open to him the radiance of mental day—ever deeply impressed with the doctrine and example of his divine Master, and convinced that while God was to be faithfully served, Cæsar was also to have his due, he reclaimed the determined, he confirmed the wavering, he enlightened all; and thus preserving those brave veterans for the service of their country and king, he sent them back in due time to fight again, and perhaps to die in those very ranks where not only the profession, but even the mere suspicion of Catholic principles exposed them at that time to the severity of military chastisement; he sent them back to rally once more round the standard of that beneficent and much revered monarch, the chief glory of whose auspicious reign has been to have graciously stretched forth the fostering hand of alleviation to a long-oppressed, prostrate, and grateful people, which will form a brighter page in his history than all those unprecedented victories and brilliant achievements that disconcerted the

ambitious projects of a hostile and conciliated the veneration of an admiring world.

Thus do we see, in our own days, realized, nay, surpassed, by this humble son of St. Francis, that rigid virtue which we so much admire in the Aristides and Reguli of ancient Greece and Rome; and thus did O'Leary labor to promote his country's good and sovereign's glory, by an undeviating adherence to those very principles which had rendered him an alien in that same loved country, a dereliction of which opened an easy passage to worldly honors and emoluments, and would, perhaps, with talents like his, have sent him to legislate for the empire, among those illustrious personages whom he lately addressed in a style of evangelical freedom and manly fortitude, tempered at the same time with Christian moderation and respect for the constituted authorities, not unworthy the Tertullians or Justins of Christian antiquity.

The happy termination of the "seven years' war," which took place some time after, terminated also the labors of his mission in France, and restored him once more to his native country. And here it may not be unworthy to remark, that soon after this period, social harmony began to succeed to that mutual hatred and foul distrust which had too long divided Irishman from Irishman, brother from brother, and discovered an enemy in the face of every man who ventured to worship the Supreme Being according to the creed of his ancestors or the dictates of his conscience; after a long and tempestuous night of religious intolerance and civil disfranchisement, the day-spring of toleration and benevolence began about this time to brighten our horizon, and beam in upon our long-benighted country; and to his honor be it remembered, that the conciliating manners of O'Leary, the happy turn of his wit and humour, like the Roman satirist, laughing* his countrymen of every sect *out of* their ill-grounded and absurd prejudices, and *into* good-humour with each other, tended more to promote those salutary effects than the combined exertions of all who had preceded him for more than a century; he effectually contributed by his admirable writings to enlighten the uninformed of his own communion, and to dispel from before the eyes of his dissenting brethren of every description, the medium of misrepresentation and calumny through which they had been but too long accustomed to view their Catholic fellow-countrymen,

* "Omne vitium, ridenti, Flaccus amico. Tangit."—Perseus, *Sat.* 1.

and to use his own words, with the zeal of a true Christian philosopher, and the steady perseverance of an enlightened patriot, he labored to throw open the gates of civil "toleration for all Adam's children, whose principles were not inconsistent with the peace of society, or subversive of the rules of morality; to wrench from the hand of persecution the poniard so often tinged with human blood; to sheathe the sword which misguided zeal had drawn in defence of a Gospel which recommends peace and love; to restore to man the indelible charter of his temporal rights, which no earthly power has ever been commissioned by heaven to deprive him of on account of his mental errors; to re-establish the empire of peace, so often overthrown by religious feuds, and to cement all Christians in the ties of social harmony."*

"Neither his character of Catholic priest, which the prepossession of ignorance had rendered so odious; nor the discountenance of the laws, which doomed him to transportation with the common malefactor; nor the circumstance of a profession exposed to the lash of every religious persecutor," was able to exclude him from the honor of the society and esteem of that constellation of illustrious patriots and enlightened statesmen who then adorned Ireland,† (fit associates for an O'Leary,) in concert with whom he prepared the way for that mutual confidence and, alas! too short-lived social harmony—for that religious toleration and civil immunity, which, in the short space of little more than twenty years, had raised his country to a pitch of civilization, wealth, and prosperity, unexampled, for the time, in the annals of the world.

The first years which had elapsed after his return to Ireland, appear to have been principally devoted to the arduous duties of the ministry in the city of Cork, where the salutary effects of his evangelical labors soon became conspicuous in the happy change of morals which was observed to have taken place among many of the lower classes of society in that city; and where he consecrated, by his indefatigable exertions, a house of worship to the Sovereign God, which is still known by the name of "Father O'Leary's Chapel."

It was not long, however, before an occasion presented itself for a more conspicuous display of his splendid talents, in his Answer to a deistical and blasphemous work, which at that

* Introduction to the Essay on Toleration, vid. antea, p. 145.

† The political society of the Monks of St. Patrick.

time made its appearance, under the specious title of "Thoughts on Nature and Religion." Zealous as he had ever been to contribute to the happiness of his fellow-men, by pointing out to them the consoling motives of the Christian religion, and directing their views beyond the limits of this world of woe, to the cheering prospects of a more happy state of existence in a world of immortality, he was roused to a holy indignation by a work, which, by denying the Divinity of Christ, cut off the merit of faith, the comfort of hope, and the motives of charity; and, by denying the immortality of the soul, degraded human nature, and confounded man, the noblest image of the Creator, with the beast that perisheth; and thus, by tending to sap the whole system of natural and revealed religion, tended, at the same time, to deprive wretched man of the only comfort that supports him under the manifold distresses and afflictions of this life.

This inimitable production, wherein the zeal of an Athanasius seems to be united with the erudition of a Hilary, proved an effectual antidote against the virus that flowed from the envenomed pen of the modern Servetus, and recommended the author to the notice and intimacy of some of the most enlightened and liberal characters of the country.

Soon after appeared his "Remarks on the Letter of John Wesley," &c., that celebrated patriarch of Methodistical enthusiasm, whose writings evidently tended to rekindle in Ireland the torch of civil discord and religious fanaticism, which had been but just happily extinguished in this country, and in this metropolis, where its pernicious effects were legible in broad characters of conflagration and blood.

But the sound argument, delicate irony, and strong point of animadversion which pervaded the "Remarks" of our Irish Ganganelli, so confounded his adversary, and disconcerted the flagitious projects of a faction, covering itself under the borrowed and sacred name of religion, and whose principles and practices the enlightened and liberal professors of that religion held in the utmost abhorrence, in common with all true friends of the country, and well-wishers to the peace and prosperity of the country at large, that it was then fondly hoped that the demon of religious animosity, which had so long deformed the fair face of my country—the destructive effects of whose malign influence on that country we had since but too much reason to deplore—would for ever be banished from Ireland's happy coast.

His other literary productions, which, to use the elegant terms of an accomplished and learned lord, "flowed from the urbanity of the heart," are too numerous to admit of, and too well-known to need, a particular enumeration; suffice it to say, that their general tendency was to unite his countrymen and fellow-citizens, of every communion, in the happy ties of social harmony and mutual benevolence (and may all his Majesty's subjects—may all mankind—profit by the salutary lesson!), to obliterate every recollection of former feuds and old animosities, and to persuade all Christians, like the Good Samaritan, to forget his religion in the man. Ever manifesting an unshaken attachment to the religion of his preference, he cautiously avoided the two dangerous extremes—of an over-strained and intemperate zeal on the one hand, and of a weak pliancy, or dastardly accommodation of principle, on the other, which, in the language of this enlightened age, is expressed by the abused terms of "liberality of sentiment," and which frequently means no more or less than a total abandonment of all principle; whilst the true spirit of conciliation and Christian charity, which breathed even throughout his polemical writings, and that genuine Attic salt with which they were so judiciously seasoned, rendered them palatable even to those very adversaries whose doctrines and opinions he combatted, and whose systems he so effectually endeavoured to overthrow.

But, alas! how fleeting and uncertain are the transitory days of man! "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not." (*Job*, xiv. 2.) All our golden dreams of worldly happiness, all our airy projects, terminate but in the obscurity and horror of the grave, from which nor genius, nor virtue itself, can rescue! And we have here to lament, that death, by depriving us of him, has deprived us of another valuable production of his patriotic mind, in a projected work, which would, no doubt, have effectually dissected and exposed to merited contempt and abhorrence, the false assertions and unfounded calumnies contained in the stupid legend of the modern Sir John Temple.

It was surely high time, then, that the strong tide of prepossession, which had so long and so impetuously flowed against his profession and communion, should at length retire before the talents of O'Leary, when displayed for such laudable and salutary purposes; and hence those honorable testimonies of applause of his exertions, and esteem for his person, given by men whose approbation alone would be enough to immor-

talize him; hence those unprecedented and truly flattering eulogiums bestowed on his virtues and talents by those matchless orators and enlightened legislators who then graced the Irish Senate—immortal men! who, for talent, patriotism, and integrity, could not be surpassed, could scarcely be equalled, in any age or any nation.

Justly, then, has he been compared to the immortal Ganganelli—that enlightened Pontiff and benevolent successor of St. Peter; nor can we be surprised if, when the legislature of the country had taken the abolition of the Irish regulars into serious discussion, his name alone, like an impenetrable ægis spreading its saving influence over them, protected them from the mortal stroke of legal proscription.

But it is not his zeal for religion alone, and the merit of his literary productions, that have ensured him the approbation of heaven, and the esteem and veneration of men; the love of his country—that sacred, endearing name!—that more exalted and generous species of self-love, which animates and warms every well-born mind conscious of having a country, and which national calamity and misfortune only serve to cherish and fortify—that generous flame glowed with unabating ardour in his heart, and animated him to those patriotic exertions which have rendered him dear to his country, and must transmit his name in benediction to posterity: "Beloved of God and men; whose memory is in benediction." (*Eccles.* xlv. 1.)

This generous passion appeared eminently conspicuous at that period of general consternation and dismay, when the wretched and misguided peasantry of the south of Ireland, maddened by causes which, as it is not my duty, neither is it my wish, to investigate, and breaking loose from the salutary restraints of religion, had obliged several of their own pastors to fly for safety—had threatened to destroy the ripening labors of the year, and spread devastation over the fertile province of Munster. The government, justly exasperated at such disorderly and unwarrantable proceedings, had already despatched a general officer, at the head of a formidable army, to restrain those violent ebullitions of popular fury, and, if necessary, to reduce the deluded insurgents to order by the desperate expedient of military execution.

But the man of peace appears. This humble minister of a God of meekness, who appeases the storm, and calms the raging of the agitated billows, like another Leo, presents himself before the general. The language of respectful persuasion

flows from his lips; he disarms the stern warrior; he takes upon himself the weighty and dread responsibility; and, borne upon the wings of patriotism and Christian charity, he flies from hamlet to hamlet, from parish to parish, and from barony to barony; and in a short time he effectually succeeds in appeasing that moral tempest which threatened to desolate the whole island; he reclaims the headstrong and unruly multitude from insurrection and outrage to a sense of subordination and social duty; and he restores them to their homes, their country, and their king, without the loss of a life, or the effusion of a single drop of human blood.

Thus, while with one hand he ably defended the sacred cause of God and religion, he was ever ready to lend another to support the tottering edifice of civil society; and thus did he singly effectuate, by the evangelical and merciful weapons of conciliation, what was since, with difficulty, accomplished by the whole armed force of the country, and that only by sacrificing the lives and properties of thousands.

Venerable Man! how did that genial flame warm your bosom and melt your feeling heart, when lately I beheld the sympathetic tear of patriotic grief flow down your manly cheek, at the recollection of the murderous wounds inflicted on your bleeding country! It was this which inspired you, in the decline of life, with the generous resolution (from which the united entreaties of your numerous friends were scarce able to divert you) of returning to that much-loved country, in the moment of her wildest distraction, and, if necessary, of precipitating yourself, Curtius-like, into that chasm, which threatened to close for ever on her happiness and prosperity!

But why thus remind you, my brethren, of those ever-to-be-lamented disorders, which should be obliterated from our memory, and, if possible, for ever expunged from the page of Irish history? Let us consign them, then, to eternal oblivion; and, taking advantage of the salutary lesson which he ever inculcated, both by word and example—whilst we bow down with reverential awe under the dispensations of that Omniscient and Adorable Being, who humbles or exalts the nations of the earth according to His good pleasure, let us prove to the world that Catholics yield to none in due respect for constituted authorities and the "powers that be," in subordination to the laws, and affectionate attachment to that AUGUST FAMILY, to whom alone we should gratefully acknowledge ourselves indebted for an exemption from many humiliating dis-

qualifications and galling penalties, that sorely affected both our ancestors and ourselves.

The well-timed and effectual exertions of this extraordinary man, could not fail to attract the notice of government, and, consequently, were not suffered to remain unrewarded by his gracious and beneficent sovereign; but though he received with all becoming gratitude this unsolicited and well-earned mark of royal remuneration, yet such was his disinterestedness, and the noble independence of his spirit, that when, soon after, a very considerable annuity had been offered him to become the supporter of a periodical publication, which then was, and still continues to be, the foul vehicle of misrepresentation, slander, and calumny, on the Irish people; indignant at the insulting proposal, he rejects it with becoming contempt, though by his refusal he was sure to incur the displeasure of a certain description of men, and through their influence might apprehend a discontinuance of his pension; yet, destitute as he was of all earthly property beside, and to use the emphatic words of his honorable and eloquent friend,* "poor in everything but genius and philosophy," sooner than prostitute his heaven-sent talents, he leaves his native country and repairs to this metropolis, to enjoy the boasted and enviable blessings of British protection and British liberty.

Here a new field soon presented itself for the display of his indefatigable zeal, and the display of his active charity.

Numbers of the most ignorant and indigent of his countrymen, impelled by want at home, had flocked to this metropolis, where, unenlightened as too many of them were by religion, and unhappily unrestrained by the mild influence or moral instruction of any particular pastor who could watch over their conduct, they became not unfrequently the burdens and terrors of society, and sometimes fell sad victims to the violated and avenging laws of the country. To rescue these children of misery from infamy and vice, and gain them over to morality and social order, was a task that would have discouraged any but himself, and required all the zeal and fortitude of an apostle. The task was not merely to instruct and humanize the natural man in a state of savage simplicity: a clumsy imitation of refined vice added a dark feature of more hideous malignity to the natural complexion of human depravity, and rendered the undertaking doubly difficult. All this, however,

* Mr. Grattan.

does not discourage or divert him from the arduous work of mercy. He enters upon it with determined resolution. He instructs, he rebukes, he pathetically exhorts, with all suffering and sound doctrine; and God was mercifully pleased to requite the labors of His servant by uncommon success in his glorious enterprise. He had the consolation to see grow up, under his judicious culture, a fair and plentiful crop of sobriety, industry, and social order—the happy fruits of morality and religion—where only the noxious weeds of intoxication, riot, and all the other numerous offspring of ignorance, had before choked the uncultivated soil.

How he exerted himself to promote the happiness of the poor of St. Giles's, you, my brethren, best can tell, for many of you have witnessed his godlike labors. You can tell how, condescending from the contemplation of wisdom, and abandoning the ornaments of fancy, he became all to all, in order the more effectually to convey duty and instruction to the most ignorant and indigent classes of society, and thereby gain all to their country and their God; and to him may be well applied the beautifully characteristic verse of his celebrated fellow-countryman :—

> "He tried each art, rebuked each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

The great work, however, was, as yet, scarce half completed. He knew that the road of virtue and religion, to most people, seems steep and difficult of ascent; and that mankind, like the fabled stone of ancient mythology, would roll down the hill, and relapse into vice and disorder, without the never-ceasing exertions of succeeding teachers and moralists: hence he felt the necessity of a house of worship, where the poor of this quarter might conveniently and frequently assemble to receive the light and consolation of the Christian doctrine—where they might be instructed in their duty as Christians and members of civil society—and where, in fine, they might acquire that most sublime and necessary of all sciences, the science of salvation, and learn to be happy here, even in poverty, by laboring effectually to be happy hereafter.

To this great and desirable object were directed his unceasing exertions—"More bent to raise the wretched than to rise;" and, spurning every thought of promoting his own individual interest, to the accomplishment of this grand object were principally devoted his thoughts, his labors, and his powerful influ-

ence with many of the higher orders of society; and when, at length, he saw his labors crowned with success, and beheld this chapel solemnly consecrated to the worship of the true and living God, under the invocation of the Patron Saint of his native country—transported with joy and gratitude to the Father of lights, from whom descend all good gifts, he exclaimed, with holy Simeon: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: for mine eyes have at length seen the happy means of the sanctification and salvation of Thy people."

And you, my poor dear brethren and countrymen, who have been the peculiar objects of his tender care and solicitude, and whom I perceive so justly afflicted at the irreparable loss you sustain by the death of your father and your friend—do you, I say, take care, that while the tear of religious gratitude starts from your eyes, the salutary lesson which he so often taught you may be deeply engraven on your hearts! Take care, lest by replunging into that vice and misery from which he has reclaimed and rescued you, you may not force him, instead of being your friend and advocate, to become your loudest accuser at the bar of divine justice, on the alarming day of general retribution. Oh, forbid it, gracious heaven! No, my brethren; whilst you cherish in grateful recollection his revered memory—whilst you teach your infant children to lisp in benediction the honored name of "O'Leary," fail not to impress upon their waxen minds those principles and maxims which he so often inculcated from the chair of truth, whence I now with grief address you: let them descend as a precious inheritance to your posterity, and let their blessed influence, like his great and expansive mind, extending into futurity, and beyond the contracted sphere of this transitory world, communicate comfort and happiness to thousands yet unborn.

Shall, then, the costly mausoleum be raised to the memory of the rich vulgar, who only "vegetate and rot"? Shall the sculptured monument transmit to posterity the hated names of those scourges of mankind, who, with baleful aspect and malign influence, dazzle, alarm, and vanish, and, like flashes that issue from the thunder-cloud, terrify and blast, and quickly disappear in the bosom of the storm; while not a stone shall inform the inquisitive passenger where his sacred ashes repose, whose benign passage through life was like the refreshing dew or vernal sun, cheering and cherishing every object within his system? But, though no sculptured brass or storied urn shall recount to after ages his actions or his virtues, he has erected in the hearts of a

reformed and grateful people, a monument more durable than marble or bronze, which shall stand unimpaired when the stately monuments of human pride and worldly grandeur shall crumble into dust.

Such, my brethren, is the rude sketch which, on the spur of the occasion, I have been able to lay before you, of the useful and edifying life of my venerable departed friend. Yes, dear, lamented friend! too late, alas! too late did I know you—too late have I been able to address you by that endearing name! Go, then, in peace, thou friend of the oppressed, thou consoler of the afflicted, "thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." "Depart out of this world, in the name of the Father Almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, who suffered for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee. May thy place be this day in peace, and thy abode in holy Sion." But, as for my part, however Providence may dispose of me, or for whatever further trials I may be reserved, I shall ever consider it as one of the chief honors of my humble life, that you noticed my insignificance, and considered me worthy to co-operate* with you.

But why thus indulge an unavailing sorrow? We have a well-founded hope that this bright luminary has set only to rise again beyond the grave with new refulgence, in a world of light and immortality. We are assured by faith that his better part shall never die, and that even those mortal remains shall not be for ever abandoned to corruption; but that the Redeemer who liveth in heaven, after commingling them for a time with their kindred clay, shall one day clothe them with the resplendent garment of immortality; when those very eyes that are now closed in death, once more opening to inextinguishable light, shall behold Him in all the splendour of His glory: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God." (*Job*, xix. 25, 26.)

But, my brethren, as it is God alone, that Searcher of hearts, who can truly appreciate the merits of His elect; as it belongs only to the Holy Catholic Church, that "pillar and ground of

* It was chiefly through the solicitations of Father O'Leary, with whom the author had the honor to correspond for some months previous to his death, that he was prevailed on to resign his curacy in Dublin in order to enter on the London mission.

truth," to canonize them ; as we know that nothing impure can enter heaven, and that Moses himself, that great legislator and peculiar favorite of heaven, was not entirely spotless in the discharge of his ministry, nor exempt from temporal punishment at his death—let us no longer interrupt the awful mysteries and impressive ceremonies of religion, but uniting and, as it were, embodying our prayers and fervent supplications, let us offer a holy violence to heaven : while we mingle our tears with the precious blood of the spotless Victim offered in sacrifice on our hallowed altar, let us implore the Father of mercy, through the merits and passion of His adorable Son, our merciful Redeemer, to purify this His minister, and admit him to a participation of the never-ending joys of the heavenly Jerusalem. May he rest in peace ! Amen.

THE END.

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